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Maclean's

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

TORONTO

DECEMBER 1

1939



Maclean's Rugby All-Stars for 1939

Beverley Baxter's London Letter

THE LARGEST MAGAZINE CIRCULATION IN CANADA

Wings over INTERNATIONALS!





Traffic Cops of the Air At many airports, International trucks help keep planes moving on the ground and assist in the expert supervision of the Traffic Control Service. Above, men to pilots and engineers, to mechanics and maintenance men — and to the world famous International Trucks which contribute to the split second efficiency of modern airways

A dozen years ago you had to have feathers to *travel* by air. You could fly, perhaps, as the aviation pioneers did, but when you traveled it was on the ground.

Today, air lines carry many thousands of passengers, and a vast tonnage of air mail and air express annually, joining our principal cities in a network of federally-controlled airways.

Keeping the wings in air is big business in itself — but don't overlook the fact that *ground service* is an intricate and vital division of air travel.

International Trucks play an important role in ground service to aviation. Air-conditioner trucks attend the planes. Gasoline trucks fill the large tanks in the wings. Caterers' trucks supply the ships' galleys. And other trim Internationals stand by with last-minute air mail and air express. Still others shuttle into and out of airports transporting supplies to hangars and terminals. At leading airports all over the land it is literally "Wings over INTERNATIONALS!"

And International *all-truck* trucks play an equally important part in the transportation needs of all industries.

Owners rely on International performance and economy to cut hauling costs per mile, per ton, per gallon. And they rely on the world's largest Company-owned truck service organization to keep Internationals in top form. International sizes, ½-ton to powerful six-wheelers. See them at any International dealer or branch ... and arrange for a demonstration.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD.
Hamilton Ontario

Truck Factory Located in Chatham, Ontario

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Overfilling may mean TROUBLE!



but the new Willard "Safety-Fill" *Prevents* OVERFILLING ·· *Stops* CORROSION!



Overfill a battery *just once* and untold damage may result. The excess acid-solution surges up through the vents and attacks cables, terminals, wiring—in fact, any exposed metal part. Millions of unexpected starting failures are caused by this corrosion and the current losses it creates.

To overcome this costly hazard, Willard engineers have developed a battery that "never drinks too much," that protects you against corrosion because it prevents overfilling. *It's called "SAFETY-FILL."*

And does it have power! Capable of cranking six cars at one time, a Willard "Safety Fill" Battery assures you of quick, positive starts in any weather.

The Willard "Safety-Fill" Battery is now on sale *at no increase in price!* Your nearest Willard Dealer will be glad to show you the new "Safety-Fill" Battery and demonstrate its advantages. Look for the familiar red and white Willard sign on his station.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED • TORONTO, ONTARIO

Willard

SAFETY-FILL BATTERY

STOPS DANGEROUS CORROSION

Maclean's Editorials

Waste Is Sabotage

THE MacLean Publishing Company, through *The Financial Post* and *Maclean's Magazine*, has been presenting a number of specific cases in support of its contention that there was a complete lack of business competence shown in the letting of contracts by the Department of Defense under Honorable Ian Mackenzie.

By certain critics The MacLean Publishing Company is accused of hampering the war effort of the Department of Defense as it is now constituted. They state, these critics, that "all that is past is water gone under the bridge." They point to Mr. Mackenzie's transference from the Defense Ministry to that of Pensions and National Health, and complain that we are "hounding" an individual. They ask what this company's objects are, what it hopes to achieve.

In the first place let it be most clearly understood that the MacLean publications have not been attacking and are not now attacking the fighting forces of Canada or the officers in charge of them.

The MacLean Publishing Company is not hampering the country's war effort by exposing what it believes to be definite instances of poor contract-making and political or personal favoritism.

Any hampering was done by the Department of Defense under Mr. Mackenzie. Any hampering was done by Government supporters who turned the Hahn contract enquiry before the Public Accounts Committee into a party beargarden. Any hampering was done by the Prime Minister's reluctance to replace weak men with strong men.

This company is conducting no personal feud against Mr. Ian Mackenzie. Its publications are dealing solely with his record as a Minister. We believe that that record demonstrated his inability to do the business job this country's emergency required. And we cannot see why, having been removed from that post, he should be rewarded with another job requiring business ability and involving heavy national expenditures.

As for the "water under the bridge" argument, the effects of poor contracts involving the Government still remain. The public purse is still afflicted and will be affected for a considerable time to come.

The general public, whose money is used, is entitled to know what happened before the war so that it can be on its guard against the same thing happening again in any department of any government, Dominion, provincial or municipal.

With a public so informed, the job of the present Minister of National Defense, the job of all government officials, will be an easier one. They won't be subject to hounding by political contract hunters.

The Citizens' Research Institute of Canada recently put out a bulletin bearing this statement:

"Public Waste is not only a Thief of Public Resources and a Public Enemy, but it is a Saboteur."

It points out that modern war is a war of resources, that every public dollar wasted means a dollar less for prosecution of the war.

There can be sabotage by waste in all departments of government.

What are our objectives?

1. The elimination of patronage in the awarding of contracts by all government departments. Patronage is almost a Canadian institution in the matter of distributing postmasterships and the like, and the taxpayers control their agitation in matters of this sort. But the public should be definitely agitated about the spending of the vast sums of money involved in government contracts. Particularly do they resent the faintest suspicion of personal or party favoritism in the awarding of war contracts.
2. Businesslike methods in all departments of government. This involves personnel, the most important thing in any business. If you haven't good men, you have nothing.
3. Elimination of unnecessary middlemen in government transactions.
4. Elimination of waste or any unnecessary expense.
5. Cost-plus contracts should be avoided by this Government wherever possible.

   There should be no cost-plus contracts without any ceiling.

   Cost-plus contracts should not be checked by the department which placed them.
6. Public officials who have been guilty of improvidence, carelessness, negligence, or who are under the slightest suspicion of being unduly influenced by friends or by political party considerations, should be removed from office.

Prepare for Peace, Too

THE REASON for the European war is that the Nazis were prepared for it.

The reason the Nazis aren't likely to win is that after September, 1938, the Allies so speeded *their* preparations that a lightning knockout stroke against the British Empire and France was rendered impossible.

Sooner or later the war will end.

Then will come the problems of peace.

In all belligerent countries, hundreds of thousands of men will return to civil life. Industry and the whole economic structure will have to be readjusted.

The nation that is best *prepared* for peace will suffer least from the economic aftermath of war.

Canada ought to be that nation.

At first glance it may strike you as odd that we should be thinking of peace problems when we haven't yet got into our full stride to prosecute the war.

Think it over and it won't seem odd.

"In time of war prepare for peace" is just as sensible a slogan as "In time of peace prepare for war."

Without definite, well-worked-out plans for the post-war employment of men who, in uniform or civies, have served the country, we shall be faced with a repetition of the upheaval which followed the last war; the effects of which were still evident when we entered the present conflict.

There will be plenty of work that needs doing. Each province, each city and town, each municipality knows of something that would provide employment. Each established Canadian industry knows of the expansions of which it is capable if the opportunity arises.

Undoubtedly new industries will settle here; industries driven out of Europe.

We suggest that this Dominion Government should start *now* to establish machinery capable of co-ordinating and correlating all avenues of future employment, so that by the time the war is over peace mobilization of jobs will parallel demobilization of our armed forces and of our wartime industries.

A commission made up of labor, industrial and agricultural representatives, might be appointed. The National Research Bureau no doubt could supply valuable information concerning possible new uses for our raw materials and the development of our resources.

Every source of employment should be encouraged to prepare a post-war plan.

Properly handled, a post war work program should meet with as much co-operation as our war work program. And deferment of action until peace actually comes will invite economic trouble.

There is another phase.

Today, the Government is faced with tremendous war expenditures.

As our industrial war effort grows, labor will be scarce and wages high.

It follows that any governmental expenditures which have not a definite relation to war work, or which are not absolutely necessary, should be cut off.

Just before the war, when a general election was anticipated, a number of contracts were placed for government projects. There was a strong suspicion that many of these projects were being set in motion with a view to an increase in business activity before the voters went to the polls.

These, and many other things, could well be deferred until the end of the war.

How many kinds of life insurance are there?

PERHAPS YOU ARE one of those who have wondered what the difference is between the various kinds of life insurance.

While there are many different kinds of life insurance *policies*, there are really only *three basic types* of life insurance—Whole Life, Endowment, and Term.

These three types of life insurance are sometimes used in a more or less interchangeable manner, where circumstances make it advisable. Each has features which fit it for certain purposes. Through combinations of the three types, life insurance can be adapted to meet the needs of any insurable individual. The examples given below are intended to show a primary need met by each of these types of insurance and to point out certain important features of each kind.*



1. WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE

WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE is designed to provide *permanent* protection. It is used most commonly when a man wishes to create an insurance estate for his family which, upon his death, will carry them through the period of adjustment, or provide a sum to help make the future more secure.

▶ Let us suppose that you wish your family to receive $1,000 at your death, regardless of when that may be.

To accomplish this, you buy a $1,000 Whole Life Insurance Policy. Your policy will, let us say, be one of 1,000 similar policies.

Each member of the insured group must pay enough each year of his life so that the total amount paid in will enable the insurance company to pay out, over the lifetime of the entire group, 1,000 death claims of $1,000 each—a total of $1,000,000.

▶ In the case of Limited Payment Life Policies, premium payments instead of being spread over a lifetime are concentrated within a shorter period, and are therefore somewhat larger. In either Whole Life or Limited Payment Life Policies, the periodical premiums do not increase as the policyholder grows older, but remain the same each year.

In addition to death payments, a Whole Life Policy also contains other privileges and benefits, which policyholders may, and frequently do, avail themselves of during their lifetimes.



2. ENDOWMENT INSURANCE

ENDOWMENT INSURANCE is designed for a man who wishes to provide for a *definite future cash* monetary need, such as the education of his children.

▶ Let us suppose that you desire an insurance policy that will provide you with $1,000 at the end of a definite period, say 20 years, or pay your family $1,000 if you die within that time. To meet the need, you buy a $1,000 20-Year Endowment Insurance Policy. Your policy will, let us say, be one of 1,000 similar policies.

Experience shows that in this insured group a certain number of people, say 170, will die within the 20-year period—and that $30 of them will still be living at the end of the 20 years. So each member of the group must pay enough each year, so that the total amount paid in will enable the insurance company to pay out, over the 20-year period, 170 death claims of $1,000 each, in addition to 830 matured endowments of $1,000 each at the *end* of the period—a total of $1,000,000.

▶ The premiums for Endowment Insurance will be higher than those for Whole Life Insurance, because both claim payments and matured endowments are concentrated within a limited period instead of being spread over the lifetime of the policyholders.

In addition to the benefits available at maturity, Endowment Insurance carries other benefits which the policyholder may elect prior to maturity.



3. TERM INSURANCE

TERM INSURANCE is designed primarily to meet a *temporary* need, such as assuring extra funds to pay off a mortgage or to cover a business loan in *case of death*. This type of insurance provides for the payment of the face value of the policy if the benefit arises in the policyholder's early insurable years during the period of time specified by the policy.

▶ Let us suppose that you wish your family to be paid $1,000 if you die within a definite period, say 10 years.

To meet this need, you buy a $1,000 10-Year Term Insurance Policy. Your policy will, let us say, be one of 1,000 similar policies.

Experience shows that in this insured group, a certain number of people, say 90, will die within the 10-year period. Therefore, each member of the group must pay only enough, each year, to build up the 10-year period, so that the total amount paid in will enable the insurance company to pay benefit claims of 90 death claims of $1,000 each—a total of $90,000.

▶ Naturally, the 910 policyholders in the group who will still be living at the end of the 10 years, having obtained the protection they desired, will receive nothing more—except certain renewal or conversion privileges included in some policies.

There you have the three basic types of life insurance. Some people will find one type suited to their needs. Others will wish to have more than one type. In addition, many policies include provisions under which the insurance proceeds are paid out in some form of income instead of in one sum.

▶ Life insurance has been made so comprehensive and so adaptable that, no matter what your specific needs may be, a life insurance program can be shaped to meet them.

*This is Number 20 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In this advertisement, no attempt is made to consider such matters as dividends, reserves, taxes, expenses, etc. These subjects have been discussed in preceding advertisements, copies of which will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD



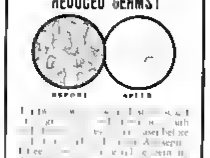
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT



Better start gargling with Listerine, Mister!



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!



MADE IN CANADA

Grand Radio Entertainment the top-ranking Mystery Thrillers

"Adventures of Charlie Chan"

Calgary	CFCN	10 P.M.
Edmonton	CFRN	10 P.M.
Montreal	CFCF	10 P.M.
Ottawa	CBO	10 P.M.
Sudbury	CKSO	10 P.M.
[illegible]	CFRB	10 P.M.
[illegible]	CKY	10 P.M.

"DRUMS" Starring WILLIAM FARNUM

[illegible]	CFRV	10 P.M.
[illegible]	CFNB	10 P.M.
[illegible]	CJKL	10 P.M.
[illegible]	CFCH	10 P.M.
[illegible]	CJRC	10 P.M.
[illegible]	CKOB	10 P.M.



In the Editor's Confidence

SOME MONTHS ago we published a front cover depicting an obviously unwilling bride maiden clad in the only garb ideal in a western outfit, desperately clinging to the neck of a bucking horse. The horse was wearing an ill-fitting saddle.

We thought it was all rather amusing—till we heard from Dad Conner of Innisfail, Alberta. Mr. Conner testified that he was writing—and he indicated he had been subjected to some pressure—to record the views of a number of honest to-goodness cowgirls. They had in his presence, scoffed at the picture. Just scoffed. It appeared that there were a number of things wrong with the horse. They didn't particularly care for the girl either, but the principal grievance concerned the horse. Its ears, eyes and front legs were not behaving in the manner of a real bucker. They said that if ever they caught the artist in Alberta they would put him on Strawberry Roan and yell, Hep to it, Rosny." From which we gathered that "Strawberry Roan" is a regular devil.

So we are cutting with our fingers crossed as we contemplate the western dude ranch story we have on page seven of this issue. We can't help wondering what Dad Conner's cowgirls will think of Herbert Hugh, we have a dim suspicion as to their reaction to Lucy.

Howard O. Hagan, the author of "Savoir Faire." The tale to a much wiser effect, may have heard about Strawberry Roan. He hails from Jasper, Alberta. A son of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, long an institution there, Howard used to work as a guide for the Fred Brewster outfit. During the past eight or nine years he has spent a lot of time in California and South America, but he generally gets back to Jasper for a while each summer. He has been a newspaper reporter on the Montreal Star, the Edmonton *Journal* and on papers in Sydney, New South Wales. At present Mr. O'Hagan is in New York toying with the idea of writing an article in defense of the grizzly bear, whose bad character he thinks is mostly undeserved.

●What happened in the province of Quebec on October 25 (election day) was the greatest single blow struck for Canadian unity during the past quarter century, and it was struck in what seemed to be unity-darkest hour, says Leslie Roberts in an article on page eleven. Title is:

What Happened in Quebec, and Mr. Roberts ought to know something about what did happen. He has lived in Montreal on the Eastern Townships, for a number of years, has followed local politics closely and done a lot of rambling around among his French-Canadian neighbors.

●For the 16th consecutive year we present, on pages fourteen and fifteen of this issue, Maclean's selections for this season's All-Star Western and Eastern football teams. The western team has been picked by its Western Canada Rugby Selection Committee, and the eastern team has been picked by the veteran John de Gruchy, former president of the Canada Rugby Football Union, and a group of associates which includes coaches and referees.

Most of the selections of these authorities—and we don't know of any better—satisfy the fans, but from time to time there [illegible] some independent pickers who dissent, arising from the general approval that is picked on us. If that happens this time, we shall just have to continue in the role of a mock target. There doesn't seem to be anything else we can do.

●For more than a hundred years there has been talk about oil in the Athabaska country. Explorers of old told how the natives used tachy brush lumps of sand for fuel. Decade after decade geologists and drillers have reported on a unique and baffling formation. But until recently it looked as if nature had forbade up a treasure and thrown away the key. Now it appears that research has made a key of its own. On the banks of the Athabaska two plants are extracting oil. And experts claim that in the areas surveyed there is a potential supply of one hundred billion barrels. If that is so then we have in Canada the greatest oil reserve known to man. On page nineteen in "Athabaska Oil Mine," H. Dyson Carter tells the story. Mr. Carter is a consulting and research chemical engineer with headquarters in Winnipeg. He has a M.Sc. A.C.I.C. The estimates and figures he gives were carefully checked by other authorities and because of the importance of the statements made, *Maclean's* has had them rechecked.

●In 1929 railway freight deliveries between Montreal and Toronto could not be guaranteed inside a week. Now delivery is made overnight. In 1914 a freight train took at least four days to get from Hamilton to Saint John. Now it takes less than two days and a half. Not only in the streamlining of freight doing a lot in general business. It is going to expedite shipment of war supplies. And the old part about it is that the railways have it a depression to thank for the improved and better paying services. How this all came about is related on page eighteen by Stuart Brownlee and Duncan Dunbar.

●If heaven would have thought that in this so-called horseless age wild horses would be such a nuisance that a Canadian provincial government would be offering a bounty for their destruction? Yet on page twenty-five D. M. LeBourdais tells us that this is so in British Columbia. And it seems that having these coyote bounds is no job for amateurs either.

●Carson didn't have much on the way of trade goods except a small schooner, but he had something better—a reputation for honesty even with the natives of the Malay Peninsula. Peter Vroot wasn't so particular—and he had money. There's a colorful story of the romance between Carson's daughter and Vroot's son on page sixteen. And there is drama in the reason why "Carson Breaks His Word." The author, William Breyfogle, was born in Toronto in 1906, studied in Canadian schools, went to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, Oxford University and the University of Munich. He reports that he has no wife and that his disposition is "meditative" somewhat morose," but does not supply any reason.

H. Napier Moore

There's Something in a Name

By MARY AGNES PEASE

No. 11: British Columbia

THERE may be a lovelier place than British Columbia, but I have never seen it. "wrote a world traveller in *Blackwood's Magazine* some years ago. The beauty of the province is also extolled by a more modern writer who describes it as "a place where the grass is green the year round, where the trees tower in grandeur, where roses grow out-of-doors until Christmas . . . a place full of adventure and romance, and also of stability, with the ramparts of the Rocky Mountains behind it and the Pacific Ocean before it."

This province was formerly two separate colonies—Vancouver Island and New Caledonia—under the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company. The mainland colony received its name in 1806 from Scottish Hudson's Bay factors, in memory of their native land—Caledonia being the Roman name for Scotland. This name became in time a subject of dispute and the matter of a more suitable title was referred to Queen Victoria for settlement in 1858. As the name New Caledonia was already borne by a French colony in Pacific waters, Her Majesty recommended British Columbia as a desirable name since it suggested the Old Land and the new. In 1866 the two colonies became one under this name, and so each joined the Federal family in 1871.

The colony of Vancouver Island was first named Quadra and Vancouver by Captain George Vancouver, the explorer in tribute to the friendly relations which existed between him and the Spanish representative Quadra in settling differences as to rights of ownership on the Pacific Coast between the Spanish and the British. The Spanish flag gave way to that of Great Britain in 1795, and later the name of Quadra was discontinued as part of the island title.

Mighty rivers bear the names of Mackenzie and Fraser, two dauntless explorers and fur traders. Another strong character in British Columbian history was James Douglas, a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and also governor of the two colonies of Vancouver Island and New Caledonia. His name is as given to a town born by the gold rush in the province but like many other mining towns it did not live and is now only a memory.

Melodious and appropriate Indian names are everywhere heard in the province. Kootenay, Okanagan and Chilliwack were named after Indian tribes. Nanaimo—which means great or strong—was the name of a group of small Indian tribes who for protection formed themselves into a union. Then there is Esquimalt, the naval harbor (pronounced with the accent on the penultimate), which is derived from three Indian words, *Is-whey-malth*, meaning "the place for gathering camass"—an edible root.

Some place names are reminders of towns in England such as Cranbrook and Cumberland. Ladysmith, of course, commemorates the relief of the town of that name in South Africa after the four months siege by the Boers. This name was not originally one word but was the title of the wife of Sir Harry Smith, governor and commander-in-chief of the Cape of Good Hope.

Prince Rupert was named after the dashing cavalier. Prince Rupert of England and Bavaria, the first governor of the Company of Adventurers, better known as the Hudson's Bay Company. The town's name was selected by open competition with a prize of $250 at stake.

There are of course the well-known names of Victoria and Vancouver cities of unusual beauty and interest, also that of New Westminster, former capital of the colony of British Columbia and named by Queen Victoria. After the colonies were united the capital was removed to Victoria.

Very British are the people in this province. In fact it has been said that many British Columbians are more English than the English. Sons of the early settlers come to British Columbia by way of Cape Horn seeking gold and found the province so attractive that they made it their permanent home. Their belief in its bright future has been abundantly justified for with its wealth in timber, mines, fruit and fisheries, it continues to live up to the prophecy that it would become "a province of paramount importance to the Dominion and to the Empire."

Children of Britain

Their harness is a perfect work of time
Elastic as the spider's strands or light
As gossamer, intangible or mist,
Self-dressed, and worn with pride

There is a peace upon the battlefield.
It is God's Peace which passeth understanding
It rests within the generous heart—a shield
Where warfares horrid turmoil is expanding.
Not since Hellenic hills and rivers ringed
Against the limbs of stout Philippides,
Has any Marathon more nobly urged
Than calls the snows and the Arctic Hyades
To rendezvous by sea and land and sky—
(Not weighing in the scale, how far the cry.)
Where She who suckled them to nationhood
Stands standing for the homid her lion's brood
A league of free men faltered by an inch,
No cautions, save allegiance to a cause.

Just as where countless universes roll
Forced on their myriad inbred course through space
Where death and life march, comrades, to sing goal
The ultimate inscrutable End to face
While rushing worlds collide and countless hail
And cruel cold upon each other war
And astral birth and dire destruction wail,
Yet Peace and Law through all these permanent are:

So will the human race through ordeal End,
Inherent even in opposites, this leaven
Of Law and Peace that is God's limitless piece
Won not by the fearful deaf or blind
But by response to the eternal Call of heaven—
Whether that call sound conflict or surcease.

—J. S. Macdonell.

PREVENT CHAPPING

with the Skin Softener that gives you COSTLIEST INGREDIENTS* SAVES YOU MONEY**

***1** Italian Balm contains costliest ingredients used in any of the most popular, nationally-advertised brands.

****2** ONE DROP is ample for both hands, per application. More is wasteful.

3 Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin.

4 Promotes healing—counteracts drying effect of hard water, harsh skin cleansers, severe weather.

5 Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

6 Canada's Original Skin Softener, made by and for Canadians.



NEW LOW PRICES 25¢, 35¢, 50¢ and $1.00 Now at Toilet Goods Counters

Over 30 Million Bottles Sold



The heart attack that saved a life!

AS HARRY CAMPBELL approached the building in which he worked he noticed some unusual excitement.

An ambulance was at the curb, and a curious crowd had gathered around a prostrate figure. Campbell walked over to the policeman in charge and asked him what had happened.

"Some poor fellow just keeled over with a heart attack," said the policeman. "Never knew what hit him, I guess."

Campbell went on to his office, but the picture of that crumpled figure kept re-appearing. It started a train of thought he couldn't shrug away.

"I wonder what sort of shape I'm in. I haven't taken very good care of myself—been too busy working hard through all these tough years. Maybe those twinges I've felt lately mean that *my* old ticker isn't what it ought to be. After all, I'm 45—and it's been years since I had a physical check-up. Maybe I ought to see a doctor."

The next day he visited his physician and had a thorough examination. And the verdict was that his heart was none too good—in fact, it was showing signs of a condition which, if neglected, would probably have proved fatal.

Thus, a chance glimpse of a sidewalk tragedy saved Harry Campbell's life. Now—because he saw his doctor in time and is faithfully following the program prescribed—Campbell has a very good chance of living out a normal span.

The pity of it is that more people in middle life aren't jolted into giving consideration to their hearts.

For just as tuberculosis is primarily the disease of youth, heart trouble is a disease of middle age—and takes its greatest toll among the age group between 45 and 65. If you are over 40—*it is only sensible to have your heart checked regularly by a physician.*

Only a doctor can tell you whether your heart is sound. You may have symptoms which seem to point to heart trouble, yet actually you may be suffering from something no more serious than a minor digestive disturbance. In which case, not the least of the benefits of your visit will be an end to fear and worry.

And if it develops that your heart really does need attention, then *time*, as well as the doctor, will be on your side.

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PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY
WALKERVILLE, ONT. | MONTREAL, QUE. | WINNIPEG, MAN.
The World's Largest Makers of Pharmaceutical and Biological Products

SEE YOUR DOCTOR

Maclean's
DECEMBER 1 1939

"Savoir-Faire"

By HOWARD O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN



Here's hi-yo and yipee for the streamlined West, with a young cowhand who didn't stick to his boots and saddle

THAT NIGHT the ranch foreman figured on going [illegible] take me into his confidence. What he spoke to me about was something quite a bit different.

"*Savoir-faire*," he said, "that's what we expect of our guides in this outfit."

He stared at me closely, pushed his big hat off his forehead, looked at the [illegible] poplar trees. "Know what it means?" he asked.

I shook my head. I had an idea what the words meant, without being very sure, but after all I was just a hired hand and a new one at that. I had only been riding for ten days at the Three Step dude ranch, having come there [illegible] Saskatchewan. My job in a strange piece of country, riding herd on tourists instead of cattle, was I appeared anxious to learn, rather than too wise.

This expression, *savoir faire*, for instance. I had heard the previous evening, at supper. At the Three Step ranch guides and tourists were fed at the same table. Mrs. Whittaker, who came from Philadelphia, which is a city in the eastern United States, had used it. She was at the ranch when I arrived and seemed likely to stay on all summer, and perhaps for the winter as well, because she said she was going to learn to ride before she went away. Mrs. Whittaker had contrived to use the words *savoir-faire* at least once during every supper hour, but as a rule not until dessert time and then only during conversation.

They didn't seem to me to be words that should be used standing in a corral with a number of strange horses milling about.

I never have hung so hard on a horse. Lucy, of course, was in the saddle.

[illegible] backed against the rails of the corral. "*Savoir-faire*," he said, "means 'know how to do.' It's a rule of conduct." It seemed to me there was more to *savoir-faire* than just that. But he gave me no chance to interrupt even if I had wanted to do so.

Now," he said, "this girl you're taking up the valley riding this morning—do you know why you're taking her up there?"

"To show her Shuswap Rock," I said.

"No, no no!" he said. "It has a bad habit of repeating himself. "You're taking her because Frank and Joe are up in the High Valley looking for that pinto mare and her colt. And I can't go, having promised to give Mrs. Whittaker her riding lesson this afternoon.

"So in a way," he continued, "you're taking my place and I want you to use some *savoir faire*. Don't say first thing out that you're strange to the country. Pretend [illegible] She's a very important party. She's wanting here for her father to come from New York to catch up with her and then they're going to go mountain climbing at Mount Robson. If she likes it well enough, she and her father may stay here for the winter and keep on going West after mountains to climb. I think now. She's a good rider and likes horses. You're not expected to take to every mother's son that rides them."

The ranch boss looked pretty well up at my riding gaiters, my tucked shirtfront, buckskin vest with the bead markings. "And why do you have to wear a green neckerchief?" he inquired.

THIS GIRL I was to take riding was named Lucy Dunbar. She wasn't tall. She was a bit on the short side, but she was well put together—all of one piece so to speak. Her auburn hair was cut in a short bang over her

forehead and hung long and straight and heavy in a bob down the back of her head, bouncing to her movement when her horse broke into a trot.

She wore neat black riding shoes, jodhpurs, and a blue zippered shirt just the color of her eyes. Freckles were scattered across the bridge of her nose. She came down the steps of the ranch house and towed the hitching rail, pulling on her gloves. She broke into a run as she came closer, like a colt let out into a pasture.

She got on her horse, a tall black we had picked out for her. The morning was chilly although the sun was breaking through the mist. The other tourists—there were only three of them, it being early in the season—were in the ranch house by the fireplace, keeping warm. But Miss Dunbar was determined, weather or no weather, to see Shuswap Rock.

We were lining out of the gate at a nice easy canter, when the foreman, who had come out of the stables on the run, called out to me.

"Hi, you!" he shouted.

When I failed to pull up or to turn around in the saddle he shouted again, "Herbert!" he said. "Come back here."

The ranch foreman was the only one in the outfit who called me Herbert. Both the other guides and the cook referred to me as "Bert," even when my bath was turned.

He called me Herbert the first night I was in the bunk house, when we were rolled up in our blankets for sleep. He sang out from his bunk: "Someone better leave the door ajar. Herbert here may not be properly house broke." When no one else moved, after a while I got up myself and put the chair against the door to keep it open. I didn't like being cooped up in a closed space with the ranch foreman.

Now, after he had shouted Herbert three times, Miss Dunbar said: "You'd better go back and see what he wants."

"Do you think he's calling to me?" I asked.

She said: "If your name is Herbert—his remarks lend themselves to that interpretation."

She said she would wait for me, so I pulled up and went back.

"Are you deaf?" the ranch foreman asked. He had his hands on his hips, his weight on his toes, but pushed forward over his eyes. In his baggy trousers bulging at the knees, he looked as though he were getting ready to jump.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, turning up at me. "To be back here at five o'clock. We're having supper early and I don't want you to come dragging in here late for it."

"Sure, we'll be back," I said.

"That's one thing I can say about you," he said. "You're never late for your meals—but that is just the sort of a night you would be." He waved his hand. "Go on, get along! Don't keep your lady waiting down the trail."

I rode down the trail. I glanced back once. The foreman was standing where a shaft of the sun broke through the poplar trees. He had a hunch of setting himself in spots such as that. He took off his hat and waved it. If you got far enough away from him he appeared quite handsome. I guess he was about thirty years old, three or four years older than myself. He was tall, with good broad shoulders. He had curly black hair, and a gold watch chain hung across his open vest front. He left his watch hanging above his bed in the bunkhouse and pinned his chain up both vest pockets so that it would be I come home when he was riding. He played a banjo and sang all night around the campfire for the tourists. It was the same way with his singing: if you got so far off that you could only remember it, it seemed he had a real pleasant voice.

When I caught up to Miss Dunbar, she was still waving back at him. She showed her teeth, but I couldn't be sure that she was smiling.

As we rode along I told her about supper being an hour early. We had our lunches with us in the saddle bags, the idea being that we would have them with some tea when we got as far as Shuswap Rock.

What do you suppose the idea is in having supper so early?" I asked. I didn't expect that Miss Dunbar would know, but after all one of a guide's jobs on top of the others he has, is to make conversation if he can. I've known some guides who were no good at this at all.

"Oh, Mr. Whiffin—that was the foreman's name—arranged that especially," Miss Dunbar said. "This was when we were crossing the first creek.

"Especially—but for what?" I waited to know.

"Well, you see," Miss Dunbar said, "there's a dance tonight at Entrance, and he's asked me to go with him. We've got to meet a motor car on the highway at six-thirty exactly, and he said we would ride down to the road—it's only two miles—and you of course will go to take the horses back, then come back again to meet us about midnight."

Entrance was a town fifteen miles away. So I was to look after the horses while Charlie Whiffin and Miss Dunbar went to the dance.

"I see," I said. "And how about Mrs. Whittaker? He's been giving her riding lessons. She'll want to go, too."

Miss Dunbar laughed. "Oh, he's arranged that," she said. "He told me that when Mrs. Whittaker came in from her ride this afternoon he thought she'd want to be still sore quite some time. He's going to take her up to the beaver meadows, which is twice as far as she's ridden before.

"He certainly does arrange things well, doesn't he?" I said.

I THOUGHT all this over while we were riding along. Shuswap Rock is inside the first range of mountains and until we reached it we had little to say. Miss Dunbar asked my name. When I told her it was Bert, she asked why the ranch foreman called me Herbert. I said it was just one of his notions. "I like Herbert better than Bert," she said. "He shows good taste in that—anyway."

Then she wanted to know the rest of my name. I told her my full name, which I was christened with, but which I didn't use very often. was Herbert Bog. "Bog," I said, "spelt as though it had an 'A' in it."

Later she asked me the name of the horse I was riding. I told her it was Sitting Bull. She wondered why a horse had such a name as that. I explained that Sitting Bull, the first time he was roped, sat down on his haunches, that he still had a habit of sitting down in the middle of creek fords and that I rode him because the ranch foreman said I had to.

After a while we got on to the names of mountains and creeks. But all this while I was preoccupied by other matters. For one thing Miss Dunbar sat her horse very well. She guided him as a horse ought to be guided—by the bridle lines on his neck and by her knees against his thin sides. Also, each time I looked back—I was riding first along the trail—I found myself noticing the way the sun fell against her face and the shadows her eyelashes made, and the way her eyes shone, and counting those freckles across the bridge of her nose until I got up to fifteen, and thinking that her hair fitted her head like a helmet of bronze. I wished that I had had a pennant, or staff set in my stirrup, to carry before her.

When we dismounted opposite Shuswap Rock and had turned the horses loose to graze with their lines dragging, and had made a fire and set the tea-billy to boil, I took out my watch.

"I just broke my watch," I said to her. "Back there a ways I was winding it, and I guess the spring's broke." I shook it and showed it to her. The hands were stopped at quarter to eleven.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "I've got a watch here." She took a little silver watch from out of a small pocket underneath her belt. "It's just after twelve," she said. "We've got lots of time."

I looked at my watch again before putting it back in my pocket. A new one like it would cost me a dollar and it would cost twice that to get the broken spring mended. I couldn't decide just what to do.

I glanced down the hillside toward the creek below us, heaving among its willows. Downstream a bit I saw the blank tail of my buckskin Sitting Bull—wishing in the sunlight against the flies. The black horse Miss Dunbar rode was somewhere near by in the thicket. Across from us to the west, in the dead centre of the valley, was this Shuswap Rock we had come to see. It was a smooth, black tower of rock maybe a hundred feet high with snow-topped mountains beyond it.

I saw Miss Dunbar was interested in mountain climbing, looking at it, too.

"It seems to me," she said, all of a sudden, "that a person might climb up quite nicely to the top of that rock. Halfway up I see a tree and just beyond it a ledge. If you got that far up, you might make it quite nicely the rest of the way."

"Sure," I said, lifting the tea billy from the fire, "if you got that far. If you got out to it at all. There's a lot of muskeg between here and there, and below that ledge the rock is pretty steep."

To me it appeared a proposition that a mountain goat of experience would pass by in some disgust.

"But has anyone ever tried to climb it?" Miss Dunbar asked.

I shook my head. It was only the second time I had seen Shuswap Rock, and while I hadn't had a chance to learn much about it or the country around it, I had read quite a bit. I had railroad folders, those that had pictures and maps enough. Railroad folders perhaps don't say all they might, but they lay what I call a good groundwork for imagination.

"But how do you know no one's ever tried to get up there—ever?" Miss Dunbar insisted. She was leaning back against a log, sipping her tea, taking a bite now and then at a sandwich, squinting against the sun.

"Well," I replied, "I can't say for certain, but I guess I would have heard. That pile of rock over there, you might say, is just sheer from foot to crown. Besides, it's a spot of loneliness, sitting out there by itself in the centre of the valley. Everyone who passes this way sees it. Another thing, it has a story to it."

"A long time ago, they say, even before the fur traders came, Indians lived here. There was good feed for their horses. Another tribe came across the mountains to hunt. They were called the Shuswaps. The people already here were the Stoneys from the south from down around High River where the Prince of Wales used to have his ranch. Well, a Stoney Indian fellow fell in love with a girl from the Shuswap tribe. They used to meet out there where that rock is now. Then one day the Stoneys went away and the fellow didn't show up. The Shuswap girl went out there to wait for him. Well, that's the story. That's her and she's still waiting. That's how it got its name, Shuswap Rock."

And they say," I added, regarding Miss Dunbar closely, "that any girl who goes near enough to touch it—well, that in some way or other she's going to be disappointed, miss an engagement with a man or something like that."

Most of my story was true anyway. The railroad folders said both Shuswaps and Stoneys used to hunt in the Athabaska valley, and if they did, nothing would be more natural than that a Stoney would fall in love with a Shuswap girl, or the other way about, it made little difference. I didn't think until afterward that they most probably wouldn't want to be meeting in the middle of a muskeg, which is swampy ground. However, I guess Miss Dunbar didn't think of that, and I guess she didn't read railroad folders.

"My," she said, "that's a story. I never heard a story like that before. How that girl was stood up! Where did you learn about it?"

"Oh, I read a lot of night," I said.

"Well, I want to go over to that rock and look at it close," she said.

"The ground's too soft. We couldn't get the horses over to it. They'd bog down," I explained.

She looked at me. "We could walk," she said.

There was nothing in the world I wanted less than to walk over to that lump of rock and maybe have to try to climb it.

"You know, Miss Dunbar—" I said.

"You might call me Lucy. That's my first name," she interrupted.

"Well, Miss Lucy, then—"

I said Lucy, not Miss Lucy."

"You're mighty particular," I remarked.

I am about what I'm called, Herbert."

Herbert coming from Lucy Dunbar didn't sound half so bad as when Charlie Whiffin the ranch foreman said it. In fact, I realized I had never understood the full possibilities of the name. I bore.

"But what were you going to say when I interrupted you?" she asked.

"It was about this walking." I said, "and a fellow I knew."

"Yes, go on."

"Well, this fellow who had been raised among horses, just like me, took up walking one day. He might have known better. It was in Alberta too, just east of here. We advised him against it."

"I see," she said. "A man with a mind of his own."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Don't bother," she said. "Continue. Go on. Tell me about this man who took up walking."

He bought a big pair of boots with nails in them," I said, "and I suppose he's still walking. It was two years ago I knew him and he started out to walk to the Arctic Ocean."



I looked over the ledge and saw Lucy primping her hair. "You're going to be late for your dancing party," I called down.



"You certainly do things in a big way out here," Lucy Dunbar said to me.

"Perhaps. But you see that creek below us at the foot of the hill? If you followed it until it flows into the Athabaska down there a ways and kept right on at it for a considerable time you'd finally get to the Arctic, too. But he wasn't going that way. He was going through the mountains. He figured he'd do some prospecting along the way."

"Undoubtedly an extreme case," Lucy said.

"No, he wasn't extreme. He was just unreasonable. But whenever I think of what happened to him and whenever I get more than a rope's throw away from a horse, my legs get tired all of a sudden. I become what you might call uneasy. I've been so for quite a number of years—going on for twenty-six by now. And the Bogs, you might say, have always been that way—averse to walking—even to my grandfather Tobias, who was a sprinter and won medals at foot racing."

Somehow that story, which was nearer the known truth in every particular didn't go over like the other one. We had finished our lunch. I was tidying up, and there was what is sometimes referred to as a lull in the conversation.

"You know," I said, "what we could do is to ride up the valley a mile or two farther and get a look at that rock from a different angle."

"No," Lucy said. "I think I want to go back. You'd better get the horses in."

"You want to get back to go dancing with that Whiffin fellow?" I said.

Never mind about why I want to go back," she said. "Perhaps I'm just tired and the scenery bores me."

I thought then of my watch, and of how easy it is sometimes to break the mainspring and of the trouble it involves when you set out to do it.

I went down the hill after the horses which had disappeared in the green timber. I looked back and saw Lucy lying in the grass, so that she was entirely covered by it from my sight, except for a few strands of auburn hair loosened by the wind from her headband, beating above her upturned face like brown butterflies above a flower.

I found the horses in a small meadow among the pines. I tied Sitting Bull with his halter to a tree. The black horse Lucy rode had no halter on. I hoisted his bridle lines about a branch knowing that if he pulled back the branch would break before the bridle lines. The ranch foreman was opposed to us coming back with broken lines. I set out to return to the camp fire.

It was no way to treat horses, tying them up when they should have been feeding—but it was no way to treat me either, expecting me to escort Lucy and Charlie Whiffin from the ranch to the roadside and then wait for them until they came back from the dance.

Lucy would understand that if I did not bring the horses back with me they had probably strayed, that I would have to go after them again and that it might take me quite some time to find them. It might well be after five o'clock when I could come upon them again in the timber. Pine trees all look alike and can be very confusing if you're afraid you'll find what you're not looking for.

But I thought I might keep her mind off the horses for a time. I figured on asking what was her notion of the words *savoir faire*, which the ranch foreman had become so fond of using.

When I got back to where we had had our lunch Lucy wasn't there. The trough shaped by her body was in the grass where she had been lying. The tin cups were neatly piled into the billy, the papers from our sandwiches thrown on the fire. My rope was where I had left it, still coiled. I had unbraided it from my pommel, expecting to splice a new Turk's head on it to replace the one I had frayed.

I cast about for tracks, thinking a bear might have been by and frightened her. But if a bear had been no bear go by, nor any thing larger than a chipmunk. Down by the creek, where the ground was soft, I saw the imprints of her riding shoes. I followed them. They led me to a series of stones on which she had stepped across the stream. I looked across to where she had gone and saw over the muskeg the black mass of Shuswap Rock, like a great black hall ruined chimney piece upthrust from the valley floor.

I called her name but only the echoes of my voice came back to me. Suddenly my stomach felt cold as though I carried a lump of ice in it. I thought of myself riding back to the ranch, leading that black with his empty saddle, and Charlie Whiffin, his hands upon his hips, waiting for me at the end of the trail.

I RAN back to the camp fire, stumbling in my high heeled riding gaiters, and reached for my rope. I guess I became excited. I remember getting tangled up in a lot of willows and falling into the creek. I got up and started across the muskeg, but my spurs caught on a piece of down timber and I tripped me up. The ground was soft, and when I got to my feet I began to sink. It was probably the only bit of quicksand in the valley.

My rope came in handy. I had been wondering for some time why I had brought it. As I found myself going down I dropped its noose over a stump and pulled myself out. I left one riding gaiter, a woollen sock and a nickel plated spur in the mud. I was glad I hadn't tried to bring the horses across.

I would have saved myself considerable if I had followed Lucy as I tracks more closely. I got onto them again after a while. She had followed a ridge of dry ground which ran across the muskeg.

At that, hobbling along on one high heeled riding gaiter, with the other foot bare to the winds, it was farther than at first it seemed to Shuswap Rock.

And when I got there, craning my neck and looking up still I could see no sign of Lucy. The valley was narrow and steep. The sun was already topping the western range of mountains and shadows were stealing out from them.

While I stood there listening until my own heartbeat sounded loud as a blue grouse drumming on a log, I heard my name whispered.

"Herbert!" I heard.

I stepped back so that I could see farther up the rock. The sun played on the ledge we had seen from the hillside, just a bunch of spruce trees and maybe sixty feet from the ground. And on the ledge blue as wild flax flowers, I saw the spot of Lucy's riding shirt.

She looked down at me over the edge and she was smiling.

"Herbert," she said, "you look very funny."

"That's just the way I feel."

"Why, you're dripping wet. You've got mud on your face. And where's your other riding shoe?"

"I was in a hurry," I said, "and it got left behind."

There was a pause then while she stared at me and I stared back at her. I gave her stare for stare.

She said, at last: "Well, you see, I was right. It is possible to get up to this ledge."

"Yes," I said, "that's the way it seems."

But how she got there I couldn't understand. Mandy to climb up where she was made me dizzy.

"Keep back," I said. "Keep back. Don't lean so far over or you'll fall."

She was more than sixty feet above me. I began to see how helpless those knights we read about must have felt after riding across the countryside in armor and finding their ladies with their heads hanging out of tower windows and no jardiner around to open the door and let them in to climb the stairs.

Continued on page 46

Those Pacific Coast Contracts

Contractors selected without competition — Fortifications built on cost-plus basis — High rentals paid — Defense Department replies to criticism

SPEAKING to the Canadian radio audience on October 31 last, Prime Minister Mackenzie King said:

"In every respect of Canada's war effort my colleagues and I have taken and will continue to take all possible precautions to see that partisanship, personal influence or political patronage provide no avenue to promotion, personal advancement or private or corporate profit."

Canadians of all parties will endorse wholeheartedly the principle to which the Prime Minister thus declared his allegiance.

Political favoritism with its waste and extravagant use of public funds its enrichment of the selected few at the expense of the many, will not be tolerated by a people at war.

Dollars will march with men in this war. And if dollars are wasted on the home front men will suffer needlessly on the fighting front.

Let no one mistake this however. Banishment of political favoritism even under the spur of war will not be easy.

The task will take the united effort of a vigilant Government and a determined public opinion. And not only a determined public opinion but an informed public opinion a public opinion which knows what political favoritism means, what it can do, what it has done.

We shall win this battle only if we know specifically what it is we are fighting.

During recent weeks The MacLean Publishing Company, through *The Financial Post* and *Maclean's Magazine*, has presented a series of transactions illustrating the manner in which expenditures under the Dominion's war preparedness program have been made.

Herewith is presented a resume of a further series of defense transactions as described by *The Financial Post* of October 28.

These have to do with the construction of defense works on the Pacific Coast initiated by the Defense Department during the regime of Hon. Ian Mackenzie.

Approximately $2 895 000 has been earmarked for expenditure on coastal defenses up to March 31 1940. Additional large sums have been and are being expended on air defense works in the same area.

How has this money been spent?

How is it being spent? Some contracts initiated by Mr. Mackenzie are still being executed.

Examination of the available records reveals these cardinal facts:

1. Three companies hold, or have held during the past three years, at least sixteen Defense Department Pacific Coast construction contracts to a value of approximately $2 000 000.

2. At least five of the contracts held by these three companies were awarded on a cost plus basis without competitive bids. The terms of these contracts provided no incentive to keep costs down their efforts being. The greater the cost the greater the profit. The value of these five cost-plus contracts exceeds $1 000 000.

3. Within the terms of certain of these contracts, machinery rentals could be charged which would pay for the machinery outright within five or six months. Normal economic life of machinery of the type used is considered to be four or five years. This machinery remained the property of the contractor and following completion of any particular contract could be used on other work.

4. Central figure in one of the companies holding certain of these cost plus contracts is Brigadier W. W. Foster, chief of police of Vancouver (now on leave), president of the Canadian Legion, and recently appointed director of Auxiliary Services under the Defense Department.

5. A central figure in another of the companies was the late General J. W. Stewart, a former close personal friend of Hon. Ian Mackenzie.

For military reasons neither the location nor the specific nature of the works covered by these contracts will be indicated here. In value however, the individual contracts range from amounts of a few thousand to more than half a million dollars.

Ten of the sixteen contracts were awarded either to Northern Construction Company and J. W. Stewart Limited or to this company jointly with the E. J. Ryan Contracting Company. The total value of the contracts awarded to the first named company singly, or to the two companies jointly, approximates $1 500 000.

Six of the sixteen contracts went to Pacific Engineers Limited, to a value of approximately $470 000.

Of the five cost-plus contracts, three were awarded to the Northern Stewart company or to the Northern-Stewart-Ryan combination. Two were placed with Pacific Engineers.

Two of these five cost-plus contracts were awarded as late as April and May of this year.

One of the five cost plus contracts is on file in the sessional papers office of the House of Commons where it can be examined by anyone. The contractors in this case were Northern Construction Company and J. W. Stewart, Limited, and E. J. Ryan Contracting Company. The contract was signed by the late General J. W. Stewart on behalf of the former company, and by Lieut.-Col. E. J. Ryan on behalf of the latter. It authorized the construction of a defense work which, according to the most recent auditor general's report, has cost the Canadian taxpayer $525,314.

This contract was the first of the series, and it was subsequently cited as the model upon which the financial terms of the later contracts were based. As was the case with all five of the contracts it was awarded without competition to a "selected" contractor.

It provided for the payment to the contractor of:

1. All costs properly incurred in the work.

2. Rentals of tools, machinery and plant provided by the contractor on the basis of a specified schedule of daily rates.

3. A profit of five per cent on "cost," not including sales taxes, customs duties, Workmen's Compensation Board payments and rentals of equipment.

Payment was authorized on the basis of ninety per cent of the cost, plus ninety per cent of the five per cent profit per week.

The work was to be subject to the control of the Defense Department through its authorized engineer who was to be the sole judge of both quality and quantities.

As wages, fuel, power and lubrication were included in "cost" the rentals of equipment in effect constituted payment of depreciation on equipment. These rentals were to be "computed on a standard working day of eight hours and a standard working week of forty four hours."

Typical daily rentals among the twenty-one rates scheduled were as follows:

	Per Day
Shovel, ¾ yard, gasoline	$35
Diesel caterpillar crane with shovel	$40
Concrete mixer, one yard	$ 8
Concrete bucket, one yard	$ 1
Pump, gasoline, 6-inch	$ 4
Clamshell bucket, one yard	$ 4

The Financial Post priced equipment of this type with a view to discovering the relation between its cost and the rate of depreciation indicated by the rental schedule. The comparison is indicated in the following table:

Equipment	Price Range of Equipment, New	Yearly Rental Rate Payable Under Contract on Basis of $75 a hour Over a Year
Shovel, gasoline ¾ yard	$13 000 to $17,000	$ 9,625
Diesel caterpillar crane with shovel	around $15 000	$11,000
Concrete mixer, one yard	$ 4 000	$ 2,200
Concrete bucket, one yard	$ 250 to $ 350	$ 275
Pump, gasoline 6-inch	$ 800 to $ 1 200	$ 1 100
Clamshell bucket, one yard	$ 1 000	$ 1,100

It will be observed, says *The Financial Post*, that rentals were authorized at a rate which would pay for the equipment, new, within one to two years. Machinery suppliers state that the economic life of equipment of this type is at least four or five years and that most contractors are able to operate it for much longer periods. All of the equipment listed in the contract was of the kind employed in general contracting. It could be used again elsewhere—on other Defense Department jobs, for instance.

It would seem that the rental rates authorized in this contract constituted a depreciation payment which was extremely generous, to put it mildly.

Work authorized by this contract is believed to have been completed, but as already indicated, this document served as a model for subsequent cost-plus agreements. At least four of these are still in process of execution.

Two of these are held by the Northern group and two by Pacific Engineers.

Equipment rentals on a basis similar to that described above were authorized in at least three of these contracts.

It will be recalled that the central "day" was defined as eight hours. On this basis, if rentals were charged for two shifts a day, the payment would be twice the "daily" rate, if for three shifts, three times the "daily" rate.

This is an extraordinary provision. Since central is being paid in lieu of depreciation, it would be reasonable that there should be some allowance for greater use involved in double or triple shift operation. But no such rate as would be arrived at on the basis of this provision would be countenanced in a non-governmental operation. The most that would be allowed under the practice approved by the Associated General Contractors of America would be an increase over the basic rental of four per cent on hour for each additional hour.

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Liberal rally in the Forum, Montreal.

What Happened in Quebec

"The greatest single blow struck for Canadian unity in the past quarter century . . . . nt what seemed to be unity's darkest hour"

By LESLIE ROBERTS



Upper left: Maurice Duplessis — the loser.

Lower left: Hon. Ernest Lapointe — "another Lanrier."

Right: Premier Adelard Godbout — the winner.

LATE IN the evening of October 25 a middle-aged man, his face wreathed in a happy grin, walked to the front of a platform in a smoke-filled room where a couple of hundred men were milling around in a state of happy bedlam.

"Boys! Listen boys!" shouted the man on the stage. "Before we call it a day how about three cheers for our French-Canadian neighbors, the guys who put Quebec back into the Dominion of Canada?"

The roof of that old stone building deep in Quebec's rural Eastern Townships seemed to jump from its moorings and settle back shaking as the shout of those who had spent the day in bringing out the anti-Duplessis vote on village streets and over back-concession dirt roads rattled the rafters.

Here and there French-Canadian eyes misted with emotional pride. For this was happening in one of the few remaining English majority counties—and we haven't gone in for much interracial hosanna shouting these last three years. Not since all the talk about building a wailing wall along the interprovincial boundaries hit its peak with the election of the Duplessis Government.

But now in one brief day French Canada had reversed the Nationalist landslide of 1936 to send Adelard Godbout back to the Ancient Capitol at the head of a Legislative Assembly in which he would be supported by sixty-eight deputies out of a total membership of eighty six: a House to which three years ago Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale party elected seventy six men out of ninety.

What lies behind the story of the overturn of the Duplessis Government? What (which includes who) caused it? For exactly what was French Canada voting when it relegated an overwhelmingly strong government to the political scrap heap? And in the words of the song of another war, where do we go from here?

"Victim of His Own Rhapsodies"

THE DOWNFALL of the old administration must be charged primarily to what has been called the Participation Issue, inextricably meshed with the question of Canadian unity, raised originally by Mr. Duplessis in his dissolution proclamation in which he charged Ottawa with an attempt to centralize authority via the War Measures Act, to the detriment of provincial autonomy. But the Union Nationale leader been able to keep the issue on that high ground—the autonomy question—without dragging in the war, had he not thrown down the gauntlet to the Federal Ministers from Quebec and had they not accepted his challenge the outcome might have been another story.

But Mr. Duplessis was the victim of his own fiery rhapsodies. In his first campaign speech in his home riding of Three Rivers, he not only denounced centralization and its associate bogy—assimilation—but also placed his government on the side of No Participation in the War. Thereafter the Premier steered a remarkable zigzag. At Ormstown and Sherbrooke, speaking in English, he described himself as a loyal Canadian who, since war had been declared, must string along with the rest of the country. At St. Johns and Asbestos, speaking in French, he came within an inch of the war denouncements of the original Three Rivers speech. And so throughout the province. Attempts were even made to charge manipulation, but the fact remained that one of his Ministers, Gilbert Layton, had stalked off the Three Rivers platform thence to hasten to Montreal and wire his resignation from cabinet and party solely on the participation question. No doubt remains that Participation brought about Maurice Duplessis' defeat.

The Messrs. Lapointe, Cardin and Power, Quebec's ministerial representatives at Ottawa, picked up the gage and threw it back into Mr. Duplessis' teeth to the considerable surprise of the Quebec leader. They declared their intention of clearing out of Ottawa if their compatriots chose to disown them at the polls. The result was that the affair acquired the status of a Federal election fought within the borders of a province.

By the time the votes were cast the issues had been pared down to two simple questions. Are we in Quebec prepared to play our part in the war? Are we in Quebec Canadians or secessionists? The answer is found in the fact that Mr. Godbout was elected with sixty-eight followers, as compared to the fourteen who comprised the 1936 Opposition, in which the leader himself was seatless.

True, another issue faced the electorate and it was the one on which this election should have been fought—the financial issue. When Maurice Duplessis came into power in 1936, the provincial debt of Quebec stood at $130 000 000. The province enjoyed the best money rating in Canada and was getting along pretty well on an income slightly in excess of $40 000 000 a year.

At the end of the fiscal year in June 1939 the debt had reached the alarming figure of $280 000 000 (alarming chiefly because it had more than doubled in three years). The banks had shut down on money advances. Large sums had been raised in the United States on high interest rates thanks to the fact that interest and principal are payable in American funds. Yet increased taxes had stopped annual revenues up to a figure well in excess of $60 000 000. Consequently the thrifter elements of the population were beginning to enquire in concerned manner and acid tone as to whether or not we were to be conducted across the threshold of the bankruptcy court.

But I doubt if things had come to the pass at which the man in the city street, or between the handles of the plow would have arisen in his wrath to destroy the Government for spending too much. On the contrary the Spend! Spend! Spend! policy might have helped it back to power, but for intrusion of the unity question and its corollaries. That policy had resulted in the building of hundreds of miles of

hard-surface roads, in the lending of millions upon millions of dollars to farmers, in public works and all manner of political gravy gifts. Since when did the working North American democrat object to the cheerful spender, even though the money spent is a direct charge on the democrat either in immediate taxes or in debts loaded on his children?

For my part, I do not believe Duplessis would have been defeated at the polls in a financial debate or on any other question, if he had not taken his running jump into the brackish waters of sectionalism, disunity and anti-war.

'Beat Duplessis'

NEVERTHELESS the financial issue played its part. When the campaign got running at full flood, the public attitude seemed to develop a new twist. Maurice Duplessis became the man who couldn't do anything right. Not only had the talk along the grapevine been he trying to turn the rest of Canada against Quebec with all this anti-war talk, but look at his administrative record! First thing you knew he'd have the whole province in the slough of despond! Hadn't he turned the banks and all the other money lenders against Quebec? Yet here he was snarling at Ottawa day in and out, when it began to appear as if we



Provincial Parliament Buildings, in Quebec City

might need Ottawa considerably more than Ottawa needed us!

There lay the genesis of the tidal wave which reached its flood and broke on the Government's head on the 25th day of October. By that time the idea was to be rid of Duplessis, the individual. The result was not a Liberal victory simply as such. It was a Liberal-Conservative victory, an all-party victory or perhaps a no-party victory, the immediate beneficiaries of which are the Quebec Liberals because they happened to be the torchbearers. In which regard I offer you the evidence concerning the Messrs. Layton and Hulbert of Montreal, each of whom abandoned Duplessis to contest the election as a straight Conservative. Each lost his deposit, for the very good reason that the old line Conservatives of Westmount, St. George and Notre Dame de Grace were taking no chances, but voted the straight Godbout ticket as the surest way of unplacing Duplessis. A strange election!

Most of the credit for the defeat of the Duplessis administration is now being given to the Right Honorable Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice at Ottawa, but the first accolade belongs to Mr. Duplessis himself.

The circumstances surrounding the calling of the general election are no secret. The Government had overspent its budget. The Premier sought the cover of special warrants to cover the payment of accounts which were in no sense emergent, in that they could have been foreseen while the Legislature was in session and should have been included in the estimates. The Lieutenant-Governor refused his signature. Duplessis immediately presented a demand for dissolution. The Lieutenant-Governor granted it. The Premier promptly issued a statement to the effect that his province's autonomy was threatened; that already Ottawa had throttled his money sources under the War Measures Act. His opponents replied—throughout the campaign—that it was not Ottawa which had closed the lenders' tills, but Mr. Duplessis himself, by destroying confidence through profligate spending. His Cabinet was not consulted on the entity, nor were his followers in the House, when the election was called.

Dissolution was Mr. Duplessis' own show, pure and simple. Nor was the keynote speech at Three Rivers the result of T-crossings and I-dottings on the part of any major board of strategy, as is clearly established by the walkout performed by Gilbert Layton when the anti-participation question was raised.

In turn, Mr. Duplessis brought on the election as an individual and set its issues himself in his early campaign speeches, to the infinite embarrassment of many of his closest supporters, including the large section of the press which had been ranged behind him. During the early weeks of the campaign several influential newspapers hopped the fence back and forth almost daily trying to keep up with the Premier's hustings utterances. But through the final week virtually every newspaper, French and English alike, came out flatly against him and his government.

The greatest single individual force assisting the Liberals to victory, then, was Maurice Duplessis.

Lapointe the Statesman

THIS IS not said to detract in any way from the contribution of Ernest Lapointe and other Quebec Federal Ministers to the result.

Lapointe accepted the Duplessis challenge to come out and fight, and even went to the length of declaring that he and his Cabinet associates would resign in a body in the event of a Duplessis victory at the polls. Furthermore it was common knowledge in inside circles at least that a large body of Quebec Liberals would have joined the pilgrimage and two private members, Girouard and Cote, actually did resign their Commons seats to contest their home counties for the Legislature, each winning easily.

Ottawa's acceptance of the Duplessis dare stands as one of the most successful bluff callings in the history of Canadian politics. Mr. Duplessis did not expect it when he sent out his challenge. Nor did he believe it would catch the fancy of the electorate as anyone who attended any of the Lapointe meetings can testify it did. Lapointe's action (and that of Cardin and Power) was an act of political heroism the like of which has seldom been seen in this country. It was the act of a courageous statesman, not of a narrow politician. In Quebec nowadays, the gentleman is spoken of as "another Laurier." Don't be surprised if you live to see another French-Canadian Prime Minister on the Hill!

What happened on October 25 was the greatest single blow struck for Canadian unity during the past quarter century, and it was struck at what seemed to be unity's darkest hour.

If the reader will pause to ponder what the outcome could have been on the home front, without venturing abroad to gauge effects on opinion in our enemy's camp, in Britain or among our isolationist neighbors, he will recognize the high wide and handsome quality of the gamble without difficulty. Suffice to say that the occasion was loaded with dynamite. Anything might have emerged.

But the forces of provincialism, of sectionalism—the so-called Laurentians—were routed. Mr. Gouin and his Action Nationale group, even more violently Quebec-for-the-Quebeckers than Mr. Duplessis, were completely extinguished at the polls. French Canada declared itself in solemn voice for Canadianism and acceptance of the responsibilities of Canadian citizenship.

The generosity of this gesture is enormous, for the French-Canadian case leading to the highly publicized Revolt in Quebec which in 1936 put Mr. Duplessis in office was a strong case. It has not been adjusted; probably could not be adjusted so long as an intransigent government held office, for the ex-Premier was never a man to discuss difficulties amicably. The election result removed that problem. It paved the way to reconsideration of the Provincial-Federal dispute and possible future amendment of the B.N.A. Act, with a view to making our constitution more workable.

But beyond this, the people of Quebec—the English-speaking minority in particular—earnestly hope and pray that the brethren of the other provinces will reply to Quebec's generosity with gestures of equal warmth. What of the questions arising from bilingualism? What of the endless schools debate? Will the English-majority provinces reply in kind, refuse to be outdone by their French-speaking compatriots in the movement toward *human union*? If that be the keynote, the hope for a *permanently* united country is greater than at any time since Confederation. If not, we shall return to days of difficulty and the issue will be upon us again.

The Conscription Bogy

CONSCRIPTION was not an issue in this month of bitter campaigning other than as a smoke screen. Mr. Duplessis asserted that a vote for Godbout would be a vote for the press gang, but nobody could quite understand why. The Godbout party declared itself against forced enlistment and the Federal Ministers already were pledged to leave public life should any government to which they might belong attempt to put such a measure on the statute book.

The Liberals countered with the suggestion that a vote for Duplessis was likely to become a conscriptionist vote inasmuch as it might lead to the departure of the anti-conscriptionists from Ottawa and the arrival there, after the next Federal election, of Nationalists who would not be on the Government side, so that the other provinces might bring down such legislation over Quebec's dead body.

This sounded like pretty roundabout reasoning to the average elector, who seemed to derive considerably more amusement from the charge laid by many speakers that Duplessis himself had fought for conscription on the Three Rivers hustings in 1917. This was a highly amusing diversion for Jean Baptiste's ears, you may be sure.

The Quebec election result lays the conscription bogy. Conscription itself—certainly the conscription of French Canadians—now becomes a dead issue. If it is ever revived, the revival will have to come from French Canada.

Stranger things have happened, for our present embattled state bears all the earmarks of becoming a Holy War before we are done, in which case marked changes of viewpoint may be seen hereabouts. Meanwhile the Quebec elector is convinced that he has voted for full co-operation with the rest of Canada, with the Empire and with the democracies in the prosecution of the war, but on a voluntary basis.

In all this marching and countermarching little has been said beyond the confines of Quebec concerning the personality and policies of the incoming Premier, Mr. Godbout.

Godbout is not likely to be a meteor. Quebec has just disposed of a human comet and as usually happens after such heavenly uproars, has chosen a man of the safe-and-sane school. In his own right Adelard Godbout is one of Canada's outstanding agricultural scientists, an item of no little appeal to the people who elected him. Already he has shown administrative ability as Minister of Agriculture. His financial policy sums up as "live-within-our-means," which is going to be highly necessary after three years of high and fancy borrowing. His external policy is one of complete co-operation with the Federal authority. The only startling plank in his party's platform (from Quebec's point of view) is Votes for Women, to which the incoming Government is definitely pledged. Unless I miss my guess this will not be a flashy government, but a steady, middle-of-the-road administration. The idea has its points.

The Voice of Freemen

FINALLY, for what did Quebec vote when it swept the Duplessis Government out of office? For Imperialism? For the extinction of the German people, the acquisition of their territory, the destruction of their trade, their delivery into a state of bondage? I do not think so, and my conclusions are based on watching the reaction of my neighbors to at least two hundred political speeches delivered by all manner of orators from Federal Ministers and Adelard Godbout and his candidates, down to the run-of-mine electioneer.

French Canada is coming to see this war as a last-ditch fight for the retention of Christian principles in our world, is feeling the unmistakable urge to rid our civilization of the forces of anti-Christ. What may be termed the semi-colonial viewpoint is conspicuous by its absence. The Empire question seems to be regarded as purely academic, but the business of assuring Britain and France as freemen coming to the aid of freemen is very much to the fore.

In fine, Jean Baptiste has declared himself to be a Canadian and, as such, to be solidly on the side of freedom and justice, in everything that these words connote. As this is written the gentleman has just won the biggest victory of the war for our side. *Vive les Canadiens!*

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Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER



A. Beverley Baxter, M.P.

The Confounding of the Prophets

LONDON, November 7 (By cable. Passed by censor). A famous British astrological magazine has just announced it is winding up its affairs and going out of production for the duration of the war. The stars are out of favor and prophets are without honor or even profits for that matter. The noble army of pseudo-scientific quacks who write their daily newspaper horoscopes for mankind and prove that all men born at the same moment have identical destinies, are out of luck. Their columns and their reputations have shrunk like raisins. Of course it is all the fault of the war. It has upset most prophecies by happening at all, and has confounded both experts and soothsayers by the manner of its development. Admittedly every foreign correspondent, especially the American, knew the war would happen. What is more, they could forecast the exact line-up. Take Vincent Sheean, Douglas Reed or those heaven-sent Brooklyn-born correspondents who planned their books from crisis to crisis, and blushed with pleasure to find fame.

They all knew that owing to Britain's spinelessness France and Britain would be attacked by Germany on the Western Front and by Italy and Spain in the Mediterranean, while Japan grabbed what was left of us in the Far East. Hungary would at once open its gates to Germany and lead a march into Roumania. Poor France would be defending five frontiers while British shipping would have to go around the Cape in the vain hope of escaping destruction in the Mediterranean. In the meantime 10,000 German airplanes would reduce London to ruins and paralyze all British industry while Italy's air fleet concentrated on France. All this because the wretched British Government had not fought Japan in 1931, Italy in 1935, Spain in 1936 and Germany in 1938.

"Disgrace Abounding," Douglas Reed called it. I forget Mr. Sheean's title.

However, the experts did not even stop there. They described what would happen in our disillusioned Empire. Canada would be no more than legally at war while actually combining with the U.S.A. in a policy of North American neutrality. South Africa might not even be benevolently neutral but would lean definitely toward Germany. Australia and New Zealand could do nothing else than prepare to sell their lives dearly to the Japanese. As for Palestine! Boy, what the Arabs could do to Britain and her sponsored Jews once the guns began to bark. In fact, there was only one hope. Britain must throw her arms around the neck of Russia and swear like Mrs. Micawber never to forsake Mister Stalin.

When Britain broke off her Russian courtship there wasn't a newspaperman in Hoboken who did not know that John Bull and Company was finished. There was a lot to be said for that view. After all, in 1914 we had leaped to arms with all the exuberance of youth and inexperience. We followed a dream and were content. Since then, the coming of the air age has narrowed the world until oceans are the size of ponds. We have put away childish enthusiasms and see things with the eyes of men.

Predictions All Wrong

I AM writing this toward the middle of November. The war is well into its third month and so far absolutely nothing has happened in the way it was predicted. Absolutely nothing. No wonder the astrological magazine is out of business.

Who could have foreseen that the breaking off of the peace pact negotiations by Russia and the surrendering of her arms to Germany would prove to be a German disaster of first magnitude? By that one action, the refusal of Britain to buy security at the expense of honor, the entire diplomatic line-up was remade in a day. Japan drew back with all the righteous anger of a gangster who finds the big shot whom he has been trusting isn't straight. It is lonely out in the Far East, and once Japan finished with Germany she began to feel her old liking for Britain returning. At any rate she stopped taking down the nether garments of our nationals. Which was a good thing for England. So a number of British warships quietly left Chinese waters for points west.

Back in Europe, General Franco asked to see the French ambassador, Marshal Petain. It was clever of France to have sent that grand old soldier as first representative to the new soldiers' government of Spain. Franco was once a student cadet at the Academie Militaire over which Petain presided.

"I wish you to send a message to your government," said Franco. "I ask them to accept my assurance, my word of honor, that France need not keep one soldier on the Pyrenees frontier."

Joyfully the old soldier telegraphed the news to Daladier. The reply came back that France accepted the General's word absolutely and gratefully. Three French army corps was moved to take its place in battle formation against Germany.

But there was a *junior partner* at the other end of the axis. What was in Mussolini's mind? In July, Count Ciano went to Bayreuth to urge Hitler to go slow over Danzig. He found the Fuehrer in a state of political and musical ecstasy, Wagner having had its usual effect on him. No other composer has convinced so many ordinary men that they are great lovers or great conquerors. In this setting Ciano apparently jarred on the sensibilities of the mystic ruler of Germany. It was as if Prince Danilo had wandered from the "Merry Widow" into the last act of the "Twilight of the Gods."



Pilot officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force with the Royal Air Force in England. Baxter says, "Our airmen believe that they can lick the world."

Ciano said Britain and France meant business, that it was ridiculous to have war over Danzig when it would fall into Hitler's hand like a ripe plum anyway. Hitler was resentful. He put on one of his baritone solos and strutted like Wotan. Then, it is credibly reported, he snapped his fingers. No doubt he snapped them Britain-ward, but they were too near Ciano's nose for the liking of that proud Roman. At any rate Ciano returned to Italy with the news that Hitler had gone mad. Starace, powerful secretary of the Fascist party, and Alfieri, debonair Minister of Propaganda, were still pro-German. I met them both in Rome during the Chamberlain mission, and heard then that they were the principal backers of the German alliance. A fortnight ago, Mussolini fired Messrs. Starace and Alfieri. Germany's anger has not subsided yet.

At the time of my return from Rome I ventured, in one of these letters, to express the opinion that Chamberlain's visit would alter the whole course of Italy's policy. Despite the warning of the astrological magazine's fate before me, I still think that is true.

Spain—neutral. Italy—neutral. Japan—neutral. Hungary drew herself up proudly and said her independence was not for sale. Jugoslavia, which was going to be the flagpole of Central Europe for the Axis, worked for peace and did not hide her friendship for the democracies. Turkey was the vital point. With Italy and Germany to cut her off from the democracies, and with conquest-hungry Russia on the flank, Turkey might well have declared herself strictly an onlooker. Instead she broke with Moscow, pledged her brave heart and strong right arm to Britain.

Do you wonder that those of us who have endured the sneers of Britain's detractors for so long felt a pride that surged through the very arteries? The action of Turkey had come as the culminating point in a complete realignment of European forces.

But if we felt pride because of Turkey's loyalty, can you imagine what it was like as news came from the outer Empire? I lunched today with Colonel Reitz, the South African minister who is attending the Empire War Conference in London. He is a grand old man. Character is written all over his face. "I fought against Britain in our war," he said, "and when it finished I had nothing but hatred in my heart and a longing for revenge. Then I saw your country giving to us greater freedom than we had ever known before. Today I would fight for Britain to my last drop of blood."

Sir Nevile Henderson was at the lunch, that slim, well-dressed plenipotentiary of ours, once condemned as pro-Nazi and finally the supreme destroyer of Hitler's reputation. He must have been wondering what the Germans would think of men like Smuts and Reitz and the "Enemy Dominion" that would not be disloyal.

There was Australia, too, offering to equip an overseas air force while raising an army. And Socialist-governed New Zealand ready to call a new race of Anzacs from the ground. The Empire in its manhood was even firmer than in its youth twenty-five years back. Yet it was left to Palestine to administer the truly crushing blow. The declaration of war by Britain was the end of the Arab rebellion in Palestine. Jew and Arab alike offered to forget their differences in a common effort to aid Britain. A cry went right across the desert to every Arab chieftain, "Britain is

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We nominate..

The All-Western All-Star rugby team was selected for Maclean's by the following committee: F C Wilson, Regina president, W C R F U; M J Lieberman, Edmonton past president W C R F U; W L Russ, Calgary, past president W C R F U; Frank Hannibal, Winnipeg president Western Canada Conference Rugby Union. Selections made for Maclean's by Eddie Armstrong, Dave Drybrough, George MacIntosh, Bob Momman and Hugh Manning, sports writers of the Winnipeg Free Press, Regina Leader Post, Edmonton Journal, Calgary Herald and Winnipeg Tribune respectively. Votes were compiled carefully and absolutely was paid to choices made by Jack Kelly of the Edmonton Bulletin and Joe Ryan of the Winnipeg Free Press. In addition, Dr. Walter Sturdy of Vancouver, first vice president W C R F U, assisted by Hal Straight, of the Vancouver Sun, and Jimmy Coleman, of the Vancouver Province, made nominations for the All-Stars and for honorable mention from the Coast. A E Tomlinson, second vice president W C R F U, and W F Matthews, third vice president W C R F U, did the same for the teams from the University of Alberta and the University of Saskatchewan. Ken McConnell, of the Edmonton Journal, also gave valuable assistance. The findings thus arrived at are presented by H G Hardy of Edmonton.

IN THIS, the sixth consecutive year for *Maclean's* rugby All Stars, Canada is at war. The Government of Canada, however, has expressly stated that it wishes sport to carry on this year as usual, both for purposes of morale and because in Anglo-Saxon nations sport is an excellent training for war. In consequence rugby in the West has gone plunging on its way.

The most spectacular of the Western leagues, the Western Conference, has presented a thrill packed schedule of twelve games. In these last year's champions—the powerful Winnipeg Blue Bombers—won ten of twelve starts and in the semi-final (not completed at the moment of writing) the Calgary Bronks have run and passed to victory over the Regina Rough Riders. Predictions in a rocky business, but unless the Bronks upset the dope the Bombers ought to win another title.

In passing it is fair to remark that the rugby of the Western Conference is the equal of any in Canada and that the competition in it has been keen. Four games of the schedule were decided by a one point margin. The Edmonton Eskimos, last team in the standings, knotted the Bombers then first defeat and have admittedly the tough est defensive line in the league. Regina although disorganized midway in the season by the dismissal of three imports, was carried by the dash and spirit of its home talent to second place in the league standing. Calgary Bronks have a sparkling backfield and a line which is packed with potential power. Even if Calgary should defeat Winnipeg in the Western finals, however, it is unlikely that the Bronks will travel East again many of their supports, by the rules of the Canadian Rugby Union, would be ineligible for competition in the Dominion championships. Winnipeg—win or lose—has the strongest team in the league for Dominion competition both because its imports are not first year men and because through its policy of fostering junior rugby it has plenty of reserves.

Loan and Varsity Leagues

THE WESTERN Conference may be the brightest star in the Western rugby heavens. The Coast League of four teams, however, has also had an excellent season. In addition the intercollegiate teams, with the exception of the University of Manitoba (have battled for the Hardy Cup. This was again won by the University of British Columbia Thunder Birds who also won the Coast League and have flown high throughout the season without a single loss. But the most important of rugby facts on the West perhaps is the growing importance of junior rugby. There are three line junior clubs at the Coast and successful junior leagues have also operated in Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg. To this evidence that young Western Canadians are playing the game in increasing numbers must be added the high school and sandlot teams.

When it came to the selection of the sixth consecutive *Maclean's* Western rugby All-Stars the annual problems faced the committee. Of these the most vexing is the lack of competition between the Coast League and the Western Conference. There is no doubt that the quality of rugby in the Western Conference is higher than that in the Coast League. In consequence the committee has again limited itself to selections from the conference.

This may, however, work an injustice particularly since this year the Coast League has an outstanding player in Johnny Pearson, flashy runner and punter extraordinary for the University of British Columbia Thunder Birds. With punts of sixty yards to his credit, he is rated by the Vancouver sports writers who have also seen the Western Conference teams in action as the best kicker in the West. In addition to his punting, Pearson handles passes well and is excellent on both the defense and offense. Although the same sports writers estimate that an all-star backfield ranked below the best in the Western Conference.

It seems difficult therefore to leave Pearson off the All-Stars. But the selection committee feel that, in default of some definite comparison to prove that this player would sparkle in the keenly competitive of the Western Conference, they must restrict themselves to choices from the rugby which is admittedly the best in the West.

Pearson apparently stands in a class by himself at the Coast. There are, however, other nominations for honorable mention. Hank Stradiotti, a lineman in the Thunder Birds who stands six feet one and weighs 215 pounds, and who received honorable mention in *Maclean's* last year, is one of them. So is his fellow varsity lineman, Fred Smith, a short and chunky guard, while Jack Labelle, lineman and broken field runner for the Knights of Columbus, and Hank Rowe, playing his first year football at end for the Victoria Revellers also rate honorable mention.

In the prairie varsity teams, three seem to be only two players who are definitely of honorable mention calibre. Caprara, backfielder for the University of Saskatchewan, has been the mainstay of his club, while Dave McKay has proved the outstanding player and plunger for the University of Alberta.

In making their selection from the four teams of the Western Conference the committee found the path a rocky one. There was a plenitude of stars and because of the fine element judgment had to be based on the performances during the games of the regular schedule. Further more, it might be noted that, while the primary purpose is to select the best players to make up an all-round team of All-Stars, *Maclean's*, wherever possible, gives the preference to Canadians.

It is a happy coincidence here that when we turn to the halfbacks—the galloping horsemen of rugby—the top scorer in the conference with a total of sixty-one points, is

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THE ALL-WESTERN

Nominated by WESTERN CANADA RUGBY SELECTION COMMITTEE

	Name	Position	Team	Height	Weight
1	Rowe	Halfback	Calgary Bronks	6' 1"	203 lbs.
2	Cleveland	Halfback	Regina Rough Riders	6'	170 lbs.
3	Warren	Halfback	Calgary Bronks	5' 10"	170 lbs.
4	Shetley	Quarterback	Winnipeg Blue Bombers	5' 9"	180 lbs.
5	Nicklin	Flying Wing	Winnipeg Blue Bombers	6' 1½"	190 lbs.
6	Wilson	Snap	Winnipeg Blue Bombers	6' 2"	190 lbs.
7	Kabat	Inside Wing	Winnipeg Blue Bombers	6'	180 lbs.
8	Wile	Inside Wing	Edmonton Eskimos	5' 11½"	185 lbs.
9	Gasnor	Middle Wing	Winnipeg Blue Bombers	5' 11¾"	190 lbs.
10	Gelbaye	Middle Wing	Edmonton Eskimos	6' 1"	270 lbs.
11	Marquardt	Outside Wing	Winnipeg Blue Bombers	5' 3"	170 lbs.
12	O Brien	Outside Wing	Edmonton Eskimos	5' 7½"	175 lbs.

Maclean's All-Star Football Teams for 1939



THE ALL-EASTERN

Selected by JOHN DeGRUCHY Former President Canadian Rugby Football Union, and Associates

	Name	Position	Team	Height	Weight
1	Storey	Halfback	Toronto Argonauts	6' 2"	195 lbs
2	Thompson	Halfback	Balmy Beach	5' 9"	165 lbs
3	Krol	Halfback	Univ. of Western Ont.	5' 11½"	167 lbs
4	W. Stukus	Quarterback	Toronto Argonauts	5' 10"	180 lbs
5	Ferraro	Flying Wing	Westmounts	6' 1"	205 lbs
6	Moynahan	Snap	Ottawa Rough Riders	5' 11"	180 lbs
7	Hatman	Inside Wing	Ottawa Rough Riders	6' 1"	205 lbs
8	Staughton	Inside Wing	Toronto Argonauts	6' 1"	197 lbs
9	Jodoin	Middle Wing	Montreal Royals	6' 2"	210 lbs
10	Burns	Middle Wing	Westmounts	6'	200 lbs
11	Thornton	Outside Wing	Toronto Argonauts	6'	175 lbs
12	McCarthy	Ontside Wing	Ottawa Rough Riders	5' 10"	185 lbs

By JOHN DeGRUCHY

FOR THE SIXTH successive year, *Maclean's Magazine* has asked me to weigh the merits of Eastern Canadian football players, and pin badges of stardom on twelve outstanding gridiron heroes.

As in previous years, I have received the advice of several outstanding coaches. These experts have spoken frankly, having given me their choices in their own leagues and even in their own teams. These authorities posed that I refrain from naming them in this article, lest the harmony in their own clubs turn to discord.

While I have been guided by the knowledge of these experts, the final selection is my own responsibility. I have seen all twelve Eastern clubs in action and have personally studied the ability of each of the players finally nominated.

When *Maclean's* All-Star selections of the past are recalled, it is evident that a senior football career is brief. For instance, the 1934 group included such famous athletes as Welch, Percy, Box, Hayes, Elowitz, Mitrus, Kostnik, Palmer, Jackson, Timms, Simpson and Morris. Five seasons later only two of these stars—Pete Jatkus and Teddy Morris—are still carrying the pigskin.

Early every December many husky youths whose exploits have thrilled autumn crowds exit through dressing room doors and wave farewell to football. High water mark for retirements seemed reached this year for when the 1939 teams lined up for the opening kickoff the passing included Stirling, Box, Cutler, Hempey, Reynolds, Clawson, Morrison and Palmer—each a 1938 star.

Not only did that galaxy sink beyond the rugby horizon but the season was also featured by many team changes. Ottawa Rough Riders, for instance, signed Golish and McWhitters from Sarnia Imperials. Sward from Quinty Beach, and George Sprague from Queen's University. Three senior teams, Hamilton Tigers, Queen's University and Montreal Royals, were tutored by new masters in the touchdowning profession.

These shifts and retirements made it possible for several newcomers to crash the Hall of Fame. Only four of our 1938 All-Star selections repeated in 1939.

What Makes an All-Star Team

ALL-STARS cannot be measured with mathematical accuracy. Scoring statistics are not infallible yardsticks, for the player who goes the last few yards and receives the cheers and the points is not always the chap who made the touchdown possible. For instance although Joe Krol, University of Western Ontario has thrown a flock of touchdown forwards he has scored very few himself.

There are different conceptions of what constitutes an All-Star team.

Some selectors prefer to nominate a group that looks well on paper and would combine harmoniously on the field. I don't favor the idea for such a club is never assembled, and I look at a star as an individual—not as a cog in a machine. Consequently, I have made no attempt to propose say, a running half, a kicking half and a passing half. Instead I have looked on the specialist, the man of one talent and have preferred the all arounder who does all things well. This purpose is particularly evident in the selection of three backs.

The rosters of the twelve Eastern senior teams included at least seventy players who were labelled halfbacks. These seventy possibles were reduced to about twelve probables. This final dozen included Tremblay, Storey, Tommy Moore, Thompson, Krol, Cicero, Szumlinski, Johnston, Selluk and Morris. If Tony Golish, Ottawa Rough Rider halfback, had not missed a couple of important games through injuries and if Argonauts' Art West had not met a preseason accident these two would certainly have been included in any final grouping for both are exceptionally good players.

Of the twelve probables, Cicero of Montreal Royals won lightning fast Tremblay and Tommy of Ottawa thrilled all fans with their smart receiving and dazzling open field running. Westmount's Mullins, durable and versatile, was also a most unlikely and effective performer. Sarnia's Mayer kicked six successful placements in one game and throughout the season accumulated a most impressive point total. Indeed every one of a dozen halves had some claim to inclusion on the All Star squad. But decisions had to be made even though based on a hair-line differences. Consequently will soon difficult and much hope we finally chose Krol, Thompson and Storey.

Joe Krol has not been nicknamed "Swirling Dipt" without cause. The University of Western Ontario star learned his rugby in Windsor, developed it last year with the Western Colts and blossomed in one season into an intercollegiate sensation. Rarely has a rookie so soon proved so many sided and proficient. Here is an induction of his diversified power. In one McGill game this half time score was tied at one point each. In the third quarter Krol tossed a successful seventeen-yard pass received a forward and advanced thirty two yards, heaved another good one, ran twenty five yards flipped a smart touchdown forward and kicked nightly five yards in a touch or goal threw a forty-two-yard pass which also ended in a major score and began the fourth period with a personal goal-line smash and earned the ball over McGill's line for another five points. Krol's play throughout the season was consistently brilliant and he is the outstanding college player of the year in the East.

Like Krol, Eddie Thompson is a natural halfback who grew up in one section. In my sense a one-hired player the youthful Balmy Beach sensation plunges, catches, runs both kicks, punts high and far. In a creditable phantom of booker and has often played the entire sixty minutes without relief. In any game Thompson is indirectly responsible for all nine points secured by his team. There's a lot of football in this youngster and we didn't reach the conclusion to nominate him for All Star ruling without considerable thought.

Red Storey ended the 1938 season against Winnipeg Bombers in blaze of glory and then was much off season conjecture that his closing effort was simply a flash. But Storey's 1939 record has convinced all Eastern fans that the Argonaut star is both consistent and brilliant.

Red has speed to dash around such strength to plow straight ahead and agility to gallop through broken fields. In short he looks good in any type of advance.

Moreover Storey has good hands, he can reasonably will receives or thrown passes skillfully and performs daringly and enthusiastically. In one game this Argonaut caught five passes, ran a total of seventy yards on three of them and developed the ability to turn into touchdowns. Storey has more than ability, he is the most talented player in Eastern Canadian football.

Two Great Quarterbacks

QUARTERBACK is probably the most exacting position in Canadian rugby. Because the job demands the best to both mind and body outstanding quarterbacks are rare. Despite this fact selection in this position was difficult for it developed a choice between Orville Burke, of Ottawa and Bill Stukus, of Argos.

Both Stukus and Burke are competent field generals, well endowed in initiative and courage. While I have no quarrel with anyone who disagrees with the nomination, I prefer to give the final approving nod to Stukus.

Bill the sandlot star of the three Stukuses playing with Argonauts, starts end runs with exceptional haste, deceptively passes both laterals and forwards, catches punts like a Di Maggio snares flies, changes direction with rabbit-like dash, readily spots openings in an elusive carrier keeps reasonably clear of injuries and is prepared to play unceasingly from kick to dinner. Moreover Stukes in temperamentally fitted for emergencies. Thinks quickly has more

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Promises, he believed, were made to be kept. A romance of the far places, where sea and jungle meet

ILLUSTRATED BY RAKOI O McCRA



Carson Breaks His Word

By WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

MINDERT VROOT had finished his work on the trip into the interior. The timber cutting was a routine business. But the boy hurried on his way back to the plantation. He was tired. The dead heat of the jungle pressed down upon him, and he longed for a breath of air blown from the sea. But these were merely physical discomforts. Of what drove him forward was the chance that Captain Carson might have come during his absence. Carson—and the girl.

The sweat ran down Mindert's forehead, and his face was drawn and anxious. The two years weren't up yet. There were six days left, and it wasn't possible that he had made a mistake in his reckoning. With all that it meant to him—

Around a turn in the trail, the jungle fell away sharply. Before him, the hillside was orderly with coffee orchards. The land dropped toward the Gulf of Tomini, and he could see the wide-spreading roof of the father's plantation house. With his eyes on that, he didn't hear the excited chattering at first. It came from a group of laborers, and they hadn't seen him. They pointed down toward the gulf, and he heard one of them repeat, *Tuan* Cah-son!

The men jabbered in their own tongue, which Mindert fluent in Malay, didn't understand. But *Tuan* Cah-son was certainly Captain Carson. Carson must have come ahead of time.

An overseer appeared out of nowhere, and the laborers, still chattering, fled to their work. The overseer looked grim enough when he rode back to touch his hat to the master's son.

"There's no getting any work out of them since the schooner came. They've got it in their heads that Carson will take them all back to Ceram, or wherever he found them. He'd done us a bad turn. I'll tell him so the old fool when I see him. Your father—"

Mindert's tempered had worn thin with heat and weariness and anxiety. Keep a civil tongue in your head!" he told the overseer. What right have you to call Captain Carson an old fool?

The man's jaw dropped. What right? You ought to hear the master!

I'll get his opinion at first hand, not from you." Mindert gave his little horse a kick with a switch and started down toward the house. If he was lucky, he might get a bath and a change of clothes before he had to hear Pieter Vroot list his father on the subject of Thomas Carson.

Instead, he met the older man on the porch. Before they had done shaking hands, Pieter Vroot was pointing toward the schooner. They could see her clearly. The *Alanna* lay a half mile out. Far enough to hide some of her shabbiness. The tiny figure patrolling her deck would be Captain Thomas Carson, who owned her. Pieter Vroot said: "I'll be true to course and on

"I'll told you to expect him on the twenty-seventh of this month." Mindert supposed that the argument was inevitable. "That will be two years to the day. This is the twenty-first."

"I know what day it is!" Mindert was looking at the *Alanna*, too, but with an expression unlike his father's. The girl, of course! It was no part of Pieter Vroot's plans that his son should lose his heart to a ward of Thomas Carson's—a waif with no home but the old *Alanna*. But just now that was less important than Carson's presence there, and the threat his presence implied. When they had settled the question of those thirty laborers, Allars from Ceram—

WHAT IF the contract was for just two years? Vroot demanded suddenly and violently. Carson knows as well as I do that a native has no conception of time. We might as well have made it twenty years, or two hundred! Besides, the agreement wasn't with the men Carson brought here; it was with these chaps. You don't hear of any complaint from him, do you? Well then, what right has Carson to—

If he doesn't, nobody will, Mindert said. "He knows that. And he gave those laborers his word to take them back to Ceram when the two years were up."

"His word! He's a laughingstock all through the islands!"

Mindert's thin face flushed. "If he's a laughingstock I don't see why he makes you so angry! You were glad enough to deal with him two years ago when you needed those laborers."

He knows where to get the right kind. It's because he's more native than white himself; he's hobnobbed with them so long—

And kept his word to them! Mindert said dryly. "They trust him. If that makes him a laughingstock—

"What do you call him? A success? A man to emulate?

It was a hard question. If Carson was a success, Pieter Vroot wasn't. Except that they were contemporaries, they had nothing in common. It wasn't only that Vroot was wealthy and Carson poor; the exiles they lived by, the things they wanted were radically different, too. Mindert knew that, without having the exact words for it.

Certainly Pieter Vroot could claim to be a success after thirty hard years in the East. There wasn't a finer plantation anywhere in Celebes than the place of his on the Gulf of Tomini—as rich as a mine, as well kept as a garden. He planted coffee, and bred the sturdy, small horses for which Celebes is famous. He dealt largely in the precious woods from the hills of the interior. And yet Pieter Vroot had begun as a clerk, and ship's-runner in Batavia, and had come up unaided to his present eminence. He owed no man even gratitude, and his erect figure, balky in rumpled white drill, proclaimed that. He had made his own way, without fear or favor. It had been a long way, and hard more often than not.

Thomas Carson had little to set against Vroot's impressive achievement. He hadn't kept up with the hurrying times. At his best, kept carefully in trim, his schooner might have held her own against the new-fangled, muttering Diesels. But Carson rapidly losing his trade, had little money to spend on her. She wanted paint, and a new suit of sails. And the younger men overlooked Carson's really vast knowledge of the islands and the narrow seas between Singapore and Australia. Carson they said, was done.

It didn't so much embitter as bewilder him. He never understood all the changes the others took as natural and desirable. Put a time he made shift, carrying hopeful gold-seekers to New Guinea. But even that fell off at last, and he had to take the commissions and scraps all trade he could still get. But for necessity, he would never have brought those thirty Allars from Ceram to work on Pieter Vroot's plantation. But latterly Captain Carson had little choice.

The end generally predicted for him was drink and a native wife and a total abandonment of the standing as a white man—the master of a schooner. But along with his simplicity, he had a streak of the insidious. And he had Hilda Lunn, the daughter of his old friend and partner John Lunn, had brought the girl out to the East when her mother died. Carson had adopted her after Lunn's own death.

THE PLANTATION took its mood as it took its orders, from the master. Because he was in a bad temper during that evening was a silent occasion. Pieter Vroot didn't even ask about the progress of the timber cutting. Mindert escaped to his own quarters as soon as dinner was over. He had to struggle against an enormous weariness, while he put on a fresh suit. A week in the Celebes jungle would explain that, and the fact that the *Alanna* lay at anchor a half mile offshore. Knowing his father, knowing Thomas Carson, Mindert was badly worried.

But he tried to put that out of his mind to think of Hilda Lunn, instead.

She was waiting for him in the schooner's waist, when he made his canoe fast and came over the side. His arms ached from hauling himself up the ladder, and his eyes were heavy. Hilda kissed him, and put her head back to study his face.

"You're tired," she said.

"I was a little. I'm just back from a week in the hills."

The girl said slowly, "It isn't because you've been quarrelling with your father? About those laborers, I mean?"

"He isn't pleased. I'll ought I would speak to Captain Carson about it. He hadn't come out to talk about laborers, he wanted to forget them. But there was no escape, even with Hilda.

She said, "Now? I'll call him."

Mindert's eyes followed her. He was thinking that no other girl could impart to the mere act of walking along a deck the grace that Hilda gave it. But she was like that in everything. You didn't notice that her dress was faded with heat and strong light and many washings. If you were Mindert Vroot, you noticed nothing but the girl herself.

Thomas Carson's voice, when he spoke, had a surprising and deceptive gentleness. In the dim light on deck, he looked very tall and gaunt. He wouldn't let Mindert get up, but sat down himself on the hatch cover. "Hilda said you had something to tell me.

Looking at the girl, Mindert wished he had. "Nothing new. I'm afraid I talked to my father about those Allars. He says the agreement was made with their chief, not with the men themselves."

"There was an agreement with the chief, yes. You know how these things are settled. Your father pays him, and he pays those thirty young men when they go home. He gives them land and tools, and permission to take wives. A bad system—it means that the chief profits by keeping his tribesmen from coming back. In this case, I gave my own word to those thirty men that I would come for them at the end of the two years. I couldn't do less when I had to go into the contract labor business. I told your father about my promise."

He spoke as if it had been indifferent to him whether he convinced his hearers or not. His own mind was made up. He had a clear duty to perform, and no wish to evade it. Vroot might call him a failure and a laughingstock, but Carson had never broken his word to a native.

Mindert said: "I don't think my father would dispute that. But he doesn't consider your promise binding upon him. He says the natives have no idea of time, anyway."

"Your father and I have. And that makes the promise all the more binding upon me."

There had never been any true hope of reconciling his view of the dispute with Pieter Vroot's. Mindert asked suddenly, "What will you do, Captain Carson?" The color came in his face, and he said, "I don't ask that so that I may tell my father. But if he still refuses to let the Allars go, what will you do?"

The same thought was bound to occur to them both. Vroot had the ear of the authorities. It wasn't likely that the courts would decide against a countryman, a rich planter, a friend of high officials. But Thomas Carson had an answer ready. "If he won't let them go, he leaves me no choice. I'll try to carry them off. Take them back to Ceram."

He would certainly fight—

"I'd expect him to. But I'd be bound to try. He must see that."

Whether his father would see it or not, Mindert did. And he saw something else—Hilda's blue eyes watching, with a concern that was more for him than for Carson. He could be sure of Hilda. But that made his problem no easier. He could be sure of his father for that matter and of Thomas Carson.

That was to say that barring a miracle he could be sure of a tragic outcome. There were just six days.

Carson left them to themselves. Ashore, the plantation showed a cluster of lights where the house was. A single light burned on the seaward end of the jetty. There was no wind, and sounds from the land reached them clearly—the squeak of a gate, a native voice. Mindert shivered, though the night was hot. Tremors of what he took for weariness ran up and down his legs. He didn't want to

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Hilda found the room and Pieter Vroot stared up at hat from his son's bedside. His face looked haggard.

Streamlined Freight

Speedy and efficient handling will keep Canadian war supplies rolling to the seaboard. How national emergency finds the railways ready

By STUART BROWNLEE and DUNCAN DUNBAR

REMEMBER that long depression we had? Nobody liked it much. But now it turns out to be just what we needed to help us win the war.

Canada is to be the source of a lot of supplies for the Allies. Quite important supplies. And what the depression did to our railways is one of the major things that will make those supplies available faster than they can be used up.

Depression, need, depression's hard competition have revolutionized the handling of freight by the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific railways. For example in September last month of war, the British Government needed British Columbia lumber. Canadian railways carried close to 200 cars a week from mountainside to ship-side. Not too long ago that would have taken a month.

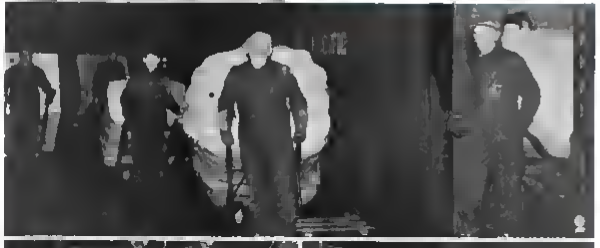
But it's from Central Ontario to tidewater you the Atlantic where the most startling improvements have occurred—and all in the last four or five years. In '29 freight elevators between Montreal and Toronto couldn't be guaranteed inside a week. Now it's an overnight. In 1911 a freight train took four days from Hamilton to Saint John; now it takes less than two days and a half.

And in passenger train time fast locomotives can haul train-loads of war supplies down to meet the dawn over New Brunswick's Tantramar peat.

Credits of twenty-five million dollars were voted at the special session of Parliament this fall, earmarked for new equipment badly needed by both roads. People who had seen yards full of idle freight cars wondered at this need but those old cars are too slow for the smooth speedy freight trains of 1939. They won't stand speeds much over thirty-five miles an hour. And that just isn't fast enough. Freights will wheel at fifty or sixty now, as easily as passenger trains; and there aren't enough new, fast cars to spot all over Canada, ready to roll on short notice.











Photos (like) by Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways

1. A maximum of freight in a minimum of space. Good load engineering means the fast transcontinental lighter speeds. 2. Fort Norman over a wide territory meant eight weeks for the truckers to push ten loads to Montreal cars at Smith Falls. 3. The shipbuilder steers the fine dredge which will make ocean liners from Montreal. 4. Overnight shipments from Toronto cleared to Truck in Montreal.

Big Trains, Fast Haule

DEPRESSION together with truck competition for less than carload freight brought about a speeding up of handling methods, which in turn demanded faster equipment. Engines capable of pulling 100 or 150 cars were in use, but the demand was for engines to haul freight trains at fifty or sixty miles an hour. And that in turn demanded box-cars able to stand the speed without breaking down cars with steel wheels that won't spill like the old cast iron.

All these things make possible the wheeling of big trains of 100 cars or more with solid loads of wheat or steel from mines here in Canada right down to tidewater. From Fort William or Vancouver, from Windsor or Winnipeg. From Fort Erie or Toronto—they'll stop only for crew changes on the way to Halifax and Saint John with their loads of war stores.

Only in the last three or four years have the freight systems of the two railways been geared to this mile a minute pace. Thousands of men have learned new methods of handling lands, cars and engines. Old billing systems grown heavy have been gingered up to handle freight overnight, instead of some time next week.

No excuse now for complaining that the railways are averse to change. When they got around to it they made a real job of the speeding up process. And best of all they're making money out of it!

These fast trains cost a little more than old time freights because they run on schedule every day and won't wait for big profitable loads to accumulate. Canadian freight rates are lower now than ever before, are said to be the lowest in the world. Nevertheless operating executives of both roads claim there's been enough business regained from truck competition and enough new business, to show remarkable profits. They're happy about the whole thing.

One old time executive chuckled as he told of a friend in Edmonton complaining because a shipment of goods from Montreal took five days instead of four to reach him.

"Why, when I was with the Hudson's Bay Company we used to be glad to get our goods a month after ordering," he said. "We ordered three or four times a year, and carried enough stock to keep going."

"Now people don't carry enough for more than about a week. That's one reason the trucks got going and cut into us."

He sent us for a ride on a 1939 fast freight to demonstrate how they can wheel stuff through the night.

Overnight to Montreal

THE Toronto-Montreal overnight is typical of several runs in different parts of Canada.

At the busiest sheds of either road, in Toronto and Montreal three quarters of the load is received in the hour before departure. Much of it packed up at shippers' doors after the five p.m. close of the day's business. Unloading, weighing and loading on the freight cars is one continuous operation in the shed rows. Cars destined for certain portions are in the same position every day, making easier the operational shed crews. These work in gangs of three: one checking bills while the other two pack the freight aboard the cars. Less than five minutes after the cars are sealed the yard engine pulls them off. Five minutes later the caboose is coupled on and the road engine shuffles up ready for the run.

Eastbound from Toronto there's a tough grade out through Leaside to Agincourt. It's two per cent: no two feet up for every hundred you go along, and a helper engine gives a hand up the pull with the 2,100 tons gross weight of thirty-seven cars. This helper is definitely a power unit. Its drive wheels have a diameter of only fifty-three inches, compared to the road engine's seventy-five. At Agincourt, the pusher is dropped while the road engine takes a little sip of fifty or 100 gallons of water.

Once rolling at a hundred-mile-an-hour clip it doesn't take long to reach Oshawa. Picking up seven carloads of automobiles requires about ten minutes and the jugger-naut rolls away, for points east with an additional sixty-five tons momentum. Here the railway and highway are parallel for several miles and crews of the fast trains like to look down on the five or six trucks they pass every mile of the road.

"Each one of our cars," the conductor tells you, "carries eight or nine times the load of an average truck. We've got forty-four cars on here now." And you realize the railways are still doing business wheeling a payload of about 2,000 tons of coke to a mile a minute.

Two hours later the train pulls into Trenton to set off

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Oily countryside on the banks of the Hoss River.



The International Bitumen Co. plant at Bitumount, Alberta.

Athabaska Oil Mine

Drenched with potential wealth, the McMurray Formation may soon come into its own

By H. DYSON CARTER

Photographs by Mines Branch, Ottawa, and International Bitumen Company.

WHEN EUROPE'S big guns were rumbling the opening salvos of the first World War, rock specialists preached no more than a score of years supply of oil at the then rate of consumption. Many geologists thought that gasoline supplies would be insufficient for the world's needs in less than a single generation.

With the Peace of Versailles not only armies were demobilized—but legions of gasoline motors as well, and machinery to build more. Automobile production surged higher into annual millions. Air highways loomed. This continent's car mileage soared to astronomical totals. Petroleum, undaunted by foretellings of doom, hired a million men and set fifteen billion dollars to work.

Each year the prediction of vanishing oil was solemnly repeated. Each year drilling pricked gushers from unguessed pools. The eighteen billion barrels produced since 1914 were triple the number science once entered to the credit of all known fields.

Today, however, the American Association of Petroleum Geologists ponders to the statistical handwriting on the wall: discovery of reserves is falling off. The percentage of "dry holes" is sharply increasing in spite of vastly improved drilling and exploring technique; and after its depression halt oil consumption is mounting once more. Anglo-Persian, Standard and Shell pool their research in the hunt for commercially profitable synthetic oils. There is geologists state less than a fifteen-year supply blocked out in nature's pools. Some experts accept the prospect of our myriad filling stations eventually serving gasoline factory-made from coal or corn or farm waste.

But we shall never see that day. For our Dominion holds almost untouched one of the geological surprises of the world—an oil reserve vaster than any pool yet touched by drills.

Oil Sands of McMurray

THIS enormous oil deposit is the McMurray Formation centred near Waterways, at the end of steel on the Northern Alberta Railway. There at the threshold of our virgin northland waits a petroleum field discovered over one hundred and fifty years ago and patiently through these slow years advanced from explorers' fairy tale to recognized geological fact.

McMurray is unique in physical dimension, in the ancient mystery of its origin, in the promise it holds for tomorrow. For here is no pool to be sought blindly by the drills. McMurray's oil lies on the surface of the ground; it can be seen and smelled and hefted in the hand. When Canadians turn pioneering eyes north to the continent's last frontier they will find in the Athabaska country one of nature's legacies to man: a vast "mine" with petroleum for "ore."

Through the McMurray oil sands are the least publicized of the world's marvels. They were discovered and partially explored in the decade of the American Revolution. Peter Pond, first of the illustrious adventurers to penetrate the Athabaska delta, wrote tersely in his 1788 diary of the incomparable summer at Portage la Loche, where the Clearwater River coils away between towering escarpments. Pond could not rest long to wonder at the majesty of forest and waters. The black-banded cliffs of the Clearwater fascinated him. Indians took him far up other streams and showed him prized tar pools. The sticky, odorous mess that oozed from the river banks was used to repair birch canoes, and had medicinal values of repute.

Others of the Athabaska's tributaries had oil-soaked battlements. Even the discovery of great Lake Athabaska failed to thrill Peter Pond's interest in these tar-banked rivers. Their sand-and-clay walls reaching hundreds of feet to be topped crowns a denser mineral waters snaked their meandering way through countryside that was a gigantic sponge soaked with oil and reeking like an old ship in drydock.

In the Athabaska country natives used the earth for fuel. Tassee on a fire the tacky brown lumps of oil-sand burned with arteries heat. Pond watched long yellow flames writhe up from his woodless campfire and speculated that here might be an epoch of boiling oil-run.

Mr. McMurray's oil remained a gossip's tale for more than a hundred years. In the railway age petroleum had few uses and no world market. When Ottawa sent Geologist John Macoun out to Athabaska in 1875 it was for scientific exploratory work with no thought of economics. Yet so impressive was the Macoun report that the celebrated geographer and naturalist, Robert Bell, set out for the Northwest to make a survey of the mystery sands.

Lake-all before him. Bell yelled in the wintery of the Beaver, the Thrasher, the Steepbank and the other lazy streams. It was obvious to him that these barks were merely nuts in a petroleum bed reaching here over the hinterland. The area was a lost northland Sahara—as though for countless miles a desert had been soaked with petroleum and then buried beneath hundreds of feet of sediment. In be later exposed when rivers cut their valleys down to the oil-soaked sands. The internal-combustion engine was still unborn when Dr. Bell puzzled over uses for the vast deposit. He guessed that McMurray petroleum might serve to roof and pave the cities of the world.

The unromantic Geological Survey drilled its first oil well at McMurray in 1901. A second hole struck such terrible gas pressure that private operators swarmed into the region. For twenty years gangs of hirsute men pricked the earth of Athabaska with their drills. Blind to the oil that struck to their hold boots they sought the great subterranean oil body that geologists said must be beneath the district's bottom bonds. Drill cores showed dry sand and stone, with occasional brown streaks of bitumen. The deeper holes were the driest. No well blew in with anything more solid than gas. Drillers gave up in disgust branding the McMurray Formation a valueless freak.

At the height of the oil rush in Dominion Government investigations C. Ellis came quietly to explore the oozing land. This geologist from the Mines Branch at Ottawa had first to learn geographer and map the Athabaska unnamed tributaries. Later he analyzed and checked the logs of drill-done dry wells. The ruinous reports Ellis sent back to civilization became more emphatic with the years. About the time oil barons abandoned red Indian rigs to the wilderness the Dominion Government took action.

By Order-in-Council No. 1485 the entire region was withdrawn from wildcatters. The oil-bearing region was made a national reserve with special regulations governing the granting of leases: these required that run applicant must have a feasible process for extracting oil from the sands in order to qualify for a lease.

Reaction was the unanimous reaction of oil operators. Why bother to squeeze a barrel of oil from two tons of sand when richer fields spurted the crude directly into pipe lines? If McMurray held no underground pool of liquid petroleum it did even more dramatically not interested. Financiers conservatively accepted this practical judgment. In most than one board room Athabaska oil was chilled for another generation.

Canada could afford to wait. The Mines Branch had accumulated startling evidence in its reports. For Ellis had rediscovered the logic which Dr. Bell had originally expounded and applied it to new facts.

Surveys extended the McMurray Formation sixty-five miles down the Athabaska upstream for forty miles past McMurray settlement. Outcrops were found north on Buckley River, north along the Ells and Hangingstone streams. Two thousand square miles of oil-sands was an early estimate of the deposit area extended by exploration to five thousand square miles. In places the petroleum bed was 200 feet thick. The oil content varied from ten to twenty per cent, with twelve per cent a conservative average. Ten years ago the thousands of samples, multiplied by the depth and the area of the bed, gave a rough-and-ready estimate of petroleum per square mile.

The answer dazed every geologist who arrived to play with his own pencil and paper, shoving the figure to hall as a conservative gesture still left a remarkable total. If the McMurray Formation is spread over five thousand square miles, it holds a potential oil reserve of a hundred billion barrels.

All the holds of the world have produced not quite one third this store of petroleum since man first tapped the earth. In the

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A chunk of petroleum soaked desert — high-grade "oil ore"

A Four-Cross

"It's the passengers who make the trouble," said the skipper. And when two of them are crooks, with a fortune in diamonds aboard—

By WESTON MARTYR

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

THE CAPTAIN had shown me over his ship. She was an immense thing, about a quarter of a mile long and some twelve stories high apparently. And I have forgotten how many hundreds of thousands of horsepower her twin motors developed, but I do remember her electric lifts which took me down to her Grecian swimming pool and up to her palm garden. That is the sort of ship she was, and you might think her master would be proud of her, but once upon a time he and I had served our apprenticeship together aboard a little six-thousand-ton trading barque, and I noticed Jim Reynolds took pains to avoid my eye when he led me into his palatial cabin suite and asked: "Well, what d'you think of her?"

I said: "She's a miracle. She isn't a bit like the old *Pisseth*, Jim. And how can you go to sea in this ship without having to get his poor feet wet?" I particularly liked that glassed-in steam-heated greenhouse place you said was the bridge. The officer on watch ought to keep nice and snug in there. If it rains and blows a gale of wind he'll never notice it. It's a luxurious, and it ought to breed real seamen."

"But if you really want to hear the truth about your ship, I'll tell you. She isn't a ship at all. She's a giddy, gold-plated floating Ritz Metropole. Now, is there anything else you'd like me to tell you about her?"

"No," said the captain. "You've said enough. You're jealous. This isn't going to sea. I know that as well as you do. But don't you run away with the idea that the command of a caravanserai like this is any picnic. The ship's all right, provided I don't let anything but her. It's the passengers who make all the trouble. You'd never believe what a mass of trouble a load of passengers can land you into. Take our last homeward voyage. By jove! Yes. You sit down there and I'll tell you. It's a long story, but I'm going to make you listen to it. You've earned it, my son. You've just given me an ear-full, and now it's my turn."

"You think that's a cold job, but I'll show you what a dog's life I lead here. When we left Cape Town last voyage we were full up to the bung with cargo, mails and passengers, to say nothing of the bullion and diamonds. We had over a million pounds worth of freight in the specie room alone, a week's output from all the mines in Kimberley and out the Rand. What d'you think of that for a cargo?"

"When we'd cleared the land—I came in here to draw breath. I was thanking heaven another sailing day was gone and done with, when the purser breezed in for the council of war we always have before each voyage gets properly started."

"He produced a list we call our Black List. It's a less brief but pregnant notes out circ'lar agents sends us about any passengers who may need watching. John Smith, say, drinks like a fish and is apt to get violent and start a rough house in the smoke room. So I tell the purser to warn the bar stewards and we put John on a house ration. And so on. We had a good lot of black sheep last voyage, but no real hard cases, according to the list, so I handed them over to the doctor and the purser to deal with. There was one man, though, I thought I'd better tackle myself. He was on the list as Julian Clutterbuck. Aa alias bawn ver. Real name Ganson. Convicted at Melbourne and again at Pretoria for obtaining money under false pretenses. A professional cardsharper who'd been warned off all the Atlantic lines. I thought it wise to put the lid on Mr Clutterbuck from the start, so I told the purser to send him to me here."

"When Clutterbuck showed up I got a surprise. He wasn't at all the sort of man I expected. I expected this convicted swindler you see to look like a swindler. But he didn't. If I hadn't been warned I should have put him down as one of those remarkeeruf traveller chaps you find in every smoke-room reeling off mighty stories. He didn't look evil in the least or the guts to be a professional cardsharp, and I wondered if our shore people hadn't perhaps made a mistake."

"I said: 'I've sent for you to give you some friendly advice. Cardsharping's your game and they won't let you play it any more on the Atlantic lines, so you've decided to try your luck with us. Well, you take it from me, if you try playing cards aboard this ship your luck will be right out. I'll give you away publicly.' He made a good bluff swore he'd never played cards in his life, said I'd insulted him, threatened me with the law, demanded an apology and a lot more, until I got fed up with it and told him to dry up. I said: 'Your name is Ganson and you're a twice-convicted crook, and if you don't want to be convicted a third time, don't you play cards aboard my ship. Now get out.'"

"He knew his bluff was called then, and I could see he was mad enough to bite me. But he didn't of course. He just showed his teeth. 'All right, Captain Bloomin' Mussolini,' says he. 'But don't you feel yourself you can monkey with me without getting hurt. I'll make you squeal yet.'"

"Well, that was all right. No man likes to be pumped on without kicking back, and I guessed it eased his feelings a bit to talk like that. He gave me a dirty look and cleared out. I thought he'd taken it pretty well considering."

AFTER all that I had a sleep till tea time. When my steward brought me my tea, he said there was a gentleman outside very anxious to have a word with me. And who should be shown in but this Clutterbuck person again, of all people! The man said he wanted to apologize for what he'd called me, and I told him to make it short. But he didn't. In fact, I want you to know that that man stayed in here talking to me until it was time to change for dinner. And what's more, I was sorry when he went and I told him to come in again [illegible] another yarn when he felt like it. You see, it didn't take me long to find out Clutterbuck was one of the most interesting men I'd met. He had brains, which is rare, and you've never heard anything like the things he'd done and been through in his life. He started by admitting to me that he was Ganson and that I was right about his two convictions. And he admitted he made his living by cheating at cards. He said that was why he'd been off the transfer list, and he was sorry, but I'd understand it was enough to make any man wild to be told suddenly that a carefully planned and profitable piece of business had been turned into a moral complete and totally unexpected loss."

"He told me he'd had a mighty tough passage ever since he'd been discharged from jail in Pretoria. The C.I.D. people began to make South Africa too hot for him, and he saw he'd have to clear out, only he hadn't any money. He knew he was being watched, so he tried to get an honest job of work. He said he got three jobs, and pretty good ones at that, but in each case his employers were warned of his record and he was fired out. The shifts he got up to after that to make enough money to pay his passage home were as good as a book to hear about. He actually made the last few pounds with a pea and two thimbles on Wynberg race-course. You'd think everybody knew all about that old thimble-rigging swindle these days, wouldn't you? I said as much to Clutterbuck, but he said it was precisely because everybody nowadays did know it was a swindle that he could always be sure of making some money at it!' He said the quickness of the hand deceives the eye, and in the old days the rings put thrit money on the thimble that you thought they'd seen cover the pea. And the pea, of course, was always under the other thimble. But Clutterbuck said in these ultra-sophisticated days the thimble rigger had to be a psychologist. He waits till some smart lad comes along who knows all about thimble rigging and then he takes pains not to play any tricks at all. He slowly covers the pea with say the right hand thimble so that the smart lad may clearly see where the pea has gone. And the smart lad says to himself: 'Alas, I thought I saw the pea go under the right hand thimble, but I also knew that the quickness of this shifter's hand has deceived my eye.' He therefore puts his money on the left hand thimble, and retires a poorer and perhaps a wiser lad. That's one sample of the queer things Clutterbuck told me about. He was mighty interesting."



"I looked at Clutterbuck, and suddenly he snatched the bedclothes over himself. But he wasn't quick enough.

He said that when he'd managed to pay for his passage at last and got aboard this ship he shook the dust of Africa off his shoes for good and he smiled for the first time in three months. His prospects looked pretty good to him for a change. He was sailing for home and he told me he'd made up his mind when he got there to get a job and run straight. He'd boarded the ship with only a shilling or two in his pocket, but that didn't worry him because he knew he could make enough out of the passengers at cards during the voyage to give him a fair start when he got ashore. And it was then, when he was patting himself on the back and feeling nice and comfortable about the future, that I'd sent for him and fired my bombshell. Could I wonder, says he, he got a bit rattled and cussed me? And upon my Sam, you know, as I sat here listening to the chap I couldn't help feeling sorry for what I'd had to do to him."

"He made no trouble. There was a bit of trouble made about him though. We'd been out about two weeks when his cabin mate—a stuck up look-down-his-nose sit-you sort of fellow called Phips—complained to the purser and tried to get Clutterbuck shifted to another cabin. Phips had a lot of silly complaints, but his main grouse was that his sleep was disturbed by the way Clutterbuck carried on at nights. In the ordinary course the purser would have settled the thing, but he knew I'd been keeping my eye on Clutterbuck, so he thought I'd like to look into the matter myself. I sent for this Phips and asked him what his trouble was. It seemed he hadn't much use for poor Clutterbuck. He said he was a vulgar fellow of objectionable habits, and he thought it scandalous a gentleman should be expected to share a cabin with such an appalling cad. Also he and Clutterbuck came sneaking in and out of the cabin at all hours of the night. Goodness knows what the fellow was up to, says he. He talked in his sleep, too. About diamonds. Always burbling about some cursed diamonds or other. Seemed to have diamonds on the brain. He wouldn't wonder in fact if the fellow wasn't an I.D.B. Might be anything from the looks of him. And his personal habits were beastly. Didn't propose to stand it any longer, and demanded another cabin."

"I told Phips I'd see what I could do for him, and when he'd snorted himself off I sent for Clutterbuck. I was telling him how, according to Phips, he was a dreadful fellow, a prowler by night and an I.D.B. with a pocket full of diamonds and an uneasy conscience, when Clutterbuck suddenly slaps his leg and sings out: *That's it!* By Jove, skipper, I've got it now! That man's name isn't Phips at all. *He's a boat!*"

"Well, it didn't appear anything to get excited about and I said so, but Clutterbuck was on the track of something he seemed to think pretty serious. He said Grail was one of the most notorious diamond thieves in the southern hemisphere. He said as soon as he'd set eyes on his cabin mate he thought he reminded him of someone, but he couldn't remember who. He had worried him a bit because he always liked to be quite sure who was who, and he had a nasty idea for a while that the man might be a detective. But after he'd spent a few days watching Phips closely he began to see the man was a crook and up to some dirty business aboard. He didn't say anything to anyone, even to me, not because there's honor among thieves—there isn't any, according to Clutterbuck—but because he wasn't sure of Phips' game, and also he hoped he'd get a chance himself at some of Phips' ill-gotten gains if and when Phips got any. His suspicions were confirmed by the man creeping in and out of the cabin at nights and the pains he took not to awake Clutterbuck. Clutterbuck lay low with his eyes shut and his ears wide open, but he couldn't find out any thing that way. So last night he said he waited until Phips came creeping back, and then he switched on the cabin light in the hopes his eyes would tell him what his ears couldn't. And what he saw was Phips slipping off a pair of rubber gloves. He said he tossed up in his mind then whether he'd better be Clutterbuck or Ganson, and decided it'd be wise to resume the simple commercial traveller till things got riper. He pretended to be stupid with sleep, grumbled at Phips for waking him, turned over in his bunk, started snoring and wondering what the devil it could be that made Phips so anxious not to leave any trace of his fingerprints behind him."

"He said he'd probably have been wondering still if Phips hadn't given himself away by making up this fake complaint against him. Phips, for reasons of his own, evidently wanted to get Clutterbuck out of his cabin. Clutterbuck said he knew he never talked in his sleep, because a habit like that would have been fatal long ago to a man who led the kind of life he did. He didn't walk in his sleep either! And as for diamonds, they weren't in his line at all. He'd never touched them in the way of business. But he said it was the fact of Phips trying to fasten this diamond talk on him that gave him the clue he wanted. He mused inside him, thunk ol' Grail. Diamonds were Grail's specialty. And Phips was Grail. Clutterbuck blamed himself for not having spotted that sooner, but he said Grail had dyed his hair, shaved his eyebrows and done some thing to his teeth that altered the shape of his mouth and made his voice sound different. But Clutterbuck swore the man was Grail all right. He said this Grail was one of the most dangerous crooks he knew of. He was a sort of jew burglar, specializing safes, etc., but gentlemen and diamonds were his pet specialty, especially uncut stones. When I asked him how he was so sure of his man, he admitted he'd been in the same jail with Grail in Melbourne. He said Grail had evidently recognized him. Grail was obviously up to something aboard the ship, and Clutterbuck felt certain his complaint and insinuations against him had been made with the object of diverting suspicion on Clutterbuck, and preventing his own tracks being be. Don't you shift me out of his cabin, skipper. That's what he wants, and if I stay there I can watch him."

WELL, that was a nice sort of thing to spring on a simple sailorman. We had a parcel of raw diamonds in the ship's specie room, valued for purposes of freight at £200,000, and if Phips was all Clutterbuck said he was, I knew I'd got to do something about it. The first thing was not to let Clutterbuck see he'd scared me with his talk of diamond thieves, so I said it was just as well we hadn't got any diamonds aboard this ship that trip. And Clutterbuck laughed at me. He said it's things were in his line, but even he knew all about our parcel of diamonds, and he knew everything I could bet my life Grail knew everything too, and then some. I asked him what the deuce he thought he knew anyway. So he told me. If you'll believe me, that man knew a damned sight more about those diamonds and our specie room than I did myself. It gave me the cold creeps to sit there listening to all the things he did know.

He said he'd seen us loading a lot of bullion down No. 3 hold when he came aboard on sailing day. He knew it was bullion because the little cases were obviously very heavy to handle, and also we as good as broadcast the fact, says he, by all the precautions we took. He'd spotted about a dozen plain-clothes police standing around there, to say nothing of eight clerks checking the cases. So he'd hung about, he said, and kept his eyes open just to see what he could see. And below me he'd seen an eyeful! He told me the specie room was built inside the mail room in No. 3

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In a European town a group of American travellers are taken off a train and held as temporary prisoners in a quaint but comfortable hostelry by the Silver Goose by

THE MAJOR *a sweet little man with a tremendous sense of his own importance The group consists of*

LOUIS DELIUS *a middle-aged unfortunate art dealer who tells the story*

ISAAC MOSS *a humanitarian writer who regards all decent men as his friends*

JARED HOLDGATE *a self important financier*

DORIS HOLDGATE *his blasé wife who has sought in vain for a real adventure to relieve her ennui*

CARL MUNGO *a handsome young man of uncertain occupation*

JULIE REMBER *who has been studying the violin until she concluded its mastery was beyond her*

POLLY TARG *a glamorous cabaret entertainer*

Mrs Holdgate's mink has disappeared Before rummaging she concealed three packages of cigarettes in Mrs Holdgate's bag The prisoners learn that the mink has been married as a spy Isaac Moss is taken away by the military police after some of his writings in condemnation of the dictatorship have been discovered Later Moss is returned to the Silver Goose under observation Julie Rember falls in love with Carl Mungo whose past is well known to Polly Targ The cabaret singer warns Mungo to stay away from Julie Every effort of the prisoners to communicate with the outside world meets with failure Polly plays up to the amorous Major and both Julie and Delius see her leaving her room to keep a midnight rendezvous

This is the fourth of six parts.

The Major Has Seven Guests

A great serial mounts toward a climax as Europe edges nearer the horn of war. "Humanity—brute force—will go on," says Isaac Moss. But force is in the saddle

By CONSTANCE REYNOLDS



Her eyes fairly blazed as she faced Mrs Holdgate across the littered table. We stared at her in consternation

JULIE SPOKE to me about it next morning. I suppose she had to unburden her bitterness on someone and I seem to be one of those mildly sympathetic but dispassionate persons who are invariably chosen as confidants. Besides, I was the first one to go downstairs that morning after Julie. It was chilly in the dining hall as usual. She had taken her cup of coffee to a chair over near the fire and there she sat huddled up and staring disconsolately in front of her.

"Hullo," I said, taking my own coffee over to drink it near her. She looked at me with smoldering eyes and ignored my greeting. "You know Mr. Delius," she said.

"I don't get away from this place soon I think I'm going mad. It's a horrible place. *Horrible*. I hate it."

It was getting to be a popular refrain. I thought ironically. "Oh come!" I tried to laugh her out of it. "It might be a whole lot worse. You can stand it for a few days longer, Julie."

"No I can't," she declared vehemently. "I haven't even been here such awful people. I don't want to have anything more to do with them. I want to get away—far away and forget that I've ever met them."

Alas for lovely, wayward Polly! "You don't get to know people made out in a week," I reminded her.

"Well I know all I care to know," she persisted, her lips tightening. "I can't help seeing what goes on under my very nose can I? To think that I should have to share a room with a person like that!"

I tried to make due allowance for her rigid upbringing, but even so it exasperated me. "You don't understand," I told her as patiently as I could. "That Polly Targ is the product of a background and circumstances that you've never run up against. You can't measure her by your own yardstick. I suspect that she's rather a fine person really."

Julie was staring stubbornly down her nose. "It's not only what happened last night," she said slowly. "Maybe I could get well in Europe you learn to look at those things a little differently. But she lied so well, right from. And she did her best to make trouble between Carl and me. There wasn't any reason for her to interfere unless she was jealous. That's not very like it's changed so suddenly. You must have noticed. And yesterday when I asked him what was the matter he said something about his being at the bottom of it and then he went upstairs and wouldn't say anything more."

Apparently. I ventured. "She feels that Mr. Mungo isn't the kind of man you ought to be very intimate with."

"Well, even if she does," Julie cried almost in tears, "maybe I could have brought out the good in him. Even if he has got in with the wrong sort of company—like Polly Targ—he may have a lot of worth-while qualities. And now—now you see what has happened. He's taken up with that Mrs. Holdgate. Nothing good will come of that I'm sure. There's something awful about her, something cold like a snake." And all because of Polly Targ, interfering.

I suppose I was gaping at her very rudely. It seemed incredible that she could have got it into her silly little head that she was under some obligation to save Mungo from evil influences. That innocent Julie Rember should wish to assume the task of redeeming that hardened sinner and turning him toward the better things of life was almost too much for me. She had been reading too many novels of the romantic school in Rockford evidently. It was food for mirth, but I thought it was high time she was set right on one or two points at least.

I said. "Listen to me carefully, Julie, and try to forget all the nurses you've ever seen while you listen. This young man whom better nature is giving you such concern isn't really named Mungo. He is in Europe at this moment because he is a fugitive from justice. He was using the mails to defraud and our Government doesn't like that. He is a confidence man and a cheap swindler. He's probably never earned an honest day's pay in his life. Added to that he has a weakness for playing with women's affections—a matter of sheer vanity. I'm afraid that is what he was doing with you. It didn't mean much to him one way or the other. Such men are without hearts as they are without conscience. Polly was right. You should forget him, as quickly and thoroughly as you possibly can."

She was sitting bolt upright, her dark eyes staring wildly from her white face. "Is that true?" she whispered. "Mr. Delius—is it true what you said?"

I nodded. I felt sorry for her but I knew that she had to be told.

She jumped up trembling all over. The coffee cup rolled to the floor and broke. But she didn't even glance at it. A great sob rose in her throat and seemed to choke her. "Oh help me get away Mr. Delius! I can't bear it. I can't stand it here any longer."

I said. "We'll all have to stand it for a little while, Julie. Don't fold up now. Don't let anyone see how much it mattered to you."

She seemed not to hear me. Pressing her handkerchief against her mouth she ran out of the room across the hall, the only place I suppose where the poor child could be alone.

Long afterward I heard her violin and I was relieved to hear it.

THE REST of that morning was a period of restless and watchful waiting on the part of everyone. Before noon the papers were brought in as usual and Holdgate insisted on having all the news of the "international crisis" translated word for word. The tone of the press was becoming daily more belligerent. Small unpleasant incidents were played up in screaming headlines as insults and affronts on the part of the weaker neighboring states. All the time-honored fetishes were being dutifully trotted out in the controlled press to inflame the populace.

It was interesting," said Isaac Moss, laying the paper down on his knee, "to see how closely these preliminary manoeuvres adhere to a set pattern. One could chart the course of the next few weeks quite accurately by past performances of the same kind. The hysteria of the press becomes more high-pitched every day. Patriotism screams with a shriller voice. The neighbors across the southern border, who are the same kind of simple, home-loving people as live on this side appear more and more monstrous. By next week they will have become a menace to every admirable human quality. They will be a race fit only for bondage or extermination. There will be a final incident—the match to set off the accumulated dry powder of hatred. Then the army will march—a united army made up of brave sturdy youngsters who have been cleverly sold on the idea that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country."

"You sound pretty cynical," Holdgate remarked, pacing up and down the hearth rug with a scowl on his face.

Moss surveyed him with keen, bright eyes behind his glasses. "War," he said, "is the ultimate expression of cynicism."

Holdgate shoved his hands deep into his pockets and stood with his legs apart, like a man planting himself firmly in a position from which he feels himself in danger of being dislodged.

"There's no sense in being soft about such things," he said loudly, as if he were arguing with himself. "War has always been, always will be. Men have to fight for what they believe in. It's human nature. Scientific safeguard as well. Survival of the fittest. World gets overpopulated. A war takes care of all that."

Polly, who usually took no part in these "gab-fights," as she called them, laughed at that. "Why don't they just gas all the kids that are born in the slums?" she suggested flippantly. "It wouldn't cost as much, would it?"

Holdgate threw her a glance of withering scorn. "I imagine he was thinking that Polly ought to concentrate entirely on sex appeal and leave logic to larger minds such as his own."

He was so preoccupied that morning with the greater issues, that he seemed quite oblivious of his wife and Mungo sitting close together in the chimney corner, and as absorbed in each other that there might have been no one else within ten miles, to judge by their behavior.

Holdgate had his innings, though, after lunch. It was about two o'clock when the thing happened that left us all gasping and speculating for the rest of the day. The Major marched in very solemn and pompous, so he had been on that first day, and with him was an imposing personage in the most perfectly tailored uniform I had ever seen.

"This is General Ludko," he announced resonantly, ignoring the rest of us and presenting the personage directly to Holdgate. "This is the American gentleman sir Mr. Jared Holdgate of New York."

The general bowed. So did Holdgate. The general said. "Will you be good enough, Mr. Holdgate, to accompany me to the ministry? His Excellency desires a personal interview immediately."

With pleasure, said Holdgate, in the same tone I couldn't help admiring the ease with which he met these people on their own ground. He was as suave as the general is dignified as a judge.

The next thing we knew he was proceeding majestically out through the front door with his black overcoat turned neatly up about his ears and General Ludko half a pace behind him, treating him with a solicitude that amounted almost to deference.

Moss looked at me across the chessboard with lifted eyebrows. Across the hall I heard Julie's violin stop short, as if on a note of surprise. Polly Targ eyed the Major curiously and asked. "Say, what goes on? Are they making him chairman of the board or something?"

The Major hunched his shoulders. His smile was noncommittal.

Mungo looked an enquiry at Mrs. Holdgate, but she also shrugged with the utmost indifference. "I don't know a thing about it," she said. "When Jared is pursuing his hobby I really prefer to be left in the dark. The details of his operations make frightfully dull conversation. I mean, let's ignore them if we can."

She was drinking Scotch-and-soda. In fact, she had been drinking Scotch-and-soda off and on all day with no noticeable effect. She had seemed a trifle restless that morning and I thought that now she was watching the Major with more awareness than usual. It occurred to me that she might have been drinking in order to fortify herself against some misgiving. Outwardly I couldn't see that it had made any difference in her. She seemed no more alive than ever.

The Major was buzzing about Polly like an overgrown bumblebee. He had a dazed feverish look in his eye that made me suspect that he was about ripe to concede anything she might ask. I wouldn't have been greatly surprised to see Miss Targ toe going out the front door, bag and baggage at any time within the next few hours—going forth a free woman with the blessing of the high command. In that, I underestimated the tenacity of the Major's passion and overestimated the range of his influence. Only a person as ignorant of the military hierarchy as I could have made the blunder of supposing that minor Napoleon capable of working such a miracle.



She stood unmoving regarding me fixedly. "They are gone," she said

MOSS and I went up to our room. There was a little too much love in the air just then to let us be comfortable in the dining hall. What with the Major hanging over Polly as if he could hardly keep his hands off her and Mrs. Holdgate and Mungo sitting close together over their interminable Scotch-and-sodas, looking at each other with a peculiar cold intensity that was strangely akin to hatred—well it was a bit thick. And too there was poor Julie in the room across the hall with the door closed—playing in a way that made your blood run cold.

Moss nodded toward the closed door as we went upstairs. "That mousy little girl is a real musician, isn't she?"

We stood listening for a moment. I realized then what she was playing. And I'm no music critic, but I can fairly say that only once had I heard it played better and that was by a man whose name is known to the four corners of the world.

"It's the Beethoven," I said. "Gottschall was right after all."

I told Moss then how Julie had been on her way home conscious of failure because of Gottschall's outburst that last day in Munich. We'll she could play Beethoven now. The old bear would have wept for joy if he could have heard her. And it was brought home to me as it has been on one or two other occasions, that life moves toward its ends by devious routes, and in a manner past understanding.

When we were up in our room I turned to Moss. "Look here what do you make of that pair downstairs—Mungo and the Holdgate woman I mean?"

He was stuffing tobacco into his pipe leisurely. "It seems pretty obvious, he said. "The young man is looking for easy money and the woman is looking for excitement—or trouble. Of course, like most human situations, its apparent simplicity is deceptive. These people are victims of circumstance like everyone else. Their depravity is merely the result of social confusion—chaos, you might say existing at both extremes of the economic ladder. She is a victim of overabundance—a superfluity of everything—repletion. He I imagine is the product of quite the opposite environment poverty and petty crime. Oddly enough the net result is the same. Human waste in both instances."

At times I was a little irked by Moss's tendency to draw sociological morals from every situation. He might have been partly right about those two as I frankly admitted.

"But," I went on to say, "I can't concede you the whole point. It seems to me that certain individuals are twisted morally, just as some are born with distorted bodies. Those two impress me as freaks of that sort—creatures without

any principles whatever without any scruples or any conscience. Maybe they recognized that lack in each other and that is why they gravitated together so quickly. It is an appalling idea isn't it?"

Moss grunted as he bent over his pipe. "Moral decay is a slow process," he said stubbornly. "It isn't an ill that people are born with."

Someone rapped lightly at the door just then and we weren't getting fat anyway so it was just as well. Polly Targ was standing outside looking up and down the hall rather nervously as if she was afraid of being spied upon.

"Can I come in Mr. Delius? Just for a minute. I wanted to tell you and Mr. Moss something."

Disregarding the conventions, I closed the door after her. It was clear that she had something important on her mind and that she didn't want to be overheard. She crossed the room to where Moss had been sitting, and looking from one to the other of us, she said in a voice of restrained excitement:

"Nobody else knows about this so you'll have to play dumb for the next three days. Will here is the setup. I couldn't get that fat slob to just wangle a passport for me like a gentleman would. No. You know what? He has got to go and make me. He's got it all figured out, in that so-called brain of his. He ships me a passport—Miss Jones of Wales Walks or something like that—and I bent it across the border. In three days he says. And then he trails after me the next day. He's got himself appointed to some kind of a job that'll take him out of the country. We're to meet in—well I can't pronounce the name of the place, and it doesn't matter anyway because I won't be there when he arrives."

Moss and I both stared incredulous. It took a while for it to sink in. After a moment, I saw difficulties ahead for Polly. "You'll need money. I reminded her. "If you're planning to shake him right off. Or is he trusting you with expenses?"

Polly smiled cynically. "Not him. Just a ticket and enough for a ham sandwich along the way. The fat slob isn't trusting me the fat porpoise." She looked suddenly serious. "It's true. I'm broke" she went on. "I guess you knew that. I can always get a job singing here and there. I won't starve. But—" she turned to Isaac Moss, her eyes softening "but I figured that maybe I could go somewhere—see somebody—that could get you out of this jam. Doc. There ought to be some way to do it. Maybe you could tell me—you or Mr. Delius. I don't know how to go about those things, but I'd do anything you told me. That's one reason I want to ditch that nitwit as soon as I get across the line."

Moss looked at her for a moment—and then he turned away—his mouth working. "That is fine of you" he said in a queer muffled voice. "That is very fine of you Polly."

"Why certainly you can do something. I tried to recover my balance. "You can go straight to Geneva and get in touch with Milton Glore. I'll give you a note to him if you think you can get it out safely. And for heaven's sake get to him as quickly as possible. Unless these people are bluffing like blazes, there isn't any time to lose. Will you do that?"

Polly looked contemptuous. "Well of course I'll do it" she said shortly. "What do you think I am?"

The upshot of it was that I gave her enough money to speed her journey to Geneva. As she slipped out of the room and closed the door we stood looking after her as if on had entertained a heavenly visitor. The very next instant of course it occurred to us simultaneously that any number of small mishaps might intervene, to circumvent the success of her plan. But there was at least a chance and I think we both breathed an unspoken prayer to whatever deity looks after the stouthearted, as Polly went out the door.

IT WAS then while Moss and I were in that upper room together that we heard the outcry and hullabaloo in the street outside. We went to the window and stood looking down and the wild excited voices were borne up to us as the crowd surged along the street. A small crowd but it made a prodigious racket. There they were the ragtag and bobtail and the wide-shouldered young men with hysterical yells clinging to their arms, and they were crying war.

War on the barbarians! shouted the hastily improvised placards which some of them carried. "To arms for the Fatherland!"

I looked at Moss, bewildered. "What does it mean? Just a popular demonstration do you think?"

He looked grave and disheartened. "They have called out the reserves," he said dully and he pointed to a poster carried by a tittering young peasant. "Class of 1938," it proclaimed in crude letters of red paint.

"The stupid lambs go to the slaughter" said Moss rejoicing."

"Well! I'm going down to see what is coming off."

I met Mrs. Holdgate on the stairs. Just before we passed each other there was a detonation far off but appallingly loud the voice of one of the great guns. It probably didn't mean anything except a noisy defiance yet it was terribly ominous coming at that moment. We stood stock still looking at each other in a kind of quiet panic. I believe however that I was more excited than she was. There was an expression oddly like triumph in her brightening eyes.

"War" she said with a faintly roaring inflection, as if for corroboration.

I said: "Apparently they are mobilizing." Suddenly as I looked down at her, I remembered something. I descended another step so that we were close together. "Those cigarettes," I said. "I hope you've got rid of them? With the country practically at war—well figure it out for yourself Mrs. Holdgate."

She stood unmoving, with one hand resting against the wall. She was regarding me fixedly. "They are gone, she said.

"Gone. You mean you've—"

I mean they have disappeared. Someone has stolen them from my room within the last twenty four hours."

She brushed past me and continued up the stairs, walking without haste and with unperturbable poise and I understood even why she had been drinking so steadily all day.

I don't understand even now how we got through those next three days without anyone going berserk. It is amazing how tightly the strings of the nerves can be wound and still not break. It seemed to me during that time that every one of us was sitting on the edge of his chair, experiencing the situation to crack open at any moment so fragile was the crust of self-control that covered the raw passions beneath.

Holdgate was escorted to the ministry every day with marks of increasing deference on the part of the Major and other military limbs. He was singularly uncommunicative as to the object of these excursions. Naturally his silence didn't serve to make the others of us any easier in our minds. It seemed generally understood that he wasn't arranging anything for the common good. Indeed, he appeared to hold himself more and more aloof from the other guests of the Government as if he were trying to erect a definite barrier between himself and us—a cleavage which would permit him to act wholly as an individual and absolve him of all responsibility for the rest of us.

On the second evening though I did find out something of what he'd been doing and it didn't raise my opinion of Jared Holdgate. He had returned from the ministry, make an imposing escort shortly before dinner. I had seen him as he came in the front door of the inn, and the expression on his bland smooth countenance was that of a cat digesting several canaries.

After dinner he took me aside, in that finally patronizing way with which a consciously "big" man admits a notentirely into his confidence. "See here Delius" he said. "I've got a paper that I wish you'd look over and translate for me. Think you can do with this language." I admit I can't make head nor tail of it.

I followed him into the smaller room and he sat down under a lamp and pulled out a folded paper. I thought he was a little embarrassed and didn't know just how to begin.

"Briefly it is this through my connection with certain financial interests I've arranged—well ah—a little matter of credit for the purchase of—ah certain raw materials needed by this Government—at the present time. It is a big thing in its way—but of course you wouldn't be interested in that." He smiled deprecatingly.

"No. I'm sure I wouldn't." I said it hastily, I think, but he didn't appear to take offense.

"Well here's the point" he went on, spreading the paper open on my knee. "We're in a bit of a hurry, but I want to be sure. Naturally I won't be detained here any longer but before I leave the place tomorrow they've asked me to sign this thing. Perfectly logical. They have to protect themselves with regard to the other people that are being held here for ah good and sufficient reasons no doubt."

I looked at him rather than at the paper. I was beginning to understand and the understanding wasn't particularly edifying.

"You see," he explained, tapping the outspread paper with an impatient forefinger "they've written it both in English and in their own jargon. Well I've signed the English agreement, so you see, but I hesitate to put my name to anything I'm not entirely sure about. So if you'll just glance over it—"

I read it over hastily with a sense of revulsion. It is an honest translation of the English." I told him coldly "it is such a piece of diplomacy can be called honest from any standpoint. In essence, in consideration of the concession of certain contracts with this Government, not herein specified you are hereby bound to preserve a discreet silence as to your fellow countrymen who are imprisoned in this place. A gentlemen's agreement as it says whimsically. Well signed Holdgate. My felicitations."

I tipped the obnoxious document into his hands and got up. I had had quite enough of Mr. Holdgate.

A dark flush overspread his face as he stood up, tucking the paper into his pocket. "Don't be a fool" he blustered. "That's the trouble with all you dilettantes and—likes of the field. Only a businessman can appreciate the business point of view. It is regrettable of course that several of you should have to stay here a few days longer and I'd do anything within my power to help you out. But that's no reason why I should chuck away a really important opportunity that will mean a great deal to hundreds of smaller stockholders as well as to my own interests."

I was making for the door. I felt that if I had to listen to any more of his self justification, I'd hit him. There was one thing that I had to say though and I said it from the doorway so I wouldn't need to hear his rebuttal.

How about Isaac Moss?" I shot at him. "You must have some idea of what he's up against. Do you realize that it is a matter of life and death literally with him? I wouldn't be in your shoes Holdgate. And if I had thirty rolls dollars in my pocket right now it'd be all yours. It's the traditional price."

WELL that was that. Holdgate and I needless to say took pains to avoid each other for the rest of his stay. I wondered if it was because of his deal with the Government that his wife hadn't been seized after the discovery of the cigarettes. It seemed a foregone conclusion that they must have fallen into the hands of the authorities, and I couldn't find any other reason for them having done nothing further about it. Even so it didn't make sense because the Major had virtually admitted the night he was drunk, that that leakage of military information was the cause of our being held at the Silver Goose. Granted that they might consider the contracts with Holdgate desirable enough to permit them to ignore his wife's culpability still there wouldn't be any apparent reason for them to hold the rest of us longer—with the exception of Moss of course.

By an ironic coincidence, it was later that same evening that Isaac Moss stated his case quite simply and frankly to all of us. We were assembled in the dining hall as usual trying to preserve a semblance of civilized relations to check the irritability and distrust that we all felt. I had objected bridge since the night when Mungo displayed his talents along that line. I was playing Russian Bank with Polly but neither of us had our mind on the game. We kept missing plays time after time, till the thing became a marvel of ineptitude and we looked at each other across the board and laughed—a little grimly.

What we ought to do" said Polly "is give exhibition matches."

Holdgate kept prowling about, smoking a cigar, and several times he ordered whisky-and-soda to be brought in. He offered it to the rest of us, but only his wife and Mungo accepted. He looked well satisfied with himself, so I gathered that my righteous indignation had been wasted. He thought me a fool just as I considered him a knave, and I'm sure that in his mind there was no doubt as to which of the two he'd rather be. But actually of course, he was no knave in his own estimation. What man is? He was simply an astute financier—a genius in his own way—following a course of action that any other man would have taken, if he'd been sharp enough to see it.

Julia Rember was sitting in a rather dark corner of the room, knitting. She had been very silent for the last two days, keeping to herself and having little to do with anyone except Isaac Moss whom she seemed to adore and fuss. She ignored Mungo altogether and I was glad to see that my words had had their effect. There was still a hurt, incredulous look in her eyes but she had been outwardly calm since that one outburst. It looked to me as if she had gritted her teeth and determined to see the thing through to the bitter end. I couldn't help liking her for it. Julia, I thought, had grown considerably in stature, in the course of those two weeks.

Mungo and Mrs. Holdgate had their usual places in the inglenook. They were engaged in one of those queer oblique conversations—Boiling around the bush—in Polly's contemptuous phrase—a way of speech that had no substance, but only shadows of innuendo and hazy implications. It was appalling to listen to as I had learned during the past week so I tried to avoid hearing it.

When the innkeeper's wife had done with fussing about the table at the other end of the room, Miss Aubert had long legs from the chair where he'd been sitting watching our game, and took up a position on the hearth rug facing the room.

While we really here" he said in his quiet voice "there is something I'd like to make clear. I'm a little sorry to have to burden the rest of you with it, but it looks as if our circle is due to be broken up and scattered at any time, now. Mr. Holdgate I imagine is already on his way out."

"My wife and I are leaving tomorrow," said Holdgate smoothly.

Mungo gave a little start and glanced sharply at Mrs. Holdgate but she sat immovable and unmoved looking at her cigarette as if she had no possible concern with anything that had been said.

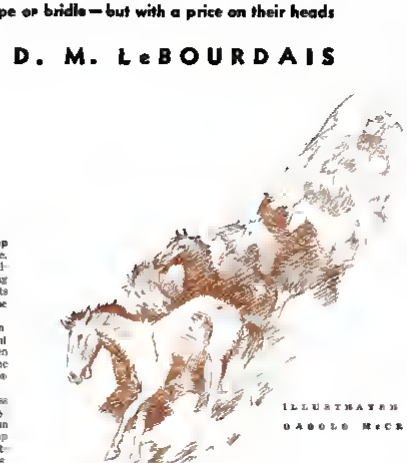
"Quite so." Moss remarked not in the least surprised. "And the others—Julie, and Polly Targ, Delius, Mr. Mungo—will doubtless be at liberty before long. As for myself"— he smiled whimsically—"a horse of another color. These gentlemen are determined to let me go only in the piece of certain concessions on my part. Those concessions," he added diffidently looking down at his gnarled

Continued on page 40

Outlaws of the Range

They love freedom and roam the trails uncurbed by rope or bridle—but with a price on their heads

BY D. M. LeBOURDAIS



ILLUSTRATED BY DAROLD McCREA

A HORSEMAN swayed easily in the saddle, rides along a well-marked trail, rounding the end of a small lake, and halts behind a clump of willows. The wind is in his face.

A hundred yards farther on another trail comes in at right angles across a patch of open ground and hills out into the lake where thin water ripples on a short strip of sandy beach.

Quietly sitting his motionless horse the rider listens intently. Then carefully reaching for the carbine slung under his stirrup leather, he silently works a cartridge into the breech and waits, watching his horse's ears.

Soon he sees that the animal has picked up the sounds he waits for, and shortly after he hears them himself—the thud of horses' hoofs on the soft ground.

Swinging along at a lost walk in single file, comes a band of about twenty wild horses on canyons a wily old mare in the lead, some young stock, a number of other mares, and —bringing up the rear—head high neck arched the stallion-chief.

The first are already ledeck-deep in the water when a shot rings out. The stallion gives a mighty leap and halts, quivering and kicking. The other horses dash usually back up the trail. As they pass, the man with the rifle also drops the old mare.

Riding up to where the two lie quite close together he dismounts, draws a bowie knife from its sheath and clips the ears and part of the scalp from each of the carcasses.

Then, remounting, he gallops up the trail in pursuit of the fleeing horses. Soft though they are and grain fed though his horse is, it is nevertheless some little time before he overtakes them. Again they dash off—but this time he keeps close behind.

He knows their trails and the tricks by which they try to outwit him; for he has chased them many times. Always before they have been too much for him, but now that their leaders are gone he has little difficulty in driving them off their familiar range and into his corral.

Wild Horse Bounty

IT MUST come as a shock to many persons to learn that anywhere in this country horses are shot as destructive pests. Yet it is a fact that the British Columbia Government pays horse hunters from one to three dollars for each pair of ears brought in.

North America was a horseless country till Europeans arrived. The first horses came with the Spanish conquistadores, and the natives took to them with an avidity second only to that with which they welcomed the white man's firewater. When the French explorers reached the Great Plains, they found that the tribesmen were among the finest horsemen in the world.

British Columbia Indians, however, had no horses when the whites men came. They stuck to the streams and to their canoes. The first horses probably reached British Columbia from the Oregon Country as that part of the West now contained in the States of Washington and Oregon was then called.

As trails were cut through the mountain passes, prospectors ranged over further afield packing their outfits on horses. Some of these horses wandered off into the hills and were lost. The country was ideally suited to the equine taste and they soon became virtually wild animals.

Following the prospectors came ranchers who staked homesteads in the valleys and ran their stock on the near-by benches and hills. Some of the ranchers' horses wandered off to join the wild cayuse bands already formed. No one knows how many of these wild horses there once were, but, after considerable depletion, a recent estimate placed the present number at 20 000.

The time came at any rate, when they were so numerous that they ate off the range needed by ranchers for their cattle. Not only did they deplete the pasturage on Crown lands, but they also broke rate hay and grain fields trampling down what they did not devour.

To make matters worse these wild cayuse bands were a menace to horse life in general through the danger of spreading equine sleeping sickness, epidemic at different times in various parts of the province.

This resulted in a declaration of war upon the horse bands. Laws were passed under which—after due notice so near-by ranchers could withdraw all branded stock—the British Columbia Forest Service might set aside certain areas of Crown lands in which wild horses could be shot or otherwise destroyed. Provision was also made for the payment of bounties, depending upon the difficulties met with in horse hunting.

The most determined effort was made about ten years ago, when between 6 000 and 7 000 head of wild horses were rounded up in Chilcotin, Cariboo and the Southern Interior. Some of these were sold, but the great majority were shot.

Horse meat has never found a place on the dinner tables of Canadians, else it might not be necessary to bonus the killing of horses. Indians, who live on game when they can get it and prefer meat to most other articles of diet, have not developed a taste for horse meat. I have known Indians to be pretty short of food, but I have never known a case where they have gone in for equine pot roasts.

For horns provide a certain market for the meat at from one to two cents a pound. Animal food products plants in Vancouver and in Butte, Montana, are regularly in the finid for horses as part of their raw material, but they can touch only the fringes of the supply.

In 1931, 1932 and 1933 a total of 1 578 head were dispossed of. The largest bands were by this time pretty well broken up, and a hill in horse hunting followed. In 1937 for instance the Government paid bounties on only 138 head although undoubtedly many more were destroyed.

But wild horse bands increase rapidly and keen many sections of the interior complaints are again reaching the office of the Forest Service at Victoria with requests for relief from their depredations. A horse roundup is now planned for the Cranbrook Grazing District, and others will follow.

Ways of the Range

WILD HORSES have an unerring sense in the selection of their range. The first essential of course is water, and they prefer more than one drinking place. Second only to water is a plentiful supply of suitable forage. Horses like a range which combines sheltered summer pasturage with open hillsides and a southerly exposure for winter. They do not like rough country and prefer hills that are rolling.

They run in bands of from a dozen to forty or more, consisting mainly of mares and young animals. Each band is dominated by a stallion. If one of the younger males should get to the point where he becomes a challenge to the patriarch he is speedily driven off to find a range and harem of his own.

Sometimes the *Fuehrer* of two bands occupying adjoining ranges come into conflict, and when this happens there is a fight. Ears back teeth bared the two beautiful animals fly at each other, biting stamping and kicking till one or the other is driven beaten from the field. Then the victor rounds up his vanquished stallion's mares and triumphantly adds them to his own herd.

Their drinking habits are a carry-over from the days when all horses were wild. They drink at regular times, preferably in the forenoon. When drinking time comes as if by some invisible signal one perhaps an old mare leads the way to single file without stopping even for a wayside nibble, their feet for the watering place.

All do not rush at once even if there is room. Some keep watch for possible enemies. Thirst quenched they graze quietly away spreading out as they go. If they can help it they do not graze away from the watering place two days in succession in the same direction.

The way of a horse on the range is naturally different from that of a cow or a steer. Cattle are fond of herding together but they have little social sense. Horses, on the other hand soon set up an organized type of society. Cattle seem content wherever they are so long as the browsing is good, but horses have an intense affection for their own particular range and never leave it of their own choice.

So great is the love of a horse for his native range that he never forgets it and always longs to return to it. Horses have been known to travel hundreds of miles, swim wide and turbulent rivers, and leap fences in order to get home. Once back with their herd even the quietest saddle pony soon becomes one with them again.

Capturing horses requires skill and experience. They are caught by "hunters" who ride them down on fleet-footed well trained saddle horses, and lasso them from the back.

In search of a band the hunter perhaps comes suddenly upon them feeding in a grassy glade or along some hillside slope. With a ringing Yip-e-e-e he starts them off at a furious pace. The stallion patriarch nostrils distended eyes flashing, lags behind and makes a stand on some exposed knoll till the intruder is almost upon him. Then with trumpet snorts he dashes away after his galloping band.

Sometimes the horses succeed in doubling back on their tracks and thus get away. Then range is usually a maze of trails and if they are unerringly led they can often evade capture by quite a long time.

But if the hunter knows his job he will probably catch up with them again. Then there is another wild dash the stallion once more doing his valiant best to guard the rear. The hazer cannot be shaken off. He knows what he wants and what he is doing, whereas the horses are governed only by unreasoning fear.

Too much on the run to eat, and too excited to drink they are tired and weary, when another horseman on a fresh horse takes up the chase. Forced at last from their own range they are in his hands in mercy and can be driven anywhere like sheep. Soon they are fast in a high-walled corral.

Soon of these quondam wild horses prove to be branded ranch stock whose owners can claim them by paying the cost of running them in. Those that seem to have the making of good saddle animals or work horses are sold for what they will bring. Any Indian can claim an unbranded animal in exchange for a worn-out plug. The others are shot.

Continued on page 36



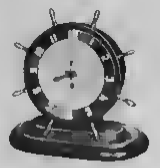
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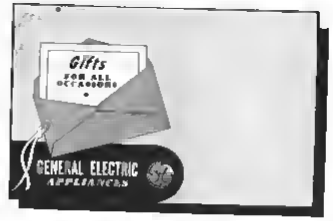
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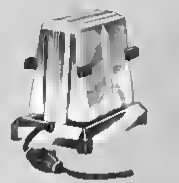
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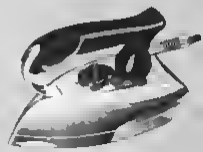
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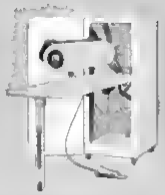
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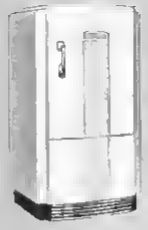
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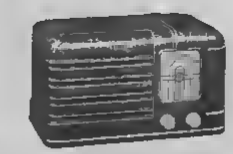
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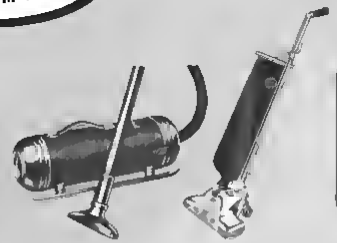
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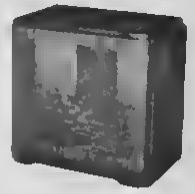
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Prices subject to territorial variations.

Athabaska Oil Mine

Continued from page 19

area now surveyed with all the certainty of a coal or iron mine, one hundred billion barrels of oil!

S. C. Ells will not estimate the unexplored surroundings but he is convinced that the investigated region is no more than a fraction of the actual tract underlain by petroleum sand—the total area may extend for 50,000 square miles!

Entombed in Sand

WHEN scientific journals first carried estimates of the Northern oil mine geologists with all allowances for the hazard of counting in billions—were quick to recognize a mystery of profound importance. Considering the accuracy with which science can estimate the volume of oil hidden in pools a mile below the earth's surface, who could doubt the evidence of oil measured up with tape lines made visible and touchable with the scrape of a shovel? Fossil shells dated the enormous McMurray oil blanket back to the Lower Cretaceous, a period when dinosaurs plodded over warm and steamy Alberta plains. What giant natural petroleum factory was in production in that age? Where was its source and by what path did it reach its bed in the sands of Athabaska?

The riddle deepened with the discovery that McMurray oil is a chemical rarity, a truly virgin petroleum. Chemists proved that the mined oil had been preserved unchanged since the years of its birth, sealed in a sponge of pure silica sand resting on a table of Devonian rock.

Academic discussion rose to furious controversy. Today no less than five rival theories seek to explain the origin of the McMurray Formation. One gives the oil a birthplace beneath its present bed, another in overlying shales. Some hold that oil-bearing limestone once covered the area and drained into the sand below. More spectacular but quite unsatisfying is the notion that a vanished oil field far to the southwest of Athabaska seems ages ago made up its geographic mind to shift in a stupendous lateral migration, only to bog down when it reached the dunes of that primeval Sahara.

Sharply differing from all these hypothetical beginnings, the theory fevered by S. C. Ells would grant the formation a history unique in the oil world. According to this, enormous measures of eroded sandstone came down the broad bed of a prehistoric Clearwater River, to be intimately churned with vegetable muck from great swamps. Spring floods rolled the mixture wide and deep over downstream countryside. Eventually the drainage basin matured, the waters dug themselves permanent channels and left the great sand and vegetation bed at rest. We know that such conditions were ideal for leisurely petroleum synthesis. And the fine sand tenaciously retained each microscopic oil film. In myriad cell-sealed tombs, impenetrable by sun, wind or rain, the oil of Athabaska rested immobile and unfettered through the ages.

The aborigines had clawed chunks of fuel from Clearwater banks. Man, the engineer, could very easily excavate this oil ore in unlimited tonnages. But when chemists set about to part silica grains and oil films they were quickly made aware of nature's superb defenses. McMurray oil was immune to extraction by any known commercial method.

The Government had acted wisely in withdrawing the oil lands, even at a time when the enormity of those resources was being established beyond suspicion. In a few areas along river banks the sands cease their bituminous contents into the water but the average deposit shows no more than half a barrel of oil in each ton of sand. This material is quite dry to the touch. When cold it can be crumbled without soiling the fingers. Early in the twenties sceptics raised a question that could no longer be evaded. Have we here a great reserve of oil impure with sand or merely a desert dirty with an insignificant proportion of bitumen?

It was the old story of confining petroleum in the earth with petroleum in storage tanks. Even in the wealthiest liquid oil fields only a fraction of the oil molded ground can be brought to the surface. Water and gas pressures may be artificially raised, chemicals may be poured into the wells to speed up the flow. The cost of such expedients and the price of oil are the controlling factors and gross errors have been made estimating the reserves of some fields in terms of tonnage in rigs below. Like every other commodity oil must be sold in profitable markets. And to sell it must reach the market place.

The situation at McMurray appeared hopeless. Altogether apart from the wilderness isolation there was no process available or even dreamed by which one pound of crude oil could be economically squeezed from ninety pounds of sand.

The vision of petroleum in hundreds of billions of barrels proved too alluring for high costs to dim. The imagination of some men burned with the challenge of Athabaska's oily desert.

The Search for a Process

IN 1893 Dr. Bell had observed great ripples of petroleum waving in the Clearwater. These coagulated masses had formed naturally, and the old explorer had theorized on the possibility of washing the sands free of their oily content. The notion was revived. On costly shipments of Alberta sand freighted down from the North by boat, dog and horse team, inventors started the relay race for a process to drain petroleum from Athabaskan cliffs.

In 1916 Canada sent S. C. Ells to the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh. There he found no record of scientific tests on sandy bitumen, though a million-dollar plant at Sunset in California had failed to extract oil commercially from asphaltic matter. For years the patient officers enjoyed a steady run of applications claiming to solve the enigma of McMurray oil.

The hosts of patents reposed untested. The few men who had long tramped Athabaska shores held unswerving faith that giant refineries would come. Yet they shrank from hasty prophecies. An oil mine was something new under the sun. Industry must wait until science could master the sand with a technique then undiscovered.

The secret of ore flotation proved to be the awaited magic. Post war research perfected amazing separations of minerals from each other and from waste materials. The trick was done simply by wetting powdered ores with chemicals. These float-and-sink processes made commercial treatment of oil sands more than speculation. If copper and zinc could be concentrated from worthlessly small proportions in the richness of smelter feed, how much easier to break the mutual grip of oil and sand!

The Alberta Research Council in the first years of the depression was successful in demonstrating a plant that worked like a monster laundry, scrubbing sand with air bubbles and hot soapy water to recover not the cleansed silica but the dirt scoured from it. Over the lips of great wooden wash tubs the pungent bitumen foamed from an treatment vat to another in each stage losing more sand to the drag of gravity while bubbling itself into a coherent mass. K. A. Clark the patient engineer of that elaborate cleaner looked on exultantly as the very last spout of his machine slowly filled and gurgled the precious black output into waiting barrels.

McMurray oil from that day ceased to be a laboratory curiosity. Bulk shipments were rushed to petroleum chemists. Separation was a vital but not final victory for the quality of the oil had yet to be proved.

Without exception, analysts and owners of cracking processes reported the McMurray product to yield gasoline superior in anti-knock qualities to average crudes. Straight distillation gave the whole range of refinery by-products from gas to coke with many specialties not extractable from other petroleums. The oil of Athabaska was emphatically a raw material to be refined for profit.

With that promising demonstration of the Clark process the Alberta Government withdrew from the field. Several private companies were already active. R. C. Fitzsimmons, for many years an explorer of the oil sands region, solved the problem of removing residual water and sand from the separated oil. The Fitzsimmons process commercially practicable was patented and financed in the United States.

At Bitumount on the cliffs of the Athabaska the International Bitumen Company has erected the first modest unit of complete extraction and refining equipment. Satisfied that the company has a commercial process the authorities have given it an initial lease of ten thousand acres. Even more ambitious plans are credited to Abasand Oils, Limited, the second pioneer operator in the McMurray field. This company controls an extraction process based on a decade of research and pilot plant operation and is now completing a large commercial installation on its leasehold.

The oil mine in the North had proved its ore reserves. From test tube to hundred-ton lots the extraction process had evolved to practical reality. Products refined from McMurray crude would very likely be priced as high as the market's finest.

On the eve of vigorous development at Bitumount business sickened and until oil prices collapsed. In the resulting ruin of long-established fields' cynics found new gloomy portents for the oil sands. If petroleum could not be economically raised from the earth in a form ready for the refinery what were the odds against processing oil ore, however cheap the method?

Timidity is no characteristic of pioneers. Once men had drawn rich oil from the fringe of that vast reserve they were not to be deterred by statistics.

No Dry Holes Here

IN THE apparent cheapness of conventional oil-well production was hidden an economic fallacy. To the cost per barrel that up by gushers must be added the cost of drilling all the wells that fail to blow in. In earlier days that loss was borne largely by ruined speculators. With the industry now stabilized every dollar spent wildcatting must be collected from petroleum consumers. Joseph E. Pogue, vice president of the Chase National Bank and an international authority on petroleum, estimates that 4,000 dry holes must be drilled to discover each billion barrels of reserve oil.

There is no such costly guesswork along the Athabaska. McMurray oil is blocked out as accurately as the ore of any surface mine. The excavation costs can be worked out to the final cent.

From Bitumount 300 miles north of Edmonton the first commercial plant has now entered a strong argument by test shipments as far south as Indiana. High freight rates are neutralized by low production cost and the quality of paints, roofings, asphalts and a wide variety of specialties reprocessed from McMurray crude. The oil combines fine medicinal properties of coal tar with the rough strength of paving pitch and the fuel values of quality gasoline.

Present operators, unconnected with any of the large oil companies, hope to finance slow expansion by exports over the border. Growing fuel consumption at Canada's sub-Arctic mines and airports should hasten gasoline cracking at McMurray. There seems little likelihood that gasoline from Athabaska can be economically shipped south by rail to continental markets. But seaward to Hudson Bay a pipe line could carry mass production from McMurray. Oil handling facilities at Port Churchill already a modern freight harbor, would bring Canadian oil 2,000 miles nearer the British fleet than Persian fields. This plan, first suggested by Dr. Ball in 1893, has advanced from dream to possibility.

While there is oil along the Athabaska our continent will never procure its liquid fuel from coal or any other source of carbon. No chemical synthesis can be conceived to compete with the productive costs of nature. At Bitumount the finished oil lies waiting. Even the impregnating sand is now recognized to be a priceless asset in a storage system without depreciation or fixed charges, preserving the rich virginal oil for man's convenience.

Southward or east through Hudson Bay or west over the Rockies, an outlet for North America's petroleum mine will one day be found. Annual world consumption of oil has reached a peacetime level of two billion barrels. The blocked reserves of all liquid oil fields total less than fifteen normal years' supply.

Discoveries and deeper wells will add to this. But mounting demand will drain the new pools faster. Already production costs of many fields are nearing the uneconomic limits.

One hundred billion barrels of Canadian oil will fill the world's fuel tanks for how many years to come? Athabaska may yet feed every car and truck every plane, ship and locomotive for another century!



Drillers vainly sought oil wells in the Athabaska field

Give a KODAK









1 The fanamite camera of millions
Six-20 Brownie Junior works by the simplest of all picture-taking formulas—"load, aim, shoot." No adjustments necessary. Tested meniscus lens and rotary shutter. Two extra large ground glass view finders. Makes 2¼x3¼ inch pictures.
SIX-20 BROWNIE JUNIOR— $2.40

2 Simplest folding camera known
Jiffy Kodak Six-20, Series II combines box camera simplicity with folding-camera style and convenience. Touch one button—"POP"—it opens. Touch another—"CLICK"—it gets the picture. Twindar lens, twin brilliant finders. Pictures 2¼x3¼ inches.
JIFFY KODAK SIX-20, Series II— $8.25

3 Sensational new "miniature"
With Kodak Anastigmat f.4.5 and 1/100-second shutter Kodak 35 (f/5.6) sets a new value list per dozen exposures. 35 mm. cameras. Built to Eastman precision standards it is equipped for both black-and-white and Kodachrome (full-colour) photography.
KODAK 35 (f/5.6)— $16

4 The economy movie maker
Brings home movies within the reach of almost everyone. Gives 20 to 30 black and white movie scenes each as long as the average news reel scene—on a roll of film costing $2.35 finished, ready to show. Also for colour movies on Kodachrome Film.
CINE-KODAK EIGHT Model 20— $35

The biggest line of Christmas cameras ever offered by KODAK

THIS CHRISTMAS your Kodak dealer is offering you a choice of cameras that's the greatest ever! Wonderful values include the latest, smartest models, up-to-the-minute in looks and action.

No doubt some of those on your Christmas list "have a camera"—but, unless of recent purchase, not like the new beauties now on display. Until you see these late models, you can hardly realize what improvements have been made.

• • •

Brownies start at $1.10—Kodaks at $1.50—prices that give you the greatest values in years. For easy shopping and thrifty buying, see your Kodak dealer soon. The few cameras shown on this page only begin to tell the story.

In Canada EASTMAN and KODAK are the registered trade marks and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co. Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Maclean's Magazine December 1 1939



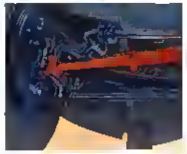
1. More Room Inside. More leg room, elbow room, seating comfort. Parcel shelf. Large luggage space.



2. Controlled Ventilation. Front ball joints. Rivetless strap slides down with window in closed body types.



3. New Ride-stabilizer. Torsion bar controls sideway keeps body level and makes steering easier.



4. Improved Spring Suspension. Softer, more flexible springs front and rear. Front spring is longer.



5. Improved Shock Absorbers. "Self-sealing" packing gland checks leakage and saves frequent filling.



6. Two-way Adjustable Driver's Seat. Rises as it slides forward, without changing angle of seat back.



7. New-type Resilient Proof Seat Backs. Improved design. Unusual comfort without unnecessary bulk.



8. Finger-Tip Gearshift on steering post. All models, no extra cost. Easy action. Front compartment clear.



9. New "Figuring-Edge" Seat Cushions. Unusually comfortable. Soft cushion springs have free play.



10. Engine More Accessible. The deep hood on all models makes V-8 engine very easy to get at for service.

THE NEW FORD CARS FOR 1940

WITH 22 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

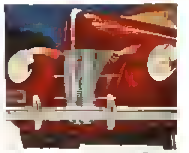


The new 1940 De Luxe Fordor Sedan (whitewall tires extra)

IN THE 1940 Ford cars, there are many refinements that only an engineer would appreciate—and 22 really important improvements that make the new Ford cars more comfortable, more beautiful, safer and easier to drive. They are listed and illustrated here.

Underlying all these improvements are the basic advantages of Ford design, Ford dependability, Ford economy, and the smoothest, sweetest running engine in any low-price car.

Get in a 1940 Ford V-8, and get acquainted. You'll find it mighty roomy (four inches more usable inside length in Sedans), with a smooth, level, restful ride that's a revelation in comfort. You'll like its substantial feel and eager response. And, of course, you're sure to like the price tag!



11. New Exterior Beauty. Distinctive character. Modern, flowing lines. Longer hood. Graceful grille.



12. New Interior Luxury. New colour harmony. Rich upholstery. Handsome hardware and appointments.



13. New Instrument Panel. Attractive crackle finish. Well grouped gauges. Exceptional amount of equipment.



14. Two-spoke Steering Wheel. Smart, modern, attractive. Gives perfect visibility of instruments.



15. Improved Soundproofing. New quiet. Result of rigorous research in design and insulation.



16. Improved Transmission. For easier gearshifting. "Bucket" type, same as used on more costly cars.



17. New Design Curved Disc Wheels. Definitely reduce road and tire noises, contribute to quiet ride.



18. Sealed-Beam Headlamps. Bulb lens, reflector sealed. Better light longer life, safer night driving.



19. New Headlight Beam Indicator in dancer's direct vision, for greater safety after sundown.



20. Dual Windshield Wipers are mounted at the base of windshield for better vision. Single control.



21. Bigger Battery Capacity, Larger Generator. Battery capacity increased 20% for all 1940 cars.



22. New Battery Condition Indicator. Convenience feature improved for more visibility, all models.

FORD V-8 for 1940

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
—FORD, MERCURY AND LINCOLN-ZEPHYR CARS



SNAKING along this icy lote-road, behind the burly "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractor, *une hundred and fifty tons of timber* are moving feom camp to mill!

Here, indeed, is big business—symbol of a giant industry rooted in the Dominion's vast forest lands!

For wherever you go in the bush these days, you'll see "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors at work—building trails and haul roads . . . ploughing snow and icing . . . deftly ground-skidding selected mature logs around the younger growth, leaving it unharmed to flourish and reproduce . . . using their power and traction, on the heaeiest work, to conquer mud, snow and reugh ground!

In brief, "Cateepillar" Diesel Tractors are helping the Dominion's lumber industry to match volume production with *volume savings* on fuel and maintenance alike!

And it is not lumbering, alone, that uses "Caterpillar" Diesel Power to advantage. For no matter what your work may be—farming, road-building, mining, milling, quarrying, cold-storage, water-pumping, or curreni-generating—"Caterpillar" Diesel equipment can uncover additional sources of profit or production *or both!* Ten "Cateepillar" dealers, strategically placed throughout the Dominion, are ready to furnish you further information

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO. • PEORIA, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR DIESEL POWER

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACK-TYPE TRACTORS • ROAD MACHINERY

A Four-Cross

Continued from page 21—Starts on page 20

lower 'tween deck That there was e Chebb safe inside the specie room and the man who hept the hey of thet safe was the purser, bocause he'd seen him lock the thieg and pochet the key. The specie room he said, was a Matlhus & Thall, Type F No. 244. I didn't know that myself, but he was right, because I went down specially to loch nterward. He told me that type of strong room had a doeble lock with two heye one key locking the bolts and the other the tumblers. And he told me how I had eue hey and the purser the other, so that neither of us could open the specie room without the other. He knew who had the heys, because he'd seen uelock ep the place. And what e more the beggar said he bel he knew where I kept my key! He said I locked it in my cabin safe, and when he'd had a look at the safe he heeked himself to open it unsle an hoet...provided he had the tools and no one eteeped him. And he looked an average sort of mate he'd be prelly sure to hide the key in e drewer in his cabin where any ass could find it given hve minetes alone in the place. He said if he were Graal, though he wouldn't bether the second officer. The mail room lock was such a simple one all Graaf would have to do was to pich it.

"Believe me, by the time I'd heard all that I'd heard enough to scare me. I told Cletterbuck he ought think himself mighly clever but all the same he was wrong and we hadn't got any diamonds inside the epecie room that trip. So he was talking through his hat. Then I told him I wee busy and closed him out. I went for the purser and the second mate and told them to letch their keye ae I wanted to inspect the specie room. I asked the second where he kept his hey and he said he was always most carelel to hide it in the collar box in e drawer in his cabin. I told him in lutere he'd seen the thing eight and day round his neck on a chine. And while he was ebout it I told him to get me e length of chae as well. I didn't feel comfortable with the key of the specie room in my private safe aey more. By the time I got below I half expected to find the specie room wrecked. The Chubb safe dynamited and all our ballian vanished to say nothing of the diamonds. Everything was all right, though, of coerse, and when I was sure of that I felt better, hel rather foolish over the fright I'd given myself. And I felt more foolish still when the three of us came out of the mail room to find Cletter buck standing there ie the alleyway grinning like a Cheshire cat.

He came up to see me that same even ing and said he was sorry for laeghing at me when he caeght me coming out of the mail room but that I deserved it, because I aeght to have trusted him instead of trying to bleff him like I had. He said if I'd only trust him he could save me a lot of worry. If I gave the word he was willing to watch Graal and let me know the moment he started any dirty work. He said he left certain Graal was eiter the diamonds, but he thought I could rest easy for a day or so, because Graal wasn't fool enough to burgle the specie room until the ship got well along toward South ampton.

He said Graal wouldn't leave it too late because he'd know there'd certainly be a lot of the ship's people messing about the mail room the dey before we arrived. Also he wouldn't break into the place before it was absolutely necessary because the eames he got off the ship after doing his little job the less chance there would be of the diamonds being reouvered. He said, judging from what he'd heard of Graaf's methods, the man would bring off this coup by creating a diversion and attracting the attention of all hands to some other part of the ship. Everything considered, he thought Graal would lill the diamonds the nglit before the ship got in. end he wanted me to eny thing queer happened then that I'd be wise to ignore it whatever it was, and give my whole attention to the specie room first and Graal's cabin second. In the meantime he promised to keep his eye on Graal.

"When he'd gone I sent for the purser and told him who Phips was supposed to be. I said I didn't propose to take any chances. I told him to have Phips wetched and I sent for the chief officer and ordered him to heep e hand on guard day and nig ht outside the mail room. That seemed to be about all I could do. I'd got the key of the specie room chained round my neck and I slept with it there as an all I'll admit I felt I needn't worry much.

WE MADE Ut hant late the next nghlt. We got the light eboum about one a.m., and I'd set a course up channel and was thinking of turning in when suddenly all the lights in the ship went out. There was a lot of traffic about just then. There would be nl course. We had to look smart with our emergency lamps and I didn't feel comfortable till we'd got our ed masthead and side lights showing.

Then the chief engineer telephoned to say we needn't expect aey lights for two hours at least, because someone had cut the mae lead and lesed the engine room switchboard. He was telling me what he'd like to do to the person who'd cut the wires when I remembered how Cletterbuck had warned me if anything unusual happened to loch out for Graal and the diamonds! The second mate was on watch, and I was glad to find he'd obeyed my orders. He'd got the hey of the mail room chained round his neck, and I nearly choked him getting the thing off. He thought I'd gone mad, but I told him to send for the purser and get him down to the specie room with the key as quch as the devil would let him. Then I grebbed an electric torch and rushed aft to the mail room.

"I'd got the hey lu the lock when some one jumped on me and begeu to shout blee murder. It gave me a terrible start but I fought back like e hero and I was having a regular catch-as-catch-can all e pand down the alleyway when the purser arrived. Thank heavens he had e torch with he leithwith shone on us when I discovered the mae I was throtli ng was not Grael but the A.B. on watch outside the mail room. The man seemed surprised too, when he found he'd been doing his best to gouge out the eyes of his captain. The purser thought it was lunny till I gave him a bit of my mind.

When I unlocked the mail room door it flew open and knocked me down and it seemed to me as if a crowd of men burst out of there and trampled on me. I fought for my life under a heap of hicking bodies before I understood. I was buried beneath the purser and a lot of heavy mailbags which someone must heve piled up inside the door. I had to give the perser a lot more of my mind when we got straightened out. It was no time for laughing. I realized those bags must have been piled up by somebody *inside* the mail room—some body mighty anxious no one should get in in a herry or that no one should be heard outeide. I knew the worst had happened then.

"I shone my torch inside expecting to see Graal and I was all set for some qeick action. But there wasn't anyone there at all. The place was empty. What we did find, though, was a rope leading up through an air shaft to the deck above. That shall lot right up to e twenty-eight inch cowl ventilator on the mane deck. I found that oel altcrward, and it's no good yue trying to tell me I ought to have knowe about it before. Maybe I ought, but I ask you would you have dreamed the dreegter of this ship would have been ass enough to provide a back door into the mail room like that? Well anyway, he had and as soon as I saw that rope dangling down from the ecntilator I knew I could kiss the diamonds good-by.

I understood only too well thet once Graaf got himself inside the mail room where he could safely coutel on working undisturbed, he'd find the rest of the job simple. He could get te wask te peace and comfort and take his time at the job of breeking open the specie-room door. Which was just whet he'd done. We found a mess of steel filings beneath the lock the edge of the heybole was all marked up and scralched, and when we tried to open the specie room our heys weeldn't turn in the lock!

Thet was a nasty shock for us and I don't know what I looked like bet the purser turned pale green. We were a couple of worried men all right. We hesw with out anyone having to tell us, the diamonds were gone and what hit us where it hert was the thought that our jobs were as good as gone too. We would be held responsible, and we knew...if we didn't get those dia monds back...we could count on the sack for e certainty.

When I'd pulled myself together I saw what we'd got to do. I told the purser to follow me qeick. I came up here and got my knuckle-dusters. I said we'd got to collect Graal right away. With luck he might have the stones on him still. He might. I have had time to hide them. We had to be careful though. It weeldn't do to let every blessed passenger aboard the ship know what was up. Also we couldn't take any chances when tackling a fe ght of Graal's calibre. We'd got to get to his cabin bach the door knock Graal out right away if he showed signs of starting trouble and then search him and the cabin.

The purser didn't much like the thought of this, but he was game, and he led me down to Graal's cabin. The door was t locked and we went right in. When I shone my torch into the lower bunh it surprised me to see Clutterbuck lying there. I'd forgotten all about him in the excitement. He was wide awake. He wanked at me and whispered lu the epper bunk. He came lu feel after the lights went out. *He's got em.*

"Graal was asleep or pretending te be; but he sat ep with a jump when I shone the light on him. I told him to et still if he didn't want his head bashed in, but the fool made e grab at me. So I let him have it. He took my knuckle-deeter right bet ween the eyes. One was enough and his key quiet. I thought he'd have given a lot more trouble. Het he didn't as we began searching him. We didn't find anything on him or in his bunk though. I told the purser to watch him while I went through his baggage.

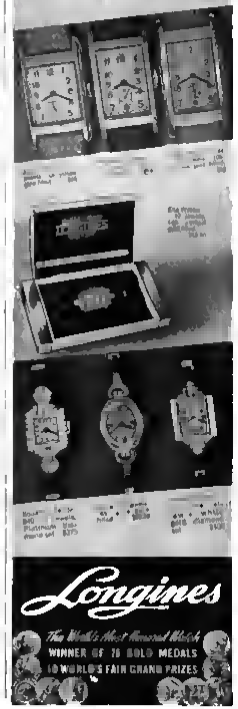
I cocked an eye at Clutterbuck to see if he could give me a hnd, but he lay there, with his boiclothes pulled ep roend his chin, and all he did was to grin et me. There was a cebin trunk with H. Phips' on it so I suspected it oet to the floor. No leck, though. No eign of the diamonds. Then I began to search the cabin. I'd got my head into the wardrobe when Phips suddenly piped up again. Apparently he'd got his nerve back. He said he didn't know why I was committing this outrage on him. He didn't know and he didn't care. All he did know was that I'd pay for it before he'd done with me. However, says he, as you appear to be anxious to had something and seem to think it's hidden in this particular cabin, perhaps

LONGINES
The World's Most Honored Watch
The Gift that Endures



Make this Christmas memorable! The world's most honored watch placed on the wrist of a loved one remains a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness throughout the years.

Accuracy, quality and long life combine with beauty of style to make Longines watch the ideal Christmas gift. Ask for this illustrated leaflet at your jeweller's.



Longines
The World's Most Honored Watch
WINNER OF 76 GOLD MEDALS
10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES

Tonight honey **we're going Christmas shopping** *right in this Westclox ad*



BETTY Time I getting short. Remem ber last year? On Christmas Eve we were still on looking for xmas.

TONY So what do you want me to do?

BETTY Just look at this ad my pet Here are the answers—and we don t have to walk n block. For instance— here s Big Ben Loud Alarm or Big Ben Chime Alarm Just the ticket for Uncle Ed

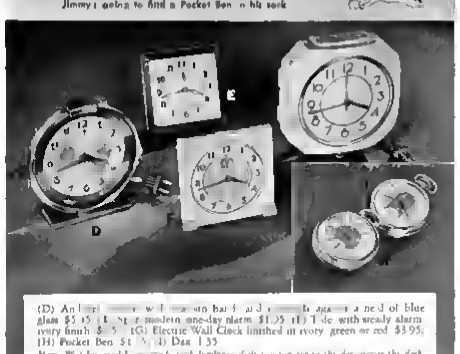
TONY: Better make it the Loud, knowing how Ed pounds the pillow And how about Travalarm for Patricia? She t always s places



Big Ben BA Big Ben Loud Alarm $3.95 Big Ben Chime Alarm $4.95 he whispers then he shouts) quiet tick, $5.95 BE Baby Ben with loud or soft alarm, $3.50 EC1 Travalarm with hour hour dial closes up for travelling, black finish, $4.95 ivory finish $5.45

BETTY: I could wait that wall clock very nicely myself And have about this sterling Andover for mother?

TONY: Aunt Mary would sure like Spur or Tide. And I think Jimmy i going to find a Pocket Ben n his sock



(D) An l r w l n ba f a l s n a n d of blue glass $5 15 E ng modern one-day alarm $1.25 (F) Tide with steady alarm ivory finish $4.5 (G) Electric Wall Clock finished in ivory green or red $3.95 (H) Pocket Ben $1 5 (I) Dai 1 35

More We t ke model m ch lumina dial you can see in the dar ness the dark

WESTCLOX Makers of BIG BEN and his family of clocks and watches for every purse and purpose

Made in Canada by WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY LIMITED, Peterborough, Ont.

I'd better tell you that the person now occupying the lower bunk came rushing in just after the lights went out. He locked the door, pulled his trunk out from under the bunk, put something into it and shoved it under his bunk again, then unlocked the cabin door. You can draw your own conclusions.

"I looked at Clutterbuck to see what he'd say to that. And then a queer thing happened. Clutterbuck suddenly sat up in his bunk and sang out: 'You liar!' Then he lay back again quickly and snatched the bedclothes over himself. But he wasn't quick enough. I'd had time to see the man was fully dressed, and what's more to the point, he didn't want me to know it. I tell you that made me think. And when Clutterbuck began to make the deuce of a racket about what he'd do if we dared to search his trunk, I got more suspicious than ever.

"It looked very lushy. I remembered then Clutterbuck was really Gunson, and capable of any dirty trick. And if the man had nothing to hide why make such a fuss about it? So I told him if he didn't get up and unlock his trunk, I'd open it myself and on more nonsense. I was getting annoyed by then and I yanked out his trunk from under the bunk. He saw I meant business and changed his tune. He jumped out of his bunk and said he'd unlock the trunk to save it from being broken open, but that he didn't under protest. He went on about its being an outrage, and how I was exceeding my powers, as I'd find out as soon as he could get ashore to a lawyer. He said he'd something very private in his trunk he didn't want anyone to see.

"That was a mighty thin alibi, and I said so. I started to force the trunk open when Clutterbuck sings out: 'All right then. If you must, you must. It's a pity, but you can't say I didn't warn you. He shoved me aside, opened the trunk, and grabbed a small pankagin lying on top. It was a small square case sewn up in canvas with red seals stamped all over it, and as soon as the purser saw it he sang out: 'The diamonds by gum!' I recognized that package too. And then, before I could stop him, Clutterbuck jumped to the open porthole and threw—*and there went £200,000 worth of diamonds over the side!*

THE THING absolutely paralyzed me. As a matter of fact it's a good job it did, or I might have thrown that man through the porthole too. I just stood there like a stuck idiot until Phips began roaring out 'Help, help!' loud enough to wake the dead. He, with all his hands, anyway, and before I could stop his hollering I here seemed to be about fifty people trying to break in the cabin door.

Well, I'd stood all the nonsense I cared for by that time. I remembered I was master aboard this ship. So I took command. I cleared that mob out of the alleyway, put Clutterbuck in irons, and got him stowed down the after steerage. I locked Graal or Phips or whoever he was in his cabin, and then I ordered the chief engineer to break out blast or gnaw his way into the specie room. I didn't care how he did it so long as he got in somehow and did it quickly, because I wanted to find out exactly what else might be gone from there besides the diamonds. Then I told my steward if he valued his life he'd better not let anyone disturb me for the next two hours and I turned in.

I went to sleep too, though that probably surprises you. Anyway I did. And I'm glad I did, because my poor brain was badly in need of a rest. As soon as I woke I asked about the specie room, and the chief came up to tell me his men had been working on the door in relays with cold chisels and a flogging hammer, but all they'd managed to do was to scratch the paint. What he needed, he said, was an oxyacetylene blowtorch and special tools, as I'd have to make up my mind to wait until an arrived at Southampton and he could get them. It was the devil, but it couldn't be helped, and all I could do was to send off a wireless to the head office telling 'em what had happened and asking for the police and a professional safebreaker to be sent to meet the ship.

When I had time to think about him I began to get worried about my other prisoner Graal—or Phips. And the more I thought the less I liked the thought of what I'd done to him. If he was Graal and if I couldn't prove he'd been monkeying with our specie room, it would be awkward enough. But supposing he was—*Phips?* A perfectly innocent respectable first-class passenger? I tell you old fellow, when that perfectly horrible possibility occurred to me I broke out into a clammy sweat. And about then it dawned on what I'll call my brain that I'd really absolutely nothing against Phips except what Clutterbuck had told me.

"I'd been manhandling Phips purely and solely on the strength of what Clutterbuck had said about him. Clutterbuck, the twice-convicted crook! Clutterbuck, the man who'd stolen the diamonds! And then too late I saw a light. I saw it dimly—and blinding. I saw how Clutterbuck had made me suspect Phips by leading me into believing Phips was trying to shift suspicion from himself by making me suspicious of Clutterbuck.

"I'd been double-crossed. Talk about mugs and thimble-rigging. Why, I'd walked right into Clutterbuck's trap with both eyes wide open. I'd got him in the end. It's true but I'd only him to thank for that and his own carelessness.

When I saw all that plain at last I kicked myself round the cabin three times and then went down and apologized to Phips. He was as mad as the devil of course. He wanted my blood and he said he meant to have it. I told him the whole story and he told me I'd damaged his character and his reputation and he meant to make an action lay for it if he had to take the case up as high as the House of Lords. It was a nice prospect. I said he would ruin me and he said he was glad.

"I soon had to tell the whole blessed story all over again too. When we packed up our pilot the company's tender came alongside and put our general manager aboard us, to say nothing of a police inspector our marine superintendent three salvagers and about two dozen assorted detectives, insurance people and plain-clothes men. I charged Clutterbuck with breaking into the specie room stealing the diamonds and chucking them overboard. And then Clutterbuck charged me with assault and battery, unlawful restraint and imprisonment and lord knows what else; and he refused to say another word until he could see a lawyer. The police identified him as Gunson, thank heavens, and took him in charge.

"I had to leave the conversazione then and take the ship into dock. When I'd got her berthed I came down here again and found the general manager and the whole crowd sitting about and looking like a funeral. They were waiting for the safebreakers to open the specie room and keeping themselves busy worrying about what else Clutterbuck had managed to get away with besides the diamonds.

"The most amorous men there look ran were the consignees of the bullion although I told them I didn't think Clutterbuck would have touched their stuff because of the practical impossibility of getting it off the ship. I left sure he'd been content with taking the gems. We were in cheerful party and I was thinking it would probably take all night to break the specie room open and wishing myself dead and well out of it all when the purser sent up a message to say the job was nearly finished.

"When we got below we found the head safebreaker sitting out a mouthful of oil and steel filings which he'd sucked from the lock through a rubber tube. He said the specie-room door and lock were undamaged and that someone must have blown about a pound of filings through the keyhole into the works. He'd been

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Stink Lake Goes High Hat

By EDNA JAQUES

WE USED to call it Stink Lake in the early years because of the bad odor that came from it along in the fall when the water was low. It smelled like old eggs and kelp and rotting seaweed.

We used to take a shovel on Sunday afternoons and bring back a bag of the gleaming crystals to throw over the pasture fence. Because it was salty, the stock liked to lick around where it lay. It seemed to do them good too, like a tonic, and kept their coats sleek and shining.

How were we to know then that we had a fortune at the back door? That some day a large industry would grow up around the white flats gleaming as beautifully in the sun that thousands of good round dollars would be dredged up and piled in shining crystals and taken all over Canada to smelters and paper mills and nickel refineries. Some of it would be colored rose and pink and lavender and sold in bright bottles with a satin ribbon around the neck—as bath salts.

Twenty miles west of Bruncrest it lies, just where the old Pale Trail used to zigzag across the lonely hills, skirting the white shore of the lake to the east, making a bee-line for Wood Mountain.

Old ranchers used to stop and let their tired Indian ponies rest and lick the white sand. One old fellow told me that in the spring great herds of buffalo took a day off and refreshed their souls along the ragged ridges of the salt flats. Then they would pass on to Old Wives Lake and drink the alkaline water there, purging their great bodies of the winter's hard fare and quickening their sluggish veins of all uncleanness.

No living thing lives there. Even the birds shun the bitter breath, building their nests far from it. Wild ducks passing over never light upon its gleaming breast; geese honk high in the blue air and go a few miles farther north to Buffalo Lake, making a jog around the city to avoid the guns of men.

The hills around it lie barren and lonely. The short prairie grass is bleached to a golden tow, pale and lifeless like cotton-batting, for prairie wool is sun-cured; all its life giving qualities are held within him permanican. It is better than any tame hay I have ever known and stock will winter on it and come out in the spring rolling fat and tough as shuleboose.

The sodium sulphate lakes of Saskatchewan are among the natural wonders of the world. Only in this province is the chemical found in its natural state. The plants here have a capacity of six hundred tons a day, and production methods are continually being improved. The bentonite clay from which it comes, known to you and me as plain gumbo, is a pain in the neck after a good rain. It sticks closer than a brother.

The water on the prairie is highly mineralized filled with alkali or sodium sulphate. Straining into the sloughs and small lakes, it evaporates in the hot sun, leaving the minerals crystallized and white as snow varying in depths from an inch to several feet. At Ormiston just south of us, it reaches a depth of twenty four feet in places. It has an indescribable beauty.

Glauber's salt is hydrated sodium. It has been known to men as a family medicine since the dawn of time and was once thought to perform miracles. It is now used in the manufacture of kraft paper and in the Orford process of separating nickel from copper. It is also used in dye-making in manufacturing glass and in tanning. Until a few years ago sodium sulphate was a by-product of salicic acid, also of soda ash by the La Blanc process and the supply was sufficient for the demand. Now however these crystals are sent east from the Saskatchewan lakes by the carload. The supply is almost inexhaustible.

A Town is Built

A LITTLE new town has grown up on the eastern border of the lake. It bears the name of Bishopric in honor of the man who pioneered the work. All the houses are stucco, built to a pattern neat as bandboxes. The little lawns are like green pocket handkerchiefs; caragana hedges have been planted and small saplings wave gently in the wind. Water was found in the hills and piped in.

The whole village is electrified and shines out across the lonely prairie like a cluster of stars on a dark night.

There is also a gasoline refinery in connection with the plant at Bishopric. Gasoline is distributed from here to farmers in the south country in huge oil tanks.

War has greatly stimulated the sodium production and extra men are being added day by day. Great trenches are cut across the lakes to form reservoirs for the crystals. These trenches are about fifteen feet wide and thousands of feet long. From the shore they look like huge cracks in rotten ice. When they are filled they are dug out with electric shovels. The crystals are taken to the plant in box cars, washed and crushed and put into the drum driers which remove all the excess moisture. The sodium is then screened and cooled and ready for shipping.

Even in times of peace cameras were not allowed except around the yards as the process of refining is carefully guarded.

And so the little town stands white and clean beside the glistening shore of old Stink Lake. Behind it the lonely hills lie golden in the warm sunshine. The short grass, like tow waving in the wind. A few cattle rustle their living in the lawplaces that stay green until the snow flies. Dust rises from the highway, box cars white with alkali stand waiting to be loaded; a little boy—not old enough for school—pushes his tiny wagon along the sloping street, chugging to himself like an engine, while clothes flap in the hot sunlight, women call to each other from door to door.

The old man who homesteaded here is gone and forgotten. He never got very far anyway. The land was too sandy and lightran out of his high fields into the little hollows. Only the cows lived and gave bountifully but he hated cattle and so he got out, broke and left the shining lake that they didn't think enough of to warm decently. He left it for someone who saw its wealth, who knew that God in His wisdom never made anything useless.

Now the clouds of war have given it a new importance. We need nickel for armaments and nickel is refined and made durable with sodium sulphate. The plant runs day and night. If you wake in the chill darkness you can hear the engines, like a pulse beating across the lonely miles, vibrating against you like something alive and breathing; something you feel rather then hear, like the sea beating in a seashell against your ear. The acid fumes that savors your breath stings your throat into a tingling dryness and your eyes smart like coals of fire.

And the old Stink Lake we knew with its smell of rotting seaweed and kelp drying has gone high hat on us. Now we treat it respectfully, like a poor relation who won a sweepstake and came home to lord it over the people who once snubbed him. From the hills you can see the lake as of old, white as alabaster turning to palest rose as the sun goes down behind the low hills to the west, leaving the purple twilight to give it an ethereal beauty that makes it not of earth.



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WHEN TELEVISION COMES

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MORE Radio FOR YOUR MONEY

Continued from page 34

using a magnet and sucking out the fillings and he thought he'd got 'em all out—and it we tried our keys we'd probably be able to get in. He was right, too. The specie-room door unlocked quite easily, and when we opened it we found the bullion was there all right. It was all there, just as I expected. But when the purser unlocked the safe we found something I hadn't expected. We found the diamonds!"

YOU found the *diamonds*, Jim," I cried for the captain had succeeded in surprising me. And I added, like an ass, "Then they hadn't been stolen? Clutterbuck hadn't taken them?"

That's it," said Jim, grinning at me. "You've got a great brain. The diamonds being safe in the safe, Clutterbuck obviously hadn't clinched 'em overboard. I wish to heavens he had. He made me think he had, but he hadn't. He'd faked up a duplicate package. He made me think he'd double-crossed me, but what he had done was to triple-cross me! He'd tricked me into putting him into irons and handing him over to the police for a burglary he hadn't done. Talk about super psychological thimble-rigging. The beggar had done me brown. He'd made me look about the biggest ass on record. I should think I know. I felt like it anyhow as I stood there knowing I'd made all that fuss about nothing, and the general manager and all the rest of them looking at me as if they suspected I'd got loftening of the brain.

We had to let Clutterbuck go, of course. When the police examined me I couldn't even prove it was Clutterbuck who'd monkeyed with the specie-room lock. When it came down to brass tacks I found I couldn't prove *anything* against him—not one single thing. He went to a lawyer, of course, and threatened an action for damages against me and the company. We paid him £500 to keep the case out of court and out of the papers. We got off so cheap, thanks entirely to his previous record.

"Plus one more expensive, though. His sacked proceedings against me took me out £2,000. Which was cheap, I think, because the odds are a judge and jury would have awarded him a lot more. In the things I'd done to him. I wondered why he didn't press his case, until next sailing day I got this."

The captain handed me a telegram. It was dated from Leningrad and it read: "Thousand thanks for rendering our voyage with you as amusing and profitable. Philps Clutterbuck."

Gosh," I exclaimed. "Then Philps was in the swindle too?"

He was," answered the captain. "It wasn't a triple-cross after all. Nothing so simple. It was a quadruple-cross. At least, I think it was. I'm not sure. When I try to think the thing out my reason begins to totter. I'm not sure of anything any more—except one thing. Which is that you were wrong when you said I ought to be able to run this ship without getting out of my bunk."

"I take that back, Jim," I said. "All of it. The drinks are on me."

"They are," said the captain. "There's an 1812 Napoleon brandy on ours. Wee bit. It costs 5s. fid. a peg. And I'll have a double one. You deserve it."

Outlaws of the Range

Continued from page 25

Horses are generally caught in spring. Harry Wright, one of the most successful horse hazers in Lac La Hache Valley, finds February and March the best months. The horses, then somewhat weakened from having had to forage all winter through the snow, their speed lessened by drifted trails are more easily captured than later when the grass is green.

Horse Hazing on Skis

A FEW hazers prefer to run horses down on skis. Perhaps the leading ski hazers are Stan Eden and Axel Anderson, who catch horses in the North Bonaparte country. Taking turns behind the band they find that about three days and three nights continual tracking is necessary before the horses are weary that they can be driven into the corrals.

People could not have lived in the interior of British Columbia without horses. On the Cariboo Road, the stage coach and freight teams survived till comparatively recently. And in the regions beyond the reach of highways the airplane has not yet entirely supplanted the pack horse.

Williams Lake in the heart of the Cariboo country is one of the few remaining places where one may see a real stampede with real bunch-busters riding real range horses.

When the prairies were being settled twenty-five or thirty years ago a demand arose for cheap horses. British Columbia cayuses while somewhat on the small side were comparatively cheap. Buyers toured the country, paying from $5 to $10 a head.

Lac La Hache Valley was one of the chief cayuse sources. For two or three seasons the corrals at the 115 Mile House were rarely empty. We young chaps used to spend the summer evenings riding these broncbusters for the fun of it.

Most of the horses would weigh from 800 to 900 pounds, some a bit heavier. Their manes were matted and then tangled tails often trailed the ground. But their coats were always sleek and glossy. Their eyes bright and clear, and their spirits undaunted. Till captured, none had ever felt a rope about its neck.

A saddle tightly cinched on their backs, surmounted by a man, was an outrage that most all them deeply resented. Their resentment was registered by actions peculiar to the bronche and which, to be fully appreciated, must be experienced. Agile as antelopes, they could always be counted on to give any rider an interesting time.

Since much of the range upon which these horses run is suited for little else, British Columbia's horse problem is one which no reasonable price upon their heads can entirely solve, for the cayuse has come to stay.

Not every pair of ears upon which a bounty is claimed has actually been cut from a cayuse's head. Harry Wright himself lost a 1,600 pound plow horse to the zest of a scalp hunter. My brother Louis, who represents Cariboo in the Legislature—and who, incidentally, was once one of the best bronchebusters on the Cariboo Road—tells of the experience of a Chilcotin Indian. The Indian, overtaken by night, made camp and hobbled his team of six. He turned them out to graze. In the morning he found the horses dead, scalped—and still hobbled!

* * *

Watch-Spring Protector

DOES the main spring of your watch sometimes break for no apparent reason? Perhaps the trouble is caused by removing the instrument from your pocket when it is at body temperature and laying it on the coal surface of a dresser or table. According to a Swiss watch repairman the sudden contraction of the spring due to change in temperature is likely to break it. To avoid this trouble insulate the watch from the surface with a tobacco pouch, thick cloth pad, piece of blotting paper or corrugated cardboard.—*Popular Science*

Carson Breaks His Word

Continued from page 17 Starts on page 16

talk about what the next six days would bring or think about it. He wanted to sit in silence and have Hilda near him. The girl moved closer, as if she had understood the unspoken wish. Her hand felt cool on his.

She said: "Do you think it's only those laborers?" I can't help feeling that I'm partly to blame. I shouldn't have let you fall in love with me, that time you came back from Batavia with us. I knew you were rich, and we were poor. I knew what that would mean."

"It doesn't mean anything," he told her. "How could it? And it wasn't you doing that. I fell in love with you."

Her fingers tightened, and relaxed again. "To me, it doesn't mean anything. I know. But to your father it must."

Mindert had to bring his words up from a depth of bitterness. "I can't speak for him. He's spent his life getting property together. He's no more the slave of his holdings now as he is that master. That's something I never wanted for myself."

He had forgotten the rest of what he intended to say, but he relied upon Hilda to understand. Something about property and human happiness—he didn't mean those Alfur laborers.

How long they sat like that, with their hands touching, neither of them knew. A Malay seaman passed behind them, on bare feet, and rang six strokes on the ship's bell—eleven o'clock. Mindert came to himself with a start. When he stood up he staggered and had to catch at Hilda's deck chair for support.

The girl jumped up and took his arm. "Mindert, what is it? Are you sick?"

"It's nothing," he told her. "My head must have gone to sleep the way I was sitting. Until tomorrow, Hilda." He kissed her.

Afterward she remembered how hot his face had been, between her hands.

IT WAS possible for Pieter Vroot to resent his son's absence that evening, and yet be glad that he didn't have to talk to Mindert. Too much depended on the boy in Vroot's scheme of things. He was making his own preparations to deal with Thomas Carson.

But there was more to his dispute with Carson than the question of the thirty Alfur laborers. There was Hilda. Lumi and Mindert's interest in her. Pieter had never seen her, but he considered her an adventuress, the kind of girl you could expect Carson to have no less than. He wasn't sure, and the children's age might bear that Pieter Vroot had built up his holdings. Commonly a forthright, outspoken man, he never mentioned the girl's name to his son. That, in itself, was ominous.

That evening, when he had seen Mindert take a canoe and paddle out to the schooner, Pieter Vroot set for his overseers. Waiting for them on the wide porch, he filled and lighted a pipe that held a full ounce of tobacco. The overseers came, a half-dozen hard-bitten men. He kept them standing while he gave his orders.

Keep a close watch on that gang of Alfurs. Work them hard, and let them see your guns. The schooner out there means nothing to them. They will go back to Ceram when I am ready to send them, not before! Is that clear?"

The overseers nodded. One of them said: "We could send all thirty up to the timber cutting. Up there they would be out of sight of the schooner, out of Carson's reach."

Pieter Vroot growled at him. "They are out of Carson's reach where they are! He will find that out, if he comes ashore for them. I don't let a broken-down sailor dictate to me where I am to move my laborers! That's all. You can go."

Pieter Vroot had had too many hard fights in the course of his life to shun one now. If the Alfurs gave trouble, he would deal with them mercilessly. Carson would discover what the Celebes authorities had in store for those who incited outlaws to revolt. Carson was taking the sure way to lose his trader's license and the bare livelihood that still remained to him. Pieter Vroot could break him, ruin him, have him jailed! He blew out a great cloud of smoke, and his eyes narrowed against the last of the daylight. Only—would that serve his turn?

It might dispose of Carson, but it would leave the girl. And the girl was the crux of Pieter's problem.

He tried to reconsider the whole matter dispassionately. Carson had nothing but evanescence-value, and the girl augmented it. Vroot judged them both harshly as his own experience had taught him to judge. It was incredible to him that Thomas Carson meant to keep his word to a pack of native laborers, that he had nothing at stake but that. Pieter Vroot didn't associate poverty with high-mindedness. He looked for the profit Carson must anticipate out of all this, and saw it nowhere but in Mindert. His son Carson would play the girl for all she was worth. It might be cheaper to buy him off.

If it had been nothing but trouble with the native laborers, he would have relied upon himself and the overseers. At the worst, a passage to Menado would bring a gunboat to send Carson packing. But a gunboat was worse than useless against a scheming woman.

Pieter Vroot supposed she was young and tolerably pretty. But if Mindert was infatuated with her, Mindert's father wasn't. All his work and ambition had looked toward the fortune of his son. Without the boy to succeed him, his own achievement had no meaning. It was the one streak of generous feeling in a man otherwise a pitiless driver, with no time for affection or sentiment. In the last a white man had to be hard-driving, successful, sure. If he wasn't, the natives got a poor idea of all whites. The natives were there to be exploited, they expected it.

Pieter Vroot stirred in his chair. But not for the climatic benefit of Carson's sweet. Waiting for them on the wide porch, he filled and lighted a pipe that held a full ounce of tobacco. The overseers came, a half-dozen hard-bitten men. He kept them standing while he gave his orders.

Keep a close watch on that gang of Alfurs. Work them hard, and let them

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"You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"



1 BILL: You keep your doll, Peggy. I've got to make that boy Fabian's present.

PEGGY: You're certain going about it in a funny way.

2 BILL: Don't cry any more—he thinks that stuff if I like it. To hold his nose to do it.

PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know what long-range sissification shocks this early in a child's system?

3 BILL: W[illegible]

PEGGY: Th[illegible] Where [illegible] been all morn[illegible] sitting glove-[illegible] there. The [illegible] drive

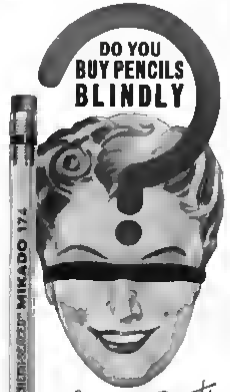
4 PEGGY: Then I [illegible] ing Jemorama of the last [illegible] Dugald. He said no. He said [illegible] can be [illegible] to get. So he re[illegible] and told me I don't [illegible] a main appeal. I'm glad I've

5 BILL: Is there such a thing?

PEGGY: Certainly! Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't harm a baby or cause any griping cramps. And it's *SAFE!*

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children



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Mindert hadn't yet awakened and Pieter told the servants not to call him. He would be tired after a week in the jungle. Besides, Pieter had an idea in his head the result of last night's conference. It would be easier for them both if Mindert knew nothing about it until it was over.

Not that he had any qualms about what he proposed to do. The way to deal with a schemer was to disconcert him with straight thinking and blunt language. Conon would expert him to stand on the defensive, and Pieter Vroet checkled when he thought of that. He had a canoe launched from the beach and told them he paddle him out to the schooner. It wasn't by standing in the defensive, that he had made himself the man he was.

Aboard the schooner he came to the point at once. "I know what your game is Carson and I'm a busy man. How much?"

Thomas Carson didn't understand.

"How much?" the planter repeated. "You don't seriously expect to take those Alfura back to Ceram? There's nothing in it for you. That isn't why you came. I'll try to spare your feelings if you'll spare my time. How much do you want to take your schooner away and not come back?"

Carson stared at him for a long time. "There's no use getting angry," he said at last.

"No use at all!" Pieter Vroot nodded. Carson was going to talk business like a reasonable man.

Carson laughed then. "It's apparent that we don't understand each other. I was going to say that there's no use getting angry at a person like you. Are you trying to buy me off?"

What else did you come for?"

"To get those laborers, when their time is up."

"You won't get them! Take my word for that and save yourself trouble. I can see in a manner to Menado and have a gunboat here in four days if my own men aren't enough. You can see for yourself that it's hopeless. Bet that isn't what you had in mind, anyway."

"You're very well informed! What did I have in mind?"

"The boy!" Pieter Vroet said curtly. "That's why I'm here. I haven't talked to him about it. I'd prefer to have you go away. It's worth money to me."

Carson said: "Listen to me! And try to believe what I tell you. For your own sake try! I gave my word to those Alfura that I'd come back for them, and I'm here to redeem my word. I'm not going to be put off it. What you say about your son—"

He stopped for Hilda had come out on deck.

She didn't come toward them but Pieter Vroet turned to stare at her. Yes, sweet and pretty. He couldn't blame Mindert. But he was impatient already and the sight of the girl stirred him to anger.

"That's what I meant," he told Carson. "And you knew it! Settle now for what you can get! It's my last offer."

Carson took a step toward him and stopped. His eyes were blazing but he had his voice under control.

"Get off my ship! I've told you I came for those laborers. Have them aboard here by the twenty-seventh, or I'll come ashore and get them! That's my only business with you. Keep the girl's name out of this, or I'll make you repent it. Now get out!"

PIETER VROOT didn't know what to make of it. He was angry, but, more than that, he was puzzled. He tried to put out of his mind the fantastic possibility that Carson had meant exactly what he said: that he was interested in nothing but keeping his word to those laborers. It was more likely that Carson wanted to make a still greater nuisance of himself in hopes of a still greater payment. Pieter had reached his house without coming to a decision. He asked a servant where Mindert was.

Mindert was still asleep the Maley said.

Wake him then. I want to see him in the office."

He sat down there grateful for the half light and the coolness. It had been hot on the *Alamna's* deck and in the canoe. The house, by contrast, was dark and Pieter Vroet glanced up, frowning. Well?

The young master will not awake. He's like the dead except that his heart is fast."

Exasperated Pieter supposed that now his son was down with fever. Picked it up in the jungle probably. He heaved himself out of the swivel chair and went into the boy's bedroom.

Yes, fever. But Pieter Vroet had seen enough of it in his time not to be greatly alarmed. He sent the Malay to examine Mindert, most stay in bed. It was all he could do. The nearest doctor was at Menado.

The rest of that morning he prowled aimlessly about the plantation. He was uneasy. He didn't know just what Carson had in mind and here was the boy sick. The Alfura had been shut in the compound where their hosts should be discovered with a guard posted. The overseer said they had been restless.

Pieter Vroet looked in on them. They stopped their chattering when they saw him. Did they make trouble? he asked.

Not exactly. But they were excited and not working well. We didn't want to take any chances.

From inside the compound they couldn't see even the masts of the schooner. A good place for them!

Pieter went back to his house and in to see Mindert. The boy tossed a good deal and the servant said he had talked but without opening his eyes. A native saying that there was no fever like jungle fever occurred to Pieter Vroet. He tried to forget it. Malaria probably; common malaria. Bad enough but no cause for panic. When the quinine had had time to work—He looked up startled. It was getting dark and a wind had come up. He hurried to see that the window was closed in his office.

The sudden storm distracted him for nearly an hour. It blotted out all other sights and sounds, and he stood watching the rain sluice from the roof. But when the storm passed Carson's schooner was still there, pitching a little now.

The wind seemed to be easing and often did after rain. Looking out of the *Alamna* Pieter Vroet reflected that Mindert wouldn't be going out there this evening anyway. Carson and the girl might make what they would of his absence.

Still restless, still uneasy, he went back to Mindert's room a third time and found no reassurance. The quinine hadn't helped, that Pieter could see. It looked like the beginning of delirium.

ALL THAT day except when the rain came at its hardest, Thomas Carson watched the plantation. He had a crew of twelve Malays, and he could rely upon them. There would be fighting—blood shed—but the responsibility for that was Pieter Vroet's. He didn't like thinking about the boy torn between two loyalties. But it couldn't be helped. Carson intended to keep his word.

The day passed slowly. He welcomed the flurry of activity when the sudden rain struck flat, once the storm was over time dragged again. Not a particularly impressionable man, Carson could feel suspense in the air. He wasn't greatly surprised when a canoe put out from shore in the late afternoon and brought Pieter Vroet aboard the schooner for a second time that day.

Bet what Vroet said did surprise him. "That boy's down with fever. I can't do anything for him. Quinine doesn't help. I want you to go for a doctor. Get to Menado as quickly as you can and tell them who sent you. I'll pay anything you ask for the trip. Only get one!"

Carson's eyes were hard and steady after their first flicker of astonishment.

And give you time to get a gunboat here! he said. "You'd make it impossible for me to keep my word to those natives and this is the scheme you've thought up! Or were you going to move them into the hills, to the timber cutting, while I was away?"

"The natives be hanged! I tell you it's Mindert, my son! He's down with raging fever. He must have caught it in the jungle."

Carson thought quickly. "If you're telling the truth you won't object to sending those Alfura aboard. Let me be sure of them, and I'll go to Menado for you. It won't cost you anything."

Pieter Vroet raged at him. "Will you bargain with me, when my son is burning up with fever?"

"If it isn't a trick, you have nothing to lose."

They stood glaring at each other. For all the disparity in their birthrights, they were well matched—each with the habit of command, each convinced that his cause was right, determined not to yield.

Vroet was the first to break the tense angry silence. "Well then no! You don't meddle in my affairs Carson! You don't make capital out of the boy's sickness! I'll see you in hell before you get those natives!"

"I'll stay here till I do get them." Carson watched him go over the side clumsily, and into the waiting canoe. When he turned Hilda was at his elbow.

Her face was pale. She said: "But, dad, it might be true!"

"That Mindert's down with fever? Don't you believe it! A clumsy trick! After what I've seen of Vroet today—"

Hilda stepped him. "When Mindert was here last night I thought something was wrong with him. His head fell back, I remember. I'm going ashore to see."

"They won't let you near the house."

"If Mindert's sick perhaps they will. I have to try!"

Thomas Carson made no move to stop her. She could paddle almost as well as a Malay, he noticed proudly.

No one was on the porch, and the door of the house stood open. Hilda went in quickly. The only sound was a voice high-pitched and babbling, and the girl's breath caught in her throat. It was Mindert's voice! She found the room, and Pieter Vroet stared up at her from his son's bedside. His face looked haggard. He said: "What do you want?"

"I had to be sure! Dad thought it was a trick, but I remembered that last night—" Without knowing it she twisted her strong fingers together. "And it is true!"

Pieter went on staring at her dull-eyed. "You came on your own account? Nobody sent you?"

"I had to come. But what does that matter? We've got to do something for Mindert, right away!"

With a return of anger Pieter said: "Speak to Carson!" I begged him to go to Menado but he wouldn't listen."

There's no time for that. Two days there and two days back—the only thing is to pull Mindert aboard the *Alamna* and take him to—"

"You're still forgetting Carson, Pieter Vroet told her. The muscles of his heavy face twitched queerly as if in pain. He didn't like recalling that he had had to ask Carson for help.

"I'm not forgetting anything! When I tell him—" She flared up suddenly. "Don't you care for anything in the world but a stupid quarrel over thirty laborers? Well I do! I'll even promise never to see Mindert again after we get him to hospital in Menado! Is that what you want? Only we've got to get him there first. You'd better come, too. I'll go and tell them to be ready to sail. He can have my cabin. But hurry!"

Pieter Vroet gasped. But the girl was gone, running down to the beach and her canoe. He took the gaping house boy by the shoulder and shook him.

"You heard her? Get ready to move him! Tell them to bring the whaleboat around to the jetty. And be quick!"

THE WIND held and freshened but Thomas Carson kept all sail set. He had the wheel himself and the vision of the girl's white face swam before his mind. He drove his old ship fiercely, as he would not have driven her for the richest cargo in the East. Not only for Hilda's sake. Thomas Carson had to atone for suspecting a trick where none had been intended. When the serang came aft, Carson asked only, "How is he?"

"Tuan, I heard that he lies quiet, scarcely breathing."

Hilda?

Is with him. And his father as well."

Carson glanced aloft. If the wind held they could do it in less than two days. But it wasn't only the wind. He knew those sudden, acute fevers, far worse than low country malaria.

"Go forward," he told the serang. "I'll stand another watch. Come and tell me if—"

"On my head," said the old Malay. "But these things are with God, *Tuan*."

Forty-two hours from Vroet's plantation they passed the mountains behind Menado. A hospital launch took Mindert ashore, and Thomas Carson saw that the sheeted figure on the stretcher lay straight and motionless.

The young doctor looked very grave. Carson, for his own part was near the end of his strength. His hands still ached from the wheel and the rush and bubbling of the wake was still in his ears. He went heavily to his cabin, and dropped on the bunk. He would sleep for an hour before going ashore. Half-asleep already, he supposed they would send word home the hospital if—But these things, as the serang said, were with God.

He slept for nearly twelve hours. When he awoke it was bright daylight and Vroet had come in.

Vroet, to look at him, hadn't been asleep but his eyes were shining. He said hoarsely: "The fever broke an hour ago! They say he'll get well now but we were none too soon. An hour's delay might have made all the difference." He looked at Carson and his face worked. "That girl of yours! And you yourself!"

Carson said awkwardly, "It was nothing. If I had known in the first time—"

The planter cut him short. "If either of us had known! But we know now. When we get back to the plantation—"

Carson sat up suddenly. "When will that be?"

"The boy won't be out of hospital for three weeks possibly four." Pieter Vroet watched him in curiosity. "If you stay—"

"Where is Hilda?"

At the hospital. They put another cot in Mindert's room. She was worn out but nothing else satisfied her."

Carson lay back. "I'll stay. I'll take you all home when you're ready to go."

"You know what it means? The two years will be up and more. You'll be breaking your word to those natives."

When I tell them how it was—"

"Besides," said Pieter Vroet, "we can pay them for the extra time. We can give them presents when they go; make it up to them somehow."

There were other amends he was thinking of making too. But they wouldn't be as easy to make. He must talk with Hilda and Mindert about them first. Between the three of them they would make Thomas Carson see reason.

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The Major Has Seven Guests

Continued from page 24—Starts on page 22

hands. I am not prepared to makin'

Holdgate walked tha length of the room an if he were too restless to remain in one spot. "Nonsense" he said loudly. "Sheer nonsense, Moss. Any rational person learns to accept compromise when it a necessary."

Moss lifted his head in the gesture I already knew so well. "In that case I am not a rational person Holdgate. I don't say that I haven't made compromises in my life. Naturally. Life is nothing but compromises a series of second-bests—aims not wholly accomplished, dreams not quite fulfilled—substitutes and make-shifts. In sixty-odd years one learns the art of compromise. But in this instance I repeat I cannot conceiv an inch."

Holdgate broke in again hotly. It was surprising that he should have taken up thn opposition so outspokenly but I suppose it was inevitable. Jin had a peculiarly delicate position to defend in his own mind.

"Let n get down to cases," he exclaimed. "This kind of abstract language is all very well but exactly what does it mean? Compromise with what in tha namn of heaven? Aren't you tilting at windmills?"

MOSS was silent for some time. He stood gazing down at his hands, considering deeply as if he wished to be scrupulously honest in his reply. At last he said slowly. "Compromise with tyr-onny my friend. With injustice, and the abrogation of human rights and liberty. Compromise with wholesale murder—the slaughter of little children, tha destruction of youth and hope and all else that makes life beautiful or even tolerable. There can be no compromise with such enemies as those."

Holdgate had retreated into the tha dows, over by the windows. His voice issued forth a little strained a little uncertain. "What sort of proposition is it they've offered you?"

Moss's chin went up in that characteristic gesture, and his eyes looked off somewhere beyond thn room outside. "Only" he said deliberately, "the opportunity to reject every principle that I have lived by. Only the simple expedient of setting my name to a few pages of typescript which they have kindly outlined in advance. I havn them here" he tapped his breast pocknt. "They make most amazing reading. I have written a brief paragraph which I intend to return with them in lieu of signing the prepared manuscript."

Polly Targ reached across the card table and grasped my hand fervently. She knew what it meant, if the rest of them didn't. I saw Julia's face there in the gloom with eyes wide and wondering, and her knitting lying forgotten in her lap. And beyond her the pale cold faces of Mrs. Holdgate and ol Mungo were turned blankly and casually toward the towering figure of Isaac Moss.

Moss smiled—almost shyly. "I think I have never known anyone with less personal vanity."

"The only reason" he said "that I intrudn this problem of mine upon you is because I believe the rest of you will get back to America eventually while it's altogether possible that I shall not. And if I don't will come of you—one of you at least—will carry back a knowledge of thn truth. It is not unlikely that misleading statements may be released in my name. Should that occur all of you born in this room will be able to refute there and expose them for the outright lies that they are. I hope—I believe that you will do so, if I am not there to take my own part."

A stifled sob camn from the corner where Julie Rember was huddled in her chair. Moss, usually thn kindest of men took no notice of her. He went on speaking very distinctly, as if he desired every one of his words to make an indelible impression on our minds.

"I will never make a pact with tyranny under any guise whatever. I have an abiding faith in the essential dignity of my fellow man and that faith I will never abandon in thn interests of personal safety. The human rights gained through toil and blood in centuries past are too precious to be relinquished now at thn behest of a few noisy fanatics elevated into high places for thn moment. Humanity—not brute force—will go on. This is my belief. This is my conviction. And I will not alter one word of it so long as I livn to speak for myself."

Hn stopped abruptly and turned away looking down into thn fire. His great, hunched shoulders loomed gigantic against thn light. Hn looked strong impregnable yet strangely humble with his head bowed in thought and the thin hair making a nimbus against the radiance of the fire.

No one made a sound.

After a moment I looked across the table at Polly Targ. She was sitting there with both hands outstretched among the tumbled forgotten cards, and her chin was sunk on her breast.

There was an expression on her face that I had never seen there before—a puzzlement and a wonder as if she found herself confronted unexpectedly by something which she had never even imagined heretofore. She seemed so deep in her contemplation that I didn't care to intrude. After a time, however, she roused suddenly, pulled herself erect, and looked around the room like a person emerging from sleep. Holdgate was leaving the room unobtrusively—I didn't blame him—and his wife and Mungo were gulping down fresh whisky-and-sodas in what appeared desperate haste to obliterate the memory of what they had heard. But Polly's glance passed lightly over all of them, and even over Moss himself, standing before the fire. It was Julia Rember she was seeking.

Julia still sat in her corner, half hidden, her small face looking out wan and sorrowful. She kept dabbing with a handkerchief as I supposed she was crying quietly to herself there in the shadows. Polly pushed back her chair and walked over to her determinedly.

"Come upstairs a minute will you, kid? I want to talk to you."

Julie looked up and didn't stir for a moment or two. I imagine that her conversations with her roommate had been confined to monosyllables, since Polly's midnight meeting with the Major. Julie's puritan soul couldn't quite forget that. It was clear that she and Polly Targ inhabited opposite sides of an impassable gulf, so far as Julie was concerned. She hesitated.

"Come on," Polly was peremptory now. "Good lord, I won't bite you."

Julie got up then and followed her out of the room. I happened to look at Mungo as they were going out, and I saw that he, too, was watching there with a speculative concentration. His eyes narrowed to grey slits. I wondered what was on his mind. There were still several private conspiracies going on apparently of which I knew nothing. I wasn't particularly curious though.

It seemed to me that if Polly got across the border the next night (she had whispered that she had the passport. That afternoon) and managed things with Milton Glore in Geneva, the rest of them could go to thn devil in their own ways, and welcome. Mrs. Holdgate and Mungo and Holdgate with his personal "way out"—they seemed entirely negligible to me at that moment. It wasn't until two days later that I discovered they were factors to be reckoned with, and then it was too late for wisdom.

THE MAJOR had been making himself pretty scarce about thn Silver Goose for the last few days. I suppose he didn't want to draw undue suspicion upon his own head in the forthcoming escape of one of the prisoners. He turned up bright and early thn next morning though, with his boots mirror and his hair slicking up like a toothbrush above his perpetually astonished forehead. It seemed he was delegated to escort Jared Holdgate formally to the city along with his wife and his personal effects.

The Major was warming his hands briskly in front of the fire, while the rest of us sat at breakfast. The Holdgates hadn't appeared yet.

"A fine invigorating day," the Major announced heartily. "Splendid. The blood courses through the veins. One is eager to accomplish things — to make things happen."

After a little, he said expansively: "I shall not be with you much longer, my friends. I have been entrusted with a military mission. Very shortly I shall be going to Paris—Brussels Vienna—who knows? Before I leave, I receive my colonel's commission. But I shall regret leaving you. The association—he bowed in thn general direction of thn breakfast table, "has been most delightful."

"Orchids to you," Mungo remarked with light sarcasm. "First thing we know, you'll be a Fuehrer or Duce or something, eh Major?"

A look of positive alarm came over the Major's pink face. "Oh no. Oh no." Hn was violent in disclaiming any such ambition. "Don't be ridiculous, my dear sir. I beg you! I have no such idea. None whatever. I am a follower not a leader."

"Well no offense intended." Mungo seemed more jittery than ever this morning. The news of the Holdgates' imminent departure had come as a shock to him all right. Hn saw Mrs. Holdgate irrepressible small smile of triumph. He was unaware of thn burning gaze of Polly Targ fixed on him from thn other side of the table. She looked dangerous. I wondered if Mr. Mungo would have felt quite so jubilant if he had happened to look up and notice her.

"Little by little," said Isaac Moss abstractedly, "our numbers are decreasing. I've a curious fancy about that. It seems to me that there are various keys to unlock these doors. One for each of us. Mr. Holdgate has discovered his way out. Perhaps I've discovered mine—a quite different way—"

Mrs. Holdgate came in at that moment looking completely self-possessed as she always did.

"Good morning," she said impersonally. "The bird I see has flown."

It seemed a casual manner of disposing of her husband but she had never pretended to any particular concern about Jared Holdgate that I could see.

Mungo greeted her with his unfailing solicitude. "Hn had just sat down again when Polly pushed her chair back noisily from the table and jumped to her feet. She was as white as the tablecloth and trembling violently. She crumpled her napkin in one hand and her eyes hurly blazed as she faced Mrs. Holdgate across thn littered table. We all stared at her in consternation as her pointed words fell across thn heavy silence like flung knives.

"You don't mean anything to me Mrs. Holdgate. Get that straight. I never thought I'd lift a finger for you or anybody like you. But I can't see a woman—not even you—make a fool of herself over such trash as that"—pointing her hand scornfully toward Mungo—"without saying a word. Hn's a crook and I'm not afraid." Hn's here because hn's running away from a jail sentence in the States. Hn's never been mixed up in anything that didn't stink to heaven. His name is Jarchow, not Mungo and if you want to find out all about him there's plenty of dope in the police records

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Mudge had scrambled to his feet purple with rage. Mrs. Holdgate however calmly clicked open her case and selected a cigarette with some care. She lit it up hurriedly and only then did she look at Polly Targ with a thin sardonic smile. It was the first time they had ever spoken to each other.

"Thanks no end for your good wishes, Miss Targ." Her voice was as flat and cold as a drink of water. "They are quite unnecessary as it happens. Your report on Mr. —ah Mudge's morals doesn't alarm me in the least. I had anticipated something of the sort. In fact, that is the very thing that makes Mr. Mudge interesting. He is the only completely unscrupulous person I have ever met and I find it decidedly piquant."

Polly sat something under her breath and sat down suddenly as if she had been literally knocked off her feet. I looked at Mudge with interest. He looked silly and indignant and completely nonplussed at one and the same time. I felt a little thrill of self-congratulation. Here was an place at least where I'd guessed right. He hadn't fooled Mrs. Holdgate for an instant.

He had imagined all along that he was dealing with the same kind of victim that he'd been successful with in the past. And all the time she had known him for just what he was. His spurious charm hadn't dazzled her in the least. It was his depravity—the dark sinuous windings of character and experience that he'd tried undoubtedly to conceal from her—that had drawn her to him. It was the same kind of fascination with which she might have regarded a monstrously ill or safe show. She had made that clear in a few words.

Her dismay was laughable. He saw so plainly all in one instant, that it was he who had been taken in. The victory was all to Mrs. Holdgate.

The others at the table looked embarrassed. Moss was gazing down at his plate. Hall apologetically it seemed as if it were in some obscure way responsible for the growth of such fungi as Mudge and Mrs. Holdgate upon the human tree. Julie stared at Mrs. Holdgate in an instant of quiet horror and then excused herself unostentatiously and left the table. Polly, with all the wind taken out of her sails, sat looking from one to the other stunned and incredulous.

THE MAJOR made only a brief stop that afternoon. He seemed excited but more as if he were trying to repress a sense of exultation than as if he had any misgivings. He kept bursting out with all sorts of jovial irrelevancies—teasing Moss and Julie with heavy handed humor and disowning gallantry upon Polly Targ. He was alone with her for only a moment in the hall just before he left. Afterward he popped his head in at the door of the dining room and shouted: "So-long! Good luck and farewell my friends! Good luck—until we meet again."

He looked so childishly happy that I felt almost sorry for him. It isn't too often that one is privileged to look at a man who sees everything desirable within reach of his hand. The Major at that moment considered himself one of life's favored few. He had received recognition and advancement at the hands of his country. He was bound for glamorous cities, and the woman who had been pitched him would be at his side—or at any rate conveniently close. What more indeed, could any man's heart desire?

All that day Mudge and Mrs. Holdgate were left pretty strictly to themselves. Moss, of course, never condemned anyone preferring to look upon them as victims of a fatally social order—but Polly and Julie and I gave them a wide berth as if by mutual agreement. As Julie said, shuddering, "I feel as if they were people with some horrible disease. I don't want to get near them."

From what I could see of Mudge's distance Mudge seemed to be sulking most of the day. He sat moodily in corners, drinking whisky but Mrs. Holdgate always sought him out. I remember noting her thin neck as she threw back her head laughing saying things to him in her wooing voice. She must have succeeded in pulling him out of his funk or the end because he was behaving more normally by the time dinner was over—though I still caught him looking at her covertly now and then with a curious expression of disbelief. He would never be quite so sure of himself again, I suspected.

I manoeuvred Polly into a corner beyond earshot of the others, after dinner and asked her if the arrangements for her departure were all in order.

She eyed me strangely for an instant as if she was wondering just how to answer. Then she said quietly, "All set. I've got the passport here." She touched the bosom of her dress. "I'm to leave the place at a quarter to one. They're going to get the sentry out of the way if possible. If they don't I've got the password to give him. Somebody's going to pick me up in a car at the end of this street and take me to the train. I'll be over the border by four thirty. And will I get up and shout hallelujah!"

I pressed her hand. "Happy landings, Polly." And I meant it. "We're depending on you."

She looked at me dubiously. "Mr. Dellue," she said slowly, "maybe I'm not a very good person to send on a errand like this. This Mr. Glinz—I suppose he's a real big shot isn't he?"

"Well I admitted, "it's important in some circles all right. Why?"

"Oh I don't know. I was just thinking— She seemed agitated. "After all, I don't look like anything but what I am—a night club entertainer. It suits me all right as a way to make a living, but what's he going to think when I come into his office and ask him to get all steamed up over something? He's going to look sort of phony if you ask me. People in show business are always figuring out ways to get in the papers. Maybe he'll think it's just a publicity gag and won't pay any attention. Maybe he'll stall me off. And then Doc—"

I tried to reassure her. Something of the sort had occurred to me, I confess, but I hadn't let myself dwell on it. So far as I could see Polly was the one ray of hope in an otherwise desperate situation. I wasn't going to lose faith in her if I could help it.

"Just get the stuff over to him as well as you can. I advised her. "Let him see how serious it is. And be sure to give him that card of mine with the line I've written on the back. That ought to mean something to him."

She pulled out a small vanity case and began inspecting her complexion powder pad in hand. I took seventy she observed parenthetically. "I'll do the best I can Mr. Dellue. Whatever happens, I wish you'd remember that I did things the best way I knew how. Will you?"

Why of course I will. I told her a little surprised. Surely Polly wasn't losing her nerve at the last minute. "You don't have to tell me that Polly. No—nor Moss either."

"Thanks," she said standing up. She seemed unable to remain quiet that evening. No wonder either. It was risky thing she'd undertaken. Our ship and the whole plan would be down about our ears.

To be Continued

Streamlined Freight

Continued from page 18

a car with shipments for points between Oshawa and Belleville. Dropping this one, picking up three for Smiths Falls and Montreal and changing the caboose takes about eighteen minutes. A new crew is aboard for the run to Smiths Falls.

At Tichborne the locomotive has a five-ton snack of coal while a yard engine takes two cars off, puts one on—merchandise for the Kingston area. Eight minutes after arrival the train is under way for Smiths Falls. During the three-hour run the men in the caboose do some bookkeeping with their waybills, and sniff out the window for hotboxes.

Crews and engine are again changed at Smiths Falls, another divisional point. Yard engines uncouple ten cars for the Ottawa and Brockville districts, but add thirty four bound for Montreal. A stop for water takes a few minutes, about halfway to Montreal and then on to Outremont. Most of the cars are dropped there, the remainder for East Montreal go on to Place Viger. Every day a similar train is unloaded and shipments delivered to consignees from trucks before ordinary business opens at nine a.m.

The variety of goods on this trip was typical. The freight included automobiles and condensed milk, a ton of garden seeds and ten barrels of ammonia (industrial) and a few hundred pounds of fresh meat. There was a special model party dress in an ordinary cardboard box, also half a can of coal and seven rolls of newsprint.

Although freight cars can carry fifty to sixty tons, on these modern trains they sometimes carry only ten or twelve when the goods are bulky. The loading gangs pack away explosives carefully by nailing the packages into place in the cars and put goods like fresh meat and fruit into refrigerated space. They unload anything offered and get it under way with the enthusiasm of a newspaper staff getting an edition onto the press.

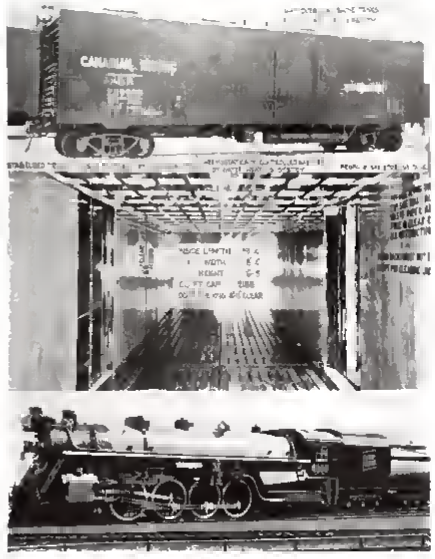
It's this enthusiasm for anything and everything offered that marks the change in attitude of the Canadian railways. If there ever was a feeling that "people have to ship their stuff by rail and we'll do it at our leisure" it doesn't exist any more. Lessons learned in depression have helped the railways lay plans to handle van mail-rails long before the shipments are to be made.

Ready for the Wheat

IT'S A BIG problem because shipments of all these materials will be coming from about six different regions at demanding a particular kind of haulage. Wheat will be one big item. The very first convoy of fifteen trucks took about 500 000 bushels of wheat less than 1/1000 of what we had on hand until it available for Britain.

From the head of the Great Lakes to the Maritimes is quite a haul and all fall several thousand cars were at Fort William waiting for the word to move. Then local elevators scattered all over the prairies are jammed with grain that will have to be trundled East after the grain at the lakehead has moved. Nobody knows just when nor how fast it will have to be hauled, but the railways must be ready with cars spotted at strategic points.

From the Windsor and Oshawa areas will come trainloads of trucks for the Canadian and British armies. They will require roomier trains than the munitions



Upper: One of the big new refrigerator cars for handling perishable freight. Middle: Interior view of the same car. Lower: "The Northern Giant." C.N.R. locomotive No. 6100 can handle a train of twelve all steel cars at a speed of 80 miles an hour. Its tender can carry 20 tons of coal.



Help Wanted—Part Kay, catching cold this Christmas shoppers were be[illegible] ke every day's rush.



Quick Double Help—Right away Kay took quick acting Sal Hepatica because she knew it fights a cold two ways.



Bright and Bury was Kay through the Christmas rush. Her head cleared, her sneezes and sniffles came to a sudden stop when she let Sal Hepatica's double help fight the two conditions (accumulated wastes and excess acidity) which give colds a chance and cause them to linger!

Check Colds Quicker

with Sal Hepatica's Double Help

"DON'T let a cold get a hold," doctors advise, "fight it right from the start by relieving the two conditions—wastes in the system and excess acidity—that give colds a chance."

And that means—take Sal Hepatica—because Sal Hepatica works two ways to check a cold quicker

1. **Quickly, gently Sal Hepatica clears the system of wastes.**
2. **At the same time it starts right in to counteract the excess acidity which so often accompanies a cold.**

But don't be satisfied with just *reading* about Sal Hepatica's quick double help—discover for yourself that Sal Hepatica is *more* than an effective laxative—that it helps you to a faster comeback because it combats excess acidity, too.

Next time a cold threatens—or to shake a persistent cold—take two teaspoonfuls of sparkling Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Then the pleasant, quick way to rinse a cold—to feel better and look better, faster.

And if you wake up feeling dull and logy, if a stubborn headache or a draggy listless feeling robs you of your pep and rhythm, let Sal Hepatica's double help quickly give you back your old energy, your own attractive self again. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist, today.

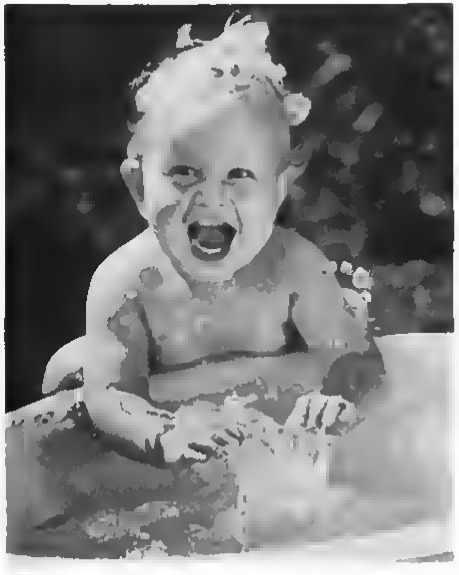


Recommended for the relief of headaches, colds, constipation, unnatural fatigue

SAL HEPATICA

MADE IN CANADA

The Mineral Salt Laxative That Helps Nature Combat Acidity



Help your child to build a strong body

Give him cod liver oil! For many doctors claim nothing takes its place in helping children build sturdy bodies and sound teeth. Also in aiding adults recuperate after illness. And now THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO TAKE COD LIVER OIL... SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has all the values of cod liver oil and it does it more easily digested.

2—Easily digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

CREATIVE HANDICRAFTS

We can't work for pleasure all the time but we can work "for the fun of it" In our leisure and there is no greater satisfaction than creating something with our hands "Creative Handicrafts," a book that gives you practical and detailed information fully illustrated on these hobbies

Pottery Weaving | Basketry Metalcraft | Leathercraft Block Printing | Book Binding Oyster | Price only 35¢ postpaid

TRANS-CANADA NEWS CO. 210 DUNDAS ST. W. TORONTO

from Hamilton and Toronto factories need Airplanes from Fort Erie Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal will take up still more space per ton Canadian factories producing all these goods plan to have supplies on hand to fill orders as they come and the railways must deliver them to shipside in the quantities and proportions the British Government requires.

This problem will be like lifting a jigsaw puzzle out of several hundred freight cars, since each convoyed shipment will probably contain everything from food to tanks And you can't try a freight car on a siding to see if it's the one wanted there That would gum up the yards in our two big ports so hopelessly Hitler could win the war before the puzzle was solved.

It's the practice the men have recently had in laying down shipments here there and all over town on schedules lightened to a minute that will save days that will in turn save lives overseas When they can spot a five-pound box of women's clothes and half carloads of coal with easy facility in scattered parts of a big city then it's safe to assume that delivery of war supplies will be smooth and fast. In their everyday stride Canadian railway men will spot every side of beef and each bag of flour in their proper positions Every truck can have a load of shells ready for unloading in France, should the army authorities ask it

More Cars, More Locomotives

IN RECENT months there has been a serious shortage of freight cars. More can be rented from U. S. railways for a dollar a day, but they might be called home any time Deliveries of new freight cars have begun, however and with new equipment on order the C. N. R. and C. P. R. will be ready for anything

On November 1 the War Supply Board took over administration of the contracts entered into by the peacetime Defense Purchasing Board, which had been authorized to negotiate for $25,000,000 worth of railway equipment of which $15,000,000 worth was earmarked for Canadian National and the rest for Canadian Pacific Railways. Orders had been allotted for forty new locomotives and 4,575 freight cars. To the Eastern Car Company went an order for 1,075 box cars for the Canadian National to the National Steel Car Corporation went orders for ten mail and express cars, 200 refrigerator cars and 500 box-cars for the Canadian Pacific and 500 box-cars for the Canadian National The Canadian Car and Foundry Company was allotted orders for 1,100 box-cars and 500 flat cars for the Canadian National and 500 box-cars and 100 auto cars for the Canadian Pacific. Orders for twenty five locomotives for the Canadian National and twenty four locomotives for the Canadian Pacific were given to the Montreal Locomotive Works and the Canadian Locomotive Company

They did what they could in 1914 and 1918 but modern warfare can shoot off shells and shoot down planes far faster than the last campaign. That necessitates quicker shipments from Canada. Convoys and British shipping can get the goods from our ports in almost any quantity so it will be up to the railways to get them to Saint John and Halifax as fast as the boats can carry them away

In 1914 a freight train took approximately 105 hours from Windsor to Saint John rarely five from Hamilton and ninety from Toronto That five-hour differential between Hamilton and Toronto demonstrates the slow almost meandering progress of 1914 shipments to Halifax even under wartime pressure Present schedules cut those times almost in half and they can be cut still more under real pressure The schedule for an ordinary carload of goods call for sixty-six hours from Windsor to Saint John, fifty nine hours from Hamilton, fifty-six from Toronto.

Those times take into consideration the shunting that is necessary when freights are "local" A car hilled from Windsor to Halifax will be first in a train to Toronto where it is made up into another bound for Montreal there to go through the same procedure before rolling off for the coast.

With the organization the railways have now and with new box-cars that will go several hundred miles without attention, at least twelve hours can be cut off the time of a solid train routed through from Central Ontario to the seaboard

That is why—when omnivorous Mars demands more and more food and supplies —Canada can deliver the goods!

Matter of Fact

By HENRY ASHBEY

The worst dust storm ever recorded happened over the Moroccan town of El Uarda The wind charged with Saharan dust, blew a hurricane for ten days. In that time it buried the whole settlement to a depth of seventy feet.

★

Farmers at Bonanza, Australia have erected a statue to an insect, the caterpillar *Cactoblastis cactorum* The prickly pear cactus weed covered 60,000,000 acres and was spreading at the rate of a million acres a year until the caterpillar was imported. This insect eats the juicy pulp of the weed and kills it Farmers in Queensland are cultivating their land once more

★

Charles II knighted a loin of beef which he relished so that today we eat Sir Loin steaks

★

In Luerre Belgium is the famous Zimmer clock which for elaborate detail surpasses all others When midday strikes, the clock shows, passing in parade the Coat of Arms of Belgium Belgium's four kings from Leopold I the burgomasters who have governed the city since 1830 There are in all twelve dials, which can be seen from the outside They give Greenwich time the days of the week, the dates, the tides, the change of the moon etc. A section of the clock is a pointed scene of the town with a runway for an imitation sun to pass across the tiny sky exactly as the real sun passes over Lierre The vast mechanism is so arranged that it costs only a few cents a week to run.

★

A century ago summer mail took seventeen days to reach Toronto from Halifax in winter two days were added Single letter rates from England to Montreal were ninety six cents to Toronto via Halifax $1.12, and via New York sixty six cents. In 1838 the British Admiralty advertised for steam vessels to convey mails between England and Halifax.

★

In the Bible (Ezk 24-18) baldness is regarded as due to excessive labor with exposure to the sun In *Papyrus Ebers* dated 1500 B.C there are eleven prescriptions to prevent baldness The count of the hair on our head is 80,000 for redheads, 102,000 for brunettes and 104,000 for blondes Each of these hairs has a life of from six months to four years after which it falls out to be replaced by a new one.

+ + + + +

Letters

A German Writer

Your splendid editorial in *Maclean's* of November 1 entitled "Tell It Unceasingly" prompts me to write to you

I'm not to make a great many mistakes in spelling but ten years ago, when arriving in this country from Germany I spoke no English

Let me assure you that I am neither Jew nor a refugee from justice as the Nazis in Germany I came to Canada to make a decent living and to live in peace. This country has given me all I have and I am well satisfied and very thankful indeed to be here

A few days before your editorial arrived here I saw a short newspaper notice about Senator Meighen's speech and efforts on behalf of the broadcasts in the German language over our C.B.C. system

It might interest you to hear what a former German thinks about these matters.

Ever since the war started I have listened to the German short wave stations with special interest to hear what they would have to say. Probably you may not do so and in any case even if you do I believe only a person who speaks fluently in this language can judge how very dangerous this propaganda really is. And also how very much we are in need of the suggested broadcast in German

The average German emigrant is a simple trusting person who in most instances left Germany before Hitler came into power and is therefore not so very certain at all about the fact that we are at the moment in the act of destroying Hitlerism and not engaged in a war to destroy the German peoples. Apart from hostile-country newspapers and the German radio broadcasts, his only information comes from the English printed papers which he either does not understand or can not read or in which he sees nothing but lies.

He will greedily listen to glowing descriptions of Hitler might and wonderful deeds to his old-country music runningly mingled with news broadcasts, and will take it all in as the real truth. The magic of his native language, does its work I confess that even in my case it often happens that way You will understand what I mean, surely To most of us, English our adopted language, is merely a means of conversing in a very shallow manner with our Canadian friends It can not be otherwise since most of us spent twenty to thirty years in another country and it would take another twenty years to acquire a proper working knowledge of our new language.

I believe Senator Meighen's idea is well worth trying out and will certainly have a wonderful effect and I'm glad you have taken the matter up before too much damage has been done One might warn however against the appointment of some aged professor for political reasons, to give these new broadcasts. A man who speaks the language from book knowledge would probably only be laughed at The idea would be to make former Germans look forward to these broadcasts make them feel at home and have confidence in the broadcaster — Werner G. Thies, Ewing's Landing, B.C.

"Zwigg it!"

I think you are right when you say the famous phrase of the last war "Carry on" is never likely to be replaced in significance

You have not asked for it but here is my suggestion as a slogan for this war "It is "Zwingg it." Not as dignified as "Carry on" I'll admit but it is high time we dropped our dignity while linking Fritz That is no attempt to burlesque the word "Swing" I'm just trying to put some English on the ball and throw the word into high gear In other words, I'm injecting some real zip and zing into swing, to make it "Zwingg" So that when the R.A.F. winger over Germany, it will really "Zwingg it" and when Tommy swings a hand grenade he'll really "Zwingg it." — John Farrell, Montreal.

Trans-Canada Highway

I would like to put you straight in so far as our province is concerned regarding your article on the Trans-Canada Highway From the Manitoba boundary to Regina the Trans-Canada is all either paved or gravelled From Regina to Moose Jaw it is all paved From Moose Jaw to Swift Current it is all paved or gravelled

From Swift Current to the Alberta boundary it is all paved or gravelled therefore the Trans-Canada from its eastern boundary to its western in Saskatchewan is all paved or gravelled.

And not as you state in your article "Mileage in Saskatchewan 466 106 paved and 360 unsurfaced" Apparently the writer has not been over the Trans-Canada Highway His figures on the paved portion of Saskatchewan may be correct, but he is absolutely all wrong on the unsurfaced portion

In addition to this, I have travelled over the Alberta portion from its Saskatchewan boundary to the British Columbia boundary and it is all either paved or gravelled As far as the Saskatchewan portion is concerned it was at least 90 per cent constructed, gravelled and paved with provincial funds.—F. Jarvis, Moose Jaw Sask.

Editor's Note: For purposes of simplification only paved portions of the Trans-Canada Highway were considered as surfaced in the text of the article and its accompanying map. There are several types of surfacing and to differentiate between concrete, macadam, bituminous etc. would have been confusing and was felt to be unnecessary. A simple distinction between gravel and paved Highways was therefore made. Mr. Jarvis is correct in his claim that the Trans-Canada Highway across Saskatchewan is surfaced throughout. It is gravel surfaced for a distance of 360 miles and bituminous surfaced for 106 miles, will eventually be bituminous surfaced over the entire distance. Mr. Jarvis appeals to have his letter on an objection to the terminology employed but there was no intention to infer that the unpaved sections of Saskatchewan's No. 1 Highway consisted of dirt road. As with matters of construction costs and their division your guide is the author.

World War Munitions

I take exception to the editorial in your issue of October 15 entitled "Another Lesson from 1914" in so far as it criticizes the British Government and War Office during the early months of the World War

You say that the British Army narrowly escaped disaster on the Western Front through lack of munitions and this was due to the incapacity of tired old men in the Government and War Office Now as it happens, Lord Kitchener was mainly responsible for the supply of munitions and no one would be foolish enough to suggest that he would spare any effort to see that the army was properly equipped

There is no doubt that there was a very serious shortage of munitions during the first six months of the war but the Government and War Office were facing enormous difficulties. They were suddenly thrown into a war of unprecedented magnitude in which the amount of ammunition used far exceeded the highest estimates of the best military authorities in all the belligerent countries. In the battle of Neuve Chapelle alone more shells were fired than the total amount of ammunition used in the whole of the Boer War—and



● It was Gordie Drillon's misfortune to be laid up for two days in bed with the flu just when he was leading the league in scoring. But he took Alka-Seltzer. Now he takes it with him wherever he goes, here, in part, are his own words —

"Hockey players are just as apt to suffer from ordinary ailments as anyone else. We get our share of colds, headaches and the work is so tense that upset stomach is not uncommon. I first tried Alka-Seltzer when I was coaching a cold. Relief was prompt and it worked equally well later for headaches and muscular pains after strenuous games. Now I carry it in my bag wherever I go. I wouldn't be without it."

Alka-Seltzer does two things. The analgesic it contains quickly relieves the discomfort of a cold, headache, morning after muscular aches and pains. The alkalizing agents combat the cause of stomach ailments associated with excess gastric acid as in distress after eating and morning after.

Nothing quite like it for upset stomach—Fully Tested

One or two Alka-Seltzer tablets in a glass of water makes a pleasant tasting sparkling refreshing drink you will like. It is not a laxative! All drug stores have it in 30c & 60c pkgs.

Alka-Seltzer

Every statement and claim made for Alka-Seltzer is backed by thorough clinical and laboratory research

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Give travel luxury
THE IDEAL GIFT

In McBrine Baggage are combined all the qualities of the ideal gift, the luxury of good baggage at its best. Baggage that wins admiration in its distinctively rod well groomed style. Baggage that is part of utility too in lightness, strength and roughness packing. See this baggage at your McBrine dealer's

McBRINE BAGGAGE

THE BAGGAGE WITH CHARACTER

this was a condition of things which it was impossible to foresee

Speaking in the House of Commons on April 21 1915 Mr Lloyd George recounted the achievements of the War Office up to that time in connection with the supply of munitions He pointed out that after eight months of war there were more than six times as many men in France and Flanders as there were at the beginning of the war and three men were fully equipped and supplied with adequate ammunition He pointed out that immense orders for rifles had been placed in the United States and Canada and other parts of the world and that taking twenty as an index figure for September 1914 this had risen to 388 by March 1915 so that at the end of six months the output of ammunition had increased more than nineteenfold

You may "Lo" by Northcliffe the press launched the violent attack which resulted in the taking over by the dynamic Lloyd George of the reins of government and the drive for munitions and men which saved Britain

That is a very curious statement and indicates complete ignorance on the part of the writer as to the actual facts Mr Lloyd George r accession to the Premiership had no more to do with the supply of munitions than with the next eclipse of the moon for the simple reason that he himself had been Minister of Munitions many months before he became Prime Minister and as such was solely responsible for the supply of munitions

As regards the supply of men the less said the better so far as your friend Lloyd George is concerned The numerical strength of the British Army in France was less at the end of 1917 than it was when he took over at the end of 1916 and it is clear from the biography of Earl Haig and Sir Sam Fay s book "The War Office at War" that Mr Lloyd George and his War cabinet disregarded the repeated warnings of Sir Douglas Haig the Commander in Chief and Sir William Robertson Chief of the Imperial General Staff as to the necessity of supplying reserves, and as a result of this the British Army very nearly suffered overwhelming defeat in the spring of 1918. As Sir Sam Fay remarks "If the British people had known the actual facts at that time they would have stormed Downing Street"—A R Creagh, Vancouver

Appreciates Silicosis Article

May I take this opportunity of thanking you for your recently published article by Thelma Craig entitled "Science Fights the Death Dust"

This article serves a dual purpose in publicly acclaiming the efforts of Canadians who are devoting their time and money to this effort to better conditions for the hardrock miners of Canada and in acquainting the Canadian public with the facts regarding the devastating toll taken by silicosis from the lives and pockets of the Canadian mining fraternity

As secretary of the Bralorne Silicosis Committee a subcommittee of the Bralorne Co-operative Committee, I will take pleasure in giving this article publicity in our local publications the *Communicator* and will place extra copies of *Maclean's* in our library as that residents of this district may avail themselves of the opportunity to read it

With best wishes for the continued success of your progressive publication—C H Mitchell secretary Bralorne Silicosis Committee Bralorne B.C.

Another Old Clock

I was most interested in your article entitled "Two Old Clocks" The one on the right of your picture is an exact replica of one which has come down to me through my father the late Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper born in Amherst N S. or from my mother who was daughter of the late chief justice of Nova Scotia James Mcdonald My mother was born in Pictou N.S. The inscription on my clock is Jeddhe Pictou It still keeps excellent time—Janet M G Holland Esquimalt, B.C.

PLAY GOLF CHRISTMAS

Plan a wonderful but inexpensive Christmas holiday at Pinehurst N C Richly carpeted fairways and velvety grass greens await you on 2 famous courses. Riding shooting and hunting packages Rates reasonable enough to take the whole family Thru Pullman via Seaboard R R leaves N Y 7 15 P.M. stopping at Washington Pre details write Pinehurst Inc 1718 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, N C.

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FOR CHAPPED SKIN

Hands roughened and reddened from cold weather will respond to the soothing, healing influence of Mentholatum. Its penetrating ingredients relieve the irritation, soften the skin and help to prevent infection. It's the ideal preparation for outdoor use.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

"Savoir-Faire"

Continued from page 9—Starts on page 7

"The problem" Lucy said "is to get down It's one thing to get up but going down I can't see where to put my feet. That's what I've been waiting for you to come and figure out. And I don't mind saying I'm a bit tired of waiting. It's cold up here"

"It's a lot colder down here," I said "My feet are cold right through." The only climbing I had ever done in my life had been up a ladder to a hayloft or onto a horse's back

Well what are you going to do, Herbert—make a fire to warm your feet, or get me down?'

I shook my head I didn't know That bare rock face had me stumped.

What are you carrying that rope for, if you're not going to use it?" Lucy asked

Look!' she went on, 'you dropit over this spruce tree below me. Then you climb up Take off that useless riding gaiter first and when you get up here you can pay the rope out and let me down Then when I'm down you'll still have the rope and you can come down yourself.'

My getting down again sounded a bit like one of those tricks of East Indian magic but I did as Lucy bade me I shed my riding gaiter I roped the spruce tree shaking the noose of my rope well down to its roots and went up there hand over hand walking with my bare feet against the rock face I didn't look down once After leaving the ground it no longer appeared so inviting on when I was standing on it As it was my back was that chilly that it had had to climb any farther I would have been taken with lumbago

WHEN I GOT up to the spruce tree, I loosened my rope from it and scrambled up to the ledge where Lucy was waiting She was sitting with her arms bent about her knees and her knees against her chin Her shoulders were shaking although she were sobbing with fright

Still she didn't seem at all frightened. She showed me how I could snub the rope around an outcrop of rock and let her down slowly to the ground. First of all I had to make a loop about her waist, tying it so it wouldn't cut into her too much

We had to stand up side by side on the narrow ledge to do that It was surprising how close we had to stand together and how Lucy—because I guess she was nervous—pressed against me, and how difficult it was for me to see what I was doing with her hair blowing in my face. My hands became a bit shaky and my legs a bit unsteady That was because of the drop below me I suppose

'Now you be careful" Lucy said when she was going over the side Lean your weight back against the rope and just let a little of it slip at a time

"You seem to know a lot about this sort of business," I said to her when she had her legs over the side her elbows still on the ledge

Yes, I know quite a lot about it. More than most people would guess" she said looking up at me.

She slipped from sight over the rim of rock

I let her down, as she told me to do slowly I couldn't see her having my weight braced against the rope and leaning back against the rock wall behind me When I felt the rope go slack I knew she had hit the ground I had about another two feet left to pay out.

"Herbert!" she called from below "Are you all right?"

I told her I was

Now let go the rope," she said

I loosened my grasp and the rope whistled through my fingers "Hell" I cushed over the side "How am I going to get down now?" You've taken the rope"

"That's just the point" she said "How are you going to get down?"

This was no position at all for a mountain gaudy to find himself in *Savoir-faire* was hardly the expression to describe it.

"You're going to be late for your dancing party with that ranch foreman of yours," I called down

"Am I really Herbert?" I was lying on my stomach looking over the ledge and I saw Lucy lay rope coiled about her hat, taking a vanity case from her pocket and primping her hair against the mirror She appeared very small away down there

"How long will it take us to ride back?" she asked.

"Maybe three hours." I said, "and I still have to find the horses."

"Did you have trouble with the horses, Herbert?"

"Oh, I can get them," I said. "I know where they are."

"Well, do you know what time it is now?"

I didn't know exactly, but I knew it was getting late.

"It's just going on for three o'clock" Lucy said "If we hurried we still could make it back there by five couldn't we?"

I reckoned we could

"If we waited another hour we would most likely be late?" Lucy went on to know.

I told her I guessed that was so, particularly as I expected to have a bit of trouble after all in finding the horses.

"Well Herbert you just take it easy up there for a while I'm going for a little walk Rest yourself a cigarette and watch the sun go down I'll be back shortly"

She disappeared around a corner of the rock I was restless and I was worried Besides, I didn't smoke cigarettes. I tried to find a way down but the more I studied what was below me the better it seemed to stay where I was Everything below appeared so small so far away. When I looked over my head whirled like an old and rusty alarm clock

Then, since I couldn't go down, I thought of going up. That is the way we Boys are, the whole family of us, including my Great-uncle Percy who was a potato farmer and met my aunt at the head of a flight of stairs, Thorough with a tendency to get to the top in all things even if we have to climb a bit to do it

Looking up, I saw that it was as Lucy had decided during lunch on the hillside. From where I was on the ledge it was no trick at all to get to the top. The slope was gentle and easy and my bare feet clung nicely to the rock

When I got to the top I looked down the other side—the west slope which we hadn't been able to see from our lunch place It was shale and gradual all the way It was just a walk down to the bottom

As I went down my ears began to burn as I bet they stung me. I saw footprints there, going up. Lucy's footprints.

She was waiting for me at the bottom of the slope I walked on past, as if I hadn't seen her, barefoot, back along the ridge across the muskeg toward the horses. She followed running a bit to keep up

"You don't understand Herbert," she said "I thought you knew all the time there was an easy way to the top Any way if you'd followed my tracks farther you would have seen that I took the shale slope. The best slope as always the easiest one When I told you to throw your rope over that tree, I was merely joking I didn't think you'd do it Then when you did I felt I had to go down the way you came up, or you'd think I was frightened of it

"That's all right" I replied over my shoulder when we were passing close to the mud hole where I had left my woollen sock my hand tooled riding gaiter and nickel-plated spur "That's all right But what were you doing up there in the first place and why did you jerk the rope out of my hands leaving me up there in a very humiliating position?"

She ran in front of me then and stopped me.

"Don't you know?" she asked.

I assured her I didn't know

"Well what time is it, Herbert? Do you know that?" I didn't know that either I was tired of being asked the time especially since the mainspring of my watch was broken

"It's after four o'clock," she told me.

"We can still make it for that dancing party of yours, I said, "if we hasten the horses somewhat At that though you'll probably have to go without your supper But maybe they'll serve supper there Sometimes they do at dances, so I'm told "

"We're not going to hasten the horses somewhat." Lucy said "I'm tired and they'll be tired."

"Well if you hadn't climbed up on that rock we'd have lots of time."

Herbert—that's what I am trying to make you understand. Why do you suppose I went across this muskeg and climbed up on that rock?"

I was figuring that one out all the way home Lucy never did tell me definitely

BEFORE WE got back to the ranch house we had another difficulty Somehow untying Lucy's black horse in the shadows under the tree his bridle came off in my hand and when I slapped him hard on the rump—I had to slap him twice—he broke away and headed down the trail

Lucy and I were forced to ride back together on Sitting Bull herding her horse before us it being impossible to cut in and head him off And besides Lucy had left my rope at the foot of Shuswap Rock, I couldn't rope him.

I never have hung on so hard on a horse. Lucy, of course, was riding in the saddle, and I was sitting part behind and had to keep my arms around her to keep from falling.

When we were crossing the last creek before the ranch she said she was going to persuade her father to take his holiday at the Three Step instead of going mountain climbing She liked the country around the Three Steps she said. She said she'd change in her gear we would likely mean I would have to take her riding every day because her father would be a rotten would take lessons with Mrs. Whittaker from Charlie Whittle

When we returned to the ranch house the cook told us that Mrs. Whittaker hadn't been so weary from her ride to the beaver meadows after all She had gone to the dancing party with Charlie Whittle when he tired of waiting for Lucy I said I thought Mrs Whittaker would be a famous rider one day

Lucy carried the lantern for me while I put the horses away in the stable and when we were coming out I asked her what her notion was of the meaning of *savoir faire*

She said "I think it must mean being able to do the wrong thing at the right time like Mrs Whittaker going to the dance tonight." Lucy said Mrs. Whittaker was a very good sport.

Then she wanted to hear again the story about the Stoney fellow and the Shuswap girl and we sat down there on a log in the clearing while the moon came up and the cook had cocoa and bread and butter waiting for us in the kitchen and far away a coyote howled on a hillside

A long time ago" I began, 'even before the fur traders came'

* * * * *

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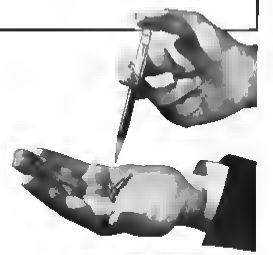
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The Laird of Fintry

By GREVILLE ROWLAND



CAPTAIN J. C. DUN WATERS

ON A recent shipment of McIntosh Red apples, arriving in Great Britain from British Columbia cargo inspectors noted a new trademark.

A bright blue label pictured the smiling figure of a little boy holding up an apple.

This insignia heralded the first fruit shipments from the Fintry Fairbridge training school in the Okanagan Valley, where a group of boys, brought out from the Old Country are learning to farm in Canada.

But it also symbolized the closing note in the life of a seventy five year-old philanthropist who, after spending close to a million dollars in the development and operation of a great Canadian farm estate, gave the entire project to the school organization—and in continuance of the work stemming from formation of the Child Emigration Society in Oxford, England.

Because in that same week, the Laird of Fintry died.

His name was Captain J. C. Dun Waters, a wealthy Scot who came to that lovely spot on Okanagan Lake in 1908 and who organized a marvellous property in the intervening years. It was in the summer of 1908 that he made his generous gift to the Fairbridge authorities in the Old Country. He gave the 2,500 Okanagan acres to the organization founded by Kingsley Fairbridge—who had acted because he saw England full of children without a future and the Empire full of farms without farmers. And for the last year of his life Captain Dun Waters was happier than he had ever been before. For he felt joy in seeing young Britons, new to this land, learning of its magnificence under the conditions that he had been privileged to develop.

He was known as the "Laird of Fintry" throughout the Dominion in Alaska where he made many hunting trips in Scotland where he disposed of his interests in the Outram Press, he gave £50,000 to be distributed among the staff of the Glasgow *Herald* and even in Cairo where during the World War he founded a hospital for soldiers. He was a citizen of the world but from 1908 his roots were in Fintry on the shores of Okanagan Lake. The property he christened after the lovely estate back in Stirlingshire, Scotland. He made countless trips away from there but he always returned.

He had stopped there in the first place he often said, when he was seeking the site for an estate, the like of which could not be duplicated at home.

The property is about twenty five miles from the city of Vernon. It has fruit orchards, all types of mixed farming, hard livestock, almost unbelievable equipment, its own light power and telephone system—and last but not at all least in the eyes of the Laird—its own reserves for wild game.

It offered much in its original form. Scenically it is breath taking. But thanks to the zealous application of its owner over a period of thirty years it was organized into a farming estate complete with sweeping lawns and gracious residences—one with it has within its scope all the charm of the entire Dominion. And he gave it to the Fairbridge interests, so that it might belong to the boys of the future and thus to the Empire.

The Laird was born in Torquay, but it was not in southern Devon that he grew up. He learned to love the outdoor life in Stirlingshire among the Grampian hills and lochs that he revisited so often in later life. At Jesus College, Cambridge, his "Three R's" were running, rugger and rowing and he distinguished himself in all with more than one record in his credit. At twenty-one he left here to the Outram Press, of which the specialty was the Glasgow *Herald* and his activities became flanked with wealth and power. His interests were almost beyond number. But it was really something else for which he was searching. And in 1908 he first came to Okanagan Lake in British Columbia where he found what his heart seemed to desire.

A Small Order of Wire

QUICKLY he set to his task. The property had been partially developed by a former owner. But the newcomer had much more in mind. It is said that shortly after he acquired the property he strode into a Vernon hardware store and asked if some barbed wire could be sent out to his "place". A cautious clerk put out some feelers about credit. But "The Laird" hadn't time to answer questions. He walked across the street to another store and placed his order—which was for four carloads!

When the war broke out he went back to the homeland at once. Over age he served with the Middlesex Yeomanry. He saw service in Egypt, Gallipoli, Italy and France and was for a time on the staff of Sir Roger Paget. Among many generous gestures his provision of the Cairo hospital was perhaps most memorable. His will, who had also gone overseas supervised that institution.

With peace, he returned to Fintry. And he took up his development work again with renewed vigor. One of his worthiest activities was in importing those Scottish aristocrats the Ayrshires. He sought the best of this dairy cattle breed to be found anywhere and after the lure of his own herd had become nationally known, he sold out and began large numbers of further imports, receiving only nominal prices from his fellow North Okanagan dairy farmers. His own cow, "Fintry Honeysuckle" led the whole Canadian Ayrshire list in 1937 but many another farmer thanks to the Dun Waters generosity in providing excellent breeding stock, has also been able to take national honors. The University of British Columbia received a herd for experimental purposes. In token of his assistance he was made an honorary life member of the Canadian Ayrshire Breeders Association.

There was another honorary life membership that he treasured—the one extended him by the Vancouver Curling Association. No person has ever done as much in the Pacific Coast province for that game loved of the Scots, and there was rarely a tournament that was not featured by his lusty roars and colorful garb. And on the day he died he still remained the honorary president of the little curling club away back in his native Fintry in Stirlingshire.

He knew many a triumph in many a field but the proudest of all his achievements was when he transformed his own Fintry into the Fintry Fairbridge school. His first wife had died in 1924 and been buried under a rose arbor on the lovely lawn. He married again, wedding the former Margaret Menzies of Vancouver, and they both left their lovely home and took a more modest residence on the estate after the transaction with the school authorities had been completed. Only a little more than a year of life remained for him there but he was privileged to see the arrival of the first boys from the Mother Country—and it was a joy to him that they were on the estate when he died.

Just a few weeks before his passing he went to Vernon to see his doctor. In great pain, he confessed that he wanted to brace himself for a little task.

That evening, in town, he presided at a dinner party for all those fresh faced boys at the school. Each lad as he dipped into his ice cream, found a fifty-cent piece, and each was in turn scrutinized by the kindly eyes of "the Laird" whose hand was high.

He had sat at lavish dinners the world over in fact he had given many functions himself for the world's great in many a capital. But this was the last affair over which he was to preside and he knew it. Yet there was no sadness. His roaring laughter filled the room and in a little speech he told all the boys that he was proud of them—prouder than they might ever realize.

When the stevedores were unloading that first shipment of apples from Fintry Fairbridge, as it landed in the Old Country they might well have paused to note on the various boxes that new, bright blue and very brave label showing a young lad holding an apple.

For it was in this symbolic way, indeed, that the Laird of Fintry was "going home."

London Letter

Continued from page 13

calling." The answer came across the sands, "We shall be by her side."

What is the explanation? What is there about these little islands in the North Sea, with all their lighthouses and lumbriggs which represent something that the world will not allow to perish? Truly it is good to be of British blood today.

Yet it was Canada that gave Britain the most important encouragement of all. She was the Dominion most exposed to the influence of a foreign though friendly country. She was the Dominion where, according to report, internal and sectional differences were widening with the years. She was the Dominion which, because of her closeness to Britain could do as much to sustain the war effort of the Empire.

I cannot describe what it meant to England when the news came that Canada was with the Mother Country to the hilt. If Canada had chosen to be technically at war but actually neutral it would have been like the defection of the eldest son. Instead with all the strength of a son who has reached man's estate, the first born offered to be a full partner in the joint effort, and because of Canada's industrial strength and contiguity to Europe, the most important partner of them all.

I have a hero whom I have never met. He is the Right Honorable Ernest Lapointe. I keep his speech of September 9 in the Ottawa Parliament by me to give me back my faith if dark days come.

Mysteries of the War

AND WHAT of the fighting? There began the soothsayers are just as dumfounded. The all-conquering German Air Force cannot be a myth. The profound brain of Colonel Lindbergh has told us that in numbers and quality it could destroy the world in a week. It may be true. Goering has never decorated me, so I cannot speak with special authority. But when the German machines come to Britain they cannot live in the air with our fighters. Yesterday nine French planes fought twenty-seven Germans over the Western Front. Nine German machines were destroyed and not one French plane. What is the meaning of it all? Are we being lured into a false sense of security or is something wrong with Germany's air-plane manufacture?

On sea or under it enemy submarines are being hunted like rats. The whole literature of horror holds nothing more veiled than the ardeal of these submarine crews. Surface craft are constantly on the scent with deadly death bombs, while seaplanes roar through the skies to watch for the terrified creature if it dares to come up for air.

We have a greeting now in London these days. We say the news cannot be as good as it seems. We point out that Leopold of Belgium has been deep in consultation with the Queen of Holland. Perhaps the lightning will strike there. If it does, and Hitler launches his aerial armada at us, our army of young pilots will ride out gaily and excitedly to meet it. Our airmen believe that they can lick the world and they may be right.

By the time you read these words, Hitler may have done something to solve the mystery.

After Neville Henderson's description today at lunch it would be unwise to assume that Hitler's fear is personal. His real fear is for Germany, which has followed him so mutely and disastrously. But I am not going to prophesy. I am content to look at the stars shining so bravely over dark old London Town, and not try to read their message. Astrologers did that and you see what has happened to them.

Police Camera

OFFICER Rollye H. Galbraith of the California Highway Patrol has a positive method of recording the actions of law violators who cross his path in the vicinity of Lancaster, California. On the dashboard of his patrol car Officer Galbraith has installed a "robot witness" in the form of a Filmo 70 camera that records the action of the car being "tailed." A photronic cell exposure meter is mounted in a bracket beside the camera.

"You can't argue with a motion picture," is a statement football coaches have been making for years, and in bringing "witness" movies to the police court, Officer Galbraith is pioneering in a field that promises great results.

For definitely proving a case against speeders, why not fasten a second speedometer in front of the camera, so that its dial would appear in a lower corner of the field with the speeding car visible in the same picture?—*Scientific American*

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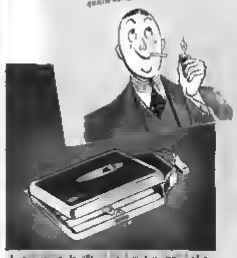
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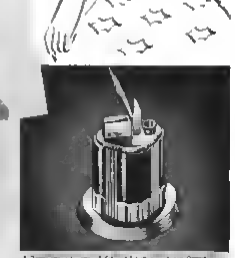


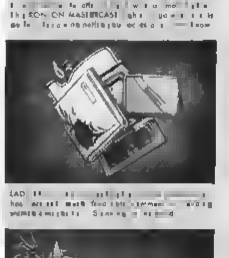
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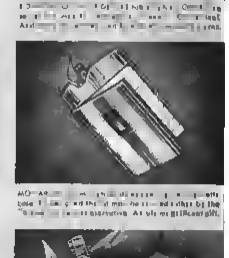
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Writes Mrs. Stephen Farrel, "Due to minor external causes, large pimples came out on my face and back. I used lotions and salves, but with very little help. Then I tried short Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and began to use them. Rebellious quickly and in two months my skin was smooth and clear."

Writes Miss Rachel Rochert: "I had a bad case of externally caused pimples. For nearly two years I tried all kinds of remedies, but near worked. Finally I began using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and after about a month and a half my face was very much relieved."

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We Nominate—The All-Western

Continued from page 14

a Canadian Paul Rowe A native of Victoria B C Rowe learned his rugby at the University of Oregon In his first season with Calgary last year he won honorable mention in *Maclean's* list. This year he is unanimously chosen as the best plunging hill in the West. A hard blocker and heady broken field runner an excellent tackler a good placement kicker and above all a marvellous plunger he has earned the nod for the Bronks all season and ably fills the All-Star fullback position. In Calgary's forthcoming battle with Winnipeg he is the man the Bombers will have to watch.

As one of Rowe's running mates High Pockets Cleveland is also a unanimous selection This import gets mixed making *Maclean's* All-Stars last year This season he has been the mainstay of the Regina rush and the chief reason why the Rough Riders made such a strong bid for the league. An ideal triple threat back he can kick throw passes is a splendid broken field runner and one of the best safety men in the West It is no accident that he has been voted the most valuable player in the conference and has been awarded the McKinney Cup.

Although these two choices were unanimous the choice of a third back was an extremely difficult problem It seems hard to leave the one and only Fritzy Hanson the "golden ghost" of the Bombers, off any team of Western All-Stars Used sparingly in the earlier games and only given his head in the last three games of the regular schedule the blond flash has finished second in the scoring with forty-one points. His open field running is as brilliant as ever It is felt however that on the basis of the performance in the regular schedule he is shaded as a triple threat man by Cleveland and that a better blocking and kicking half is needed to round out the team.

Here the name of Landers of Regina presented itself Regarded as the best blocker next to Kabat in the conference had a player who is a fair kicker and a sure tackler he definitely rates honorable mention. Stan Bishing of Calgary was also considered since he is a fine running and passing back and a fair punter The selection however finally falls on Lyn Warren. This player who came to Bronkville this season from Stetson College in Florida is a triple-threat man. A sure catch and one who can take punts brilliantly on the run—a department in which Hanson sometimes fails—he tosses forward passes like a ball player is an excellent running back a good plunger and blocker and a fair punter As compared to Landers he is definitely more of a threat on the offensive

A Dynamic Backfield

TO COMPLETE a backfield which is a coach's dream, Wayne Shirley and Jeff Nicklin both of Winnipeg are unanimous selections for quarterback and flying wing. Shirley who came to the Bombers last year from Argentana College in South Dakota, has had a great season. A good plunger and punter he is a clever field general always cool and collected possessing gut enough gambling instinct to make his strategy thrill the fans. He also is of the best passers in the league. The runner-up for his position is Bob Fritz of Edmonton, who has again shown his old time passing and plunging ability and is one of the most courageous players in the conference

At flying wing Nicklin a Canadian who has already appeared in previous *Maclean's* All-Star lists as an end is a sure selection This year Coach Threlfall of Winnipeg took this all-star end and has made an all-star back of him. A powerful runner an excellent pass-receiver had a sure tackler he is a great defensive player as well as very useful on the offensive.

Rowe Cleveland Warren Nicklin and Shirley give the West a backfield which for dynamic on the offensive and sound defensively The one field here in which the East almost certainly outshines the West is in the punting but while Olander and Sutton of the Eskimos can both outdistance Cleveland or Shirley or Warren in kicking they themselves are outdistanced by these players in the other departments of the game

In addition to the backs already referred to, honorable mention should also be given to Gilkes of the Bronks' Yatchek of the Eskimos Guest of the Riders and Bieber and Bowin of the Bombers Bieber a native of Winnipeg in particular seems to be a coming player and Guest also a Canadian has turned in brilliant displays for the Riders.

Selections for the Line

THE LINE is the wall behind which the attack is organized as well as being the first line of defense. It is also—to change the metaphor—the infantry which opens holes in the enemy's line on the offensive and which on defense breaks through to smear enemy plays. Its spearpoint and shield is the snap. Here three nominations were considered—Griffing of Regina McKee of Calgary and Wilson of Winnipeg The competition was so close that any of the three could be chosen Griffing big, bright and aggressive is, all his best, the outstanding centre in the West This season however his work has been uneven McKee an alert smart player has made a fine impression in his first year in the conference But the committee felt that the work of Wilson has just rushed the play of the other two candidates. A Winnipeg home-brew and one who received honorable mention last year Wilson has this season fully lived up to the promise indicated in his freshman performance last season An accurate snap and sound defensively he is extremely fast downfield under punts He is a sure tackler and a fair but alert interferer On one occasion this year after receiving a lateral he went on thirty yards for a touchdown.

On either side of the snap crouch the inside wings A unanimous selection here is Greg Krbal of the Bombers This player from Wisconsin appeared in *Maclean's* 1934 selection as flying wing Changed over by Coach Threlfall this season to a guard Krbal is regarded by many as the best blocker in the league. was constantly through the line to nail the enemy ball carrier and also led many of the Winnipeg plays on offense Besides being fast downfield he is the best placement kicker in the conference In a thrilling game at Calgary in which after being outplayed 17 to 3 the Bombers came from behind to win 19 to 17 it was Haddocks Kabat who in the dying moments of the game coolly kicked the points which brought his team the victory.

For the other guard position the choice narrowed down to a close decision between Wile of the Eskimos, and Peschel of the Bombers. Peschel has played an extraordinarily good game this year but the nod is given to Wile An import this season from Minnesota he has been a tower of strength defensively and offensively to the Eskimos and to him goes a large part of the credit, as line coach for making the Edmonton line the toughest defensive wall in the conference

Like the guards, the middle wings need to be big fast and tough In this position Martin Gainor of the Bombers is, for the third consecutive year unanimous choice Of this player from North Dakota it only needs to be said that he has played better than ever An excellent blocker and bruising tackler he is probably the fastest lineman in the conference dash field For his relentless Gordon Gilhaydal Edmonton gets the nod He has such tremendous bulk that it is practically impossible to run plays over Gelhaye and for a big man he is amazingly fast down field Tanseltertine this player who came to the Eskimos last season from Minnesota and who is a rusty minute man has been the first to nail the punt receiver and he is constantly through the line to break up enemy plays In the Edmonton defeat of Winnipeg it was a blocked punt by Gelhaye which marked one of the decisive points in the game

Although Kabat and Gainor are standouts, there are a number of other linesmen whom Gelhaye and Wile just shade. In addition to Peschel honorable mention should be made of Hoel of Edmonton Naum of Winnipeg and Cosgrove Hepburn and Zwarik who give the power to Calgary's strong line.

The One and Only Marquardt

THE ENDS, next to the halfbacks, have the most spectacular position on modern rugby Here there is only one Marquardt This player who came to Winnipeg some years ago from North Dakota and who has already appeared in *Maclean's* All-Stars, is a unanimous selection His great height and sure pair of hands and speed make him the best pass-receiver in the conference and he is almost sure tackler and an excellent blocker For the other end position O'Brien is again chosen Speedy and a good tackler and pass-receiver and possessed of plenty of courage this player from St Paul has on occasion been used in the backfield He faced stern competition this year however from Ellberg of Regina and Hal Harrison of Calgary while McCance of Winnipeg and Lacey Haynes, of Calgary also rate honorable mention

This then is *Maclean's* 1939 selection of Western All-Stars. It will be noted that three Canadians are included and that among those who rate honorable mention Bieber Bowin Guest Gilkes Harmsen Haynes Nairn Olander and Sutton are also native products To those already referred for honorable mention should be added Springstein a good placement kicker and a product of junior hockey in Regina and Stevenson of Winnipeg The coaching honors once more go to Threlfall of Winnipeg because he is the best strategist in the rearguard and the best in developing players because he has done much to foster junior rugby and the development of Canadian players in Winnipeg and because he is an excellent influence in every way in the game.

The West began its season on August 25 this year thus trying to defeat the weatherman The ten yards interference rule and throwing of forwards from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage has found favor again with players and spectators but there have also been many powerful broken and sparkling lateral and end runs and "flipper-dipper" stuff It is clear however that the Dominion final however if turns out this year will never be a fair test until uniform playing rules are adopted and until the long layoff between the close of the Western playing season and the playing of the Dominion final is, in some way avoided.

We Nominate—The All-Eastern

Continued from page 13

football experience than Burke and is consistent that he rarely turns in a bad game. We confidently nominate Bill Stukus for quarterback

The nomination of flying wing also had its difficulties, for this time there were three closely matched contenders—Farmer Sward and Ferraro.

Farmer the former intercollegiate star is a good ball-carrier, splendid tackler capable forward passer, strong plunger and reliable secondary defender. But so is Sward the former Balmy Beach captain In addition Ottawa Sward is one of the best footers in Eastern rugby

Despite the merits of these two contenders, we pick Ferraro. Strong fast, consistent, the Westmount player is one of the headiest on Eastern gridirons. Moreover he is a great team player capable of inspiring his mates when the going is tough. Any one of the three mentioned would be acceptable to experts but those closest to the players have been quite enthusiastic for Ferraro

The five men already selected are particularly well known because their work invites the cheers and the headlines But quite often the success of the backfield depends upon the ability and fight of seven other players "up front" Certainly there have been instances of halves who starred behind stonewalled lines and who failed when they changed teams and received inferior protection

The snap is usually one of these forgotten men but every coach knows the worth of a good centre. This year Argonauts Lewis and Willis were both good Doug Turner University of Toronto had the qualifications of a star but a preseason injury kept him out until Brit in October Turner Balmy Beach rookie made steady progress. Despite the attainments of these players, the final nod goes to "Cerly" Moynahan Ottawa Rough Riders snap

Moynahan is big fast and strong, he rushes opposing kickers with considerable success, usually senses plays and expertly spoils the best-planned forward passes Furthermore, he has a valuable habit of picking up opposing fumbles and turning errors into gains.

On either side of Moynahan, we place two burly inside wings—Ottawa's "Tiny" Herman and Argonauts' Len Staughton

When Herman defiantly stands about eight yards behind the big Ottawa line receives the ball from Burke or McWatters and storms the opposing defense he really goes goalward with a bang "Tiny" also adds to his effective line work by a toe that is really educated in the art of kicking placements. With Bernie Morris, of Sarnia, he shares the honor of being the East's outstanding three-pointer

The other inside wing position goes to a player who has frequently stepped and been stopped by Herman Len Staughton lacks the brilliant and kicking talent of his Rough Rider contemporary but he has nearly as much power considerably more speed and the useful knack of breaking through in a rush and blocking the best intentioned punts. The battling Argonaut inside wing is also a good tackler in the open has a fighting heart and has been "around" long enough to anticipate most gridiron tricks.

Middle Wing Veterans

THE BEST middle wings of 1939 would include Evans, Burt, Wadsworth Burns, Anton Jotkus, Ross, George and Davy Sprague and Parsons. From these probables I prefer to nominate two venerable but still worthy exponents of better football Montreal Royals Pete Jotkus, and Tommy Burns, of Westmounts.

Burns and Jotkus are quite similar in physique experience and ability They are defensively strong, cagey, hard to stop and quite alert in recovering opponents fumbles. Jotkus is an all-round athlete, courageous and determined and was smart enough to score two touchdowns against Ottawa in the game. Burns is particularly good with "good-bye to go" is a successful opportunist stands high among scoring linemen and is a good placement kicker

No Eastern Canadian team can be very successful unless it is blessed with brilliant outsides who can consistently go "down under" and get them man before he "cuts the kick in half"

Because this position is so exacting, there aren't more than half a dozen really good outside wings in all the territory from Sarnia to Montreal let alone We make no apologies however for the two we now feature for both Thornton of Argos and McCarthy of the Rough Riders, would be outstanding in any period of Canadian gridiron history Both are hard thinking quick thinking and fast running They are rangy experienced and can stalk halfbacks all through an autumn afternoon without running to cover. Thornton is particularly brilliant and McCarthy is not far behind

The selection made by the able opinion of expert advisers The complete line up for *Maclean's* 1939 All-Eastern team is as follows.

Halfbacks—Krol, Thompson, Storey
Quarterback—Bill Stukus.
Flying Wing—Ferraro.
Snap—Moynahan
Inside Wings—Herman Staughton.
Middle Wings—Burns, Jotkus.
Outside Wings—Thornton McCarthy.

Those Pacific Coast Contracts

Continued from page 10

Take a specific example from the "model contract of this series. It a Diesel caterpillar crane with shovel were being used the daily rental on a three-shift basis would be $120. On this basis a machine worth $15 000 with a life of five years or longer would be paid for in something like five or six months.

In this connection *The Financial Post* of October 28 asked two questions.

1. Can the Defense Department deny that in the case of one or more of the currently outstanding contracts held by the Northern group rentals actually were charged on some such basis as that indicated above?

2. Is it correct that certain rental payments under certain of these contracts were held up because they were regarded as being excessive?

On November 8 these questions were submitted to the Defense Department in more detailed form by a representative of The MacLean Publishing Company

The verbal reply of the Department made the same day and a written reply made the following day indicate that rentals actually were paid on the basis described by *The Financial Post*, that the payments were questioned by Defense Department officials, by the Auditor General and by the Chairman of the Defense Purchasing Board, and that the use of this basis of payment in future con

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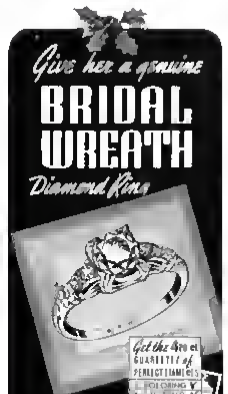
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tracts has been questioned by the latter officer.

The detailed questions and answers are presented in the concluding section of this article.

The personnel of the three companies which secured such a large proportion of the Defense Department's West Coast business on such favorable terms is established as follows.

According to the Companies Branch file at Ottawa, Northern Construction Company and J. W. Stewart, Limited, a Dominion private company incorporated in 1931 with a capitalization of 200 shares of no-par value. At the time the company with E. J. Ryan Contracting Company got the first of the series of cost plus contracts from the Defense Department, then headed by Hon. Ian Mackenzie, the president was Alexander R. Munn and the vice-president, the late General J. W. Stewart, both of Vancouver. Other directors were J. J. O'Brien and R. McF. Millar, of Montreal, and E. M. Boyd and D. McLeod, of Vancouver. According to the latest return the three last named are still directors, with A. R. Munn as president.

As already indicated, the initial contract of the series was signed for the company by the late General Stewart. The relationship existing between Mr. Mackenzie and General Stewart was that of a close personal friendship extending over a period of many years. There was also a family connection and Mr. Mackenzie served on General Stewart's staff when the latter commanded the Canadian Railway Troops in France during the last war.

It is also worth noting that a subsidiary of the Northern company, North Western Dredging Company, recently secured from the Public Works Department, a $48,000 dredging contract in Vancouver harbor and has held other dredging contracts from the same authority.

E. J. Ryan Contracting Company acts as agent for E. J. Ryan Construction Company. Both are private companies with British Columbia charters. According to the Companies Branch file at Victoria, B.C., the directors of both these companies at Dec. 29, 1938, were Lieut.-Col. E. J. Ryan, president and managing director, and John F. Keen, both of Vancouver.

Pacific Engineers, Limited, is a British Columbia private company incorporated April 2, 1924, with capital of 1,000 ordinary and 1,000 preference shares. The Companies Branch file at Victoria indicates that at May 13, 1939, the directors were Brigadier W. W. Foster, then chief of police of Vancouver; A. D. Reid, and D. B. Macdonald, of Vancouver; E. K. DeBeck, Victoria, and C. A. Strong, Tacoma. The majority shareholder at that date was Chief of Police Foster, who held 525 ordinary and 526 preference shares. Brigadier Foster has been connected with the company since its inception but according to the records of the Companies Branch secured voting control Nov. 16, 1937.

Brigadier Foster was appointed police chief in 1935 by G. G. McGeer, M.P., then mayor of the city. Mr. McGeer, it will be recalled, acted as chief defender of Hon. Ian Mackenzie and the Government in the inquiry given the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons.

Brigadier Foster was promoted from the rank of lieutenant-colonel to that of brigadier in the militia early this year. He is also president of the Canadian Legion and was appointed director of auxiliary services by the Defence Department on Oct. 4 last, securing leave of absence from his Vancouver police post to take over this duty.

It should also be noted that during the period under review Pacific Engineers secured other Government contracts, including certain dredging contracts from the Department of Public Works.

Another west coast Defense Department transaction which should not go unnoticed was a contract for a hydraulic fill at a Pacific air station awarded during Mr. Mackenzie's regime to the British Columbia Bridge and Dredging Company.

The order of the House of Commons under which the papers relating to this and other Defense Department transactions were tabled called for the production of copies of the contracts "as well as a copy of all tenders with respect to each such contract."

The only tender shown on the file in this case was that of the British Columbia Bridge and Dredging Company, of $41,250.

The Companies Branch file at Victoria indicates that at April 29, 1938, the principal shareholder of this company was W. C. Mackenzie, of Vancouver, who at that time held 999 of the company's 1,000 ordinary shares.

W. G. Mackenzie is another close personal friend of Hon. Ian Mackenzie.

British Columbia Bridge and Dredging Company is also shown in the two most recent northeast general's reports as having received from the Department of Public Works more than a quarter of a million dollars for dredging of various points on the Pacific Coast.

Defense Department Replies

AS ALREADY indicated, a series of questions bearing on *The Financial Post* article was submitted to the Defense Department on November 8. Following verbal discussion, detailed answers to these questions were made in writing by an official spokesman of the Department. *Maclean's* and *The Financial Post* take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation of the courtesy with which their representative was received on the occasion.

Inasmuch as the Department's reply consists of argument as well as statements of fact, *Maclean's* feels that its rebuttal should be presented with the reply. For clarity each question is followed by first the Department's reply and second by the magazine's comment on the reply, the latter in each case being set in Roman type.

Question One: Are any statements of fact in the article incorrect?

Answer: The statements of actual fact are substantially correct, but many of the facts have been incompletely stated, and many facts have been omitted apparently with the deliberate intention of giving a misleading interpretation. For example:

(a) The statement that three firms got sixteen contracts is correct but the impression conveyed by the article that these contracts were portioned out to the Northern Construction Co., the E. J. Ryan Contracting Co. and the Pacific Engineers is false. Actually Northern Construction and E. J. Ryan were jointly engaged on four contracts only, i.e. they shared whatever profits there were on these four jobs. The Northern Construction Co. obtained six other contracts in open competition. Pacific Engineers actually have held five contracts, of which two only with a gross combined value of about $90,000, were on the cost plus basis, the remainder having been obtained in open competition.

Comment: *The article did not say that the sixteen contracts were portioned out. It said only that "at least five cost plus contracts had been awarded without competition, that three cost plus contracts had gone to the Northern-Stewart Company, or to the Vasildiu-Steward Ryan combination, and that two cost plus contracts had gone to Pacific Engineers.*

(b) The impression conveyed by the article that sixteen contracts comprised the bulk of all work done by the Department on the Pacific Coast from 1937 to the summer of 1939 (the period covered by the article) is false. Actually forty-two contracts have been let during that period to twenty-four different contractors, while two major defense works have been built by day labor.

Comment: *The article did not say that the sixteen contracts "comprised the bulk of all work done by the Department on the Pacific Coast." It said that the total value of the sixteen contracts was approximately $2,000,000. Many of the forty-two contracts cited in the reply are for small amounts. Mere statement of the number does not indicate the proportion to the total of the dollar value of the contracts held by the three companies.*

(c) The impression conveyed by the article (i.e. in the statement that at least five out of the sixteen contracts referred to were let without competition) is that about one third of the total work done by the Department has been without competition. Actually, eight cost plus contracts have been awarded out of forty-four jobs done. Of these eight, three have a value of less than $50,000 each.

Comment: *The article stated that at least five contracts had been let on the basis which was criticized. The Department now states that not five but eight contracts were let on the basis criticized.*

(d) The impression conveyed by the article that Pacific Engineers have had a considerable amount of cost-plus work is false, though failure to mention the fact that two other contractors (not referred to in the article) have had contracts as well.

Comment: *The reasoning here is not clear. The value of the three additional cost plus contracts now reported by the Department was not included in the figures used in the article.*

(e) The statement that Brigadier Foster was a Central figure in Pacific Engineers, while not exactly incorrect, is definitely and deliberately misleading. Brigadier Foster has had no active part in the company during his appointment as Chief of Police of Vancouver, and has never figured in any of the contracts obtained by it.

Comment: *As the principal owner of Pacific Engineers, holding at May 13, 1939, 525 of the 1,000 ordinary shares and 526 of the 1,000 preference shares, Brigadier Foster would be the principal beneficiary of contracts secured by Pacific Engineers. This being so, Maclean's feels it is the reader to say whether or not Brigadier Foster "never figured" in contracts obtained by Pacific Engineers.*

(f) The extracts from the Contract Agreement for the [redacted] Battery, which is the one referred to in the third section of the article, are correct so far as they go, but important parts of the paragraphs quoted have been omitted, and other equally important paragraphs have been ignored entirely.

For example, the article states that the contractor would be paid five per cent on the cost of the work and gives certain items of cost, such as Sales Tax (paid by etc., on which no profit would be added, but fails to quote the other paragraphs of the contract agreement dealing with the definition of cost in which very important limitations were set out in connection with salaries and wages.

Comment: *The article cited the essential wording of the contract defining cost. It clearly stated that cost was limited to "costs properly incurred in the work."*

(g) The statement with reference to the rental of equipment is a statement of fact only so far as the six items of equipment rentals taken from the contract are concerned. The remainder of this portion of the article does not deal with facts, but with the writer's opinions on the matter of rentals. The fact that rentals were paid only for periods of actual operation has been ignored.

Comment: *Opinions are matter for debate not questions of fact. The article said: "Strict rental on basis paid in lieu of depreciation, it would be reasonable that there should be some allowance for greater use involved in double or triple shift operation." "Greater use" is not necessarily involved in "actual operation."*

Question Two A: Can the Defense Department deny that in the case of one or more of the currently outstanding contracts held by the Northern group rentals actually were charged on some such basis as that indicated above (in the article)?

Answer: No.

Rentals were charged on the basis set forth in the contract as quoted in the article. The article however ignores the very important fact that rentals were payable only for days of actual operation of equipment. Consequently any calculation of total rental paid for any piece of equipment and based on 275 days per year is completely misleading. The only figures of any value in a case of this sort are those of rentals actually paid over any given period of time. These figures are available if required.

Comment: *The reference to "actual operation" has already been covered. Rental calculations in the article referred specifically to rates of payment not to absolute amounts paid.*

Question A (i): Were rentals on any of those contracts charged on the double or triple-shift basis described in the article?

Answer: Three shifts were actually worked at [redacted] during the early part of 1938, and some equipment was used two or three shifts during this period, and rentals paid accordingly. A short period of two-shift work was worked at [redacted] in the early part of 1939.

Comment: *Payment of rentals on the basis criticized has been questioned by the Chairman of the Defence Purchasing Board. It was also stated in verbal discussion that rental payments on one of the contracts under review had been questioned by the Auditor-General. The policy of basing rentals of this type on future contracts is also in question.*

If rentals of this type are sound practice, as is implied by the reply, why did the Auditor-General question them payment? Why did the chairman of the Defence Purchasing Board issue the question? Why has the matter of future use of this type of rental become a matter for a decision on policy?

If such rentals were sound practice they would not be questioned.

Question A (ii): Were rentals paid on this basis to the Northern group or to Pacific Engineers or to both?

Answer: No two or three-shift working has been required on the two small cost plus contracts held by Pacific Engineers. The question of extra shift rentals, therefore, has not arisen.

Comment: *Presumably this means that the question has not arisen in connection with the Pacific Engineers contracts. The article made no suggestion that double or triple-shift rentals were charged on Pacific Engineers contracts.*

Question A (iii): Were rentals on this basis claimed by either or both of these companies?

Answer: The question as to two and three shift rentals was raised by our own officers in M.D. 13 in connection with [redacted] and [redacted] and a ruling as the interpretation of the relevant clause in the agreement was obtained from the Minister. There was never any actual claim submitted to National Department of Defense Headquarters by the contractors.

Question Two B: Is it correct that certain rental payments under certain of these contracts were held up because they were regarded as being excessive?

Answer: No payments were held up, except as stated in A (ii) above when the question as to the interpretation of the agreement was brought up.

Question B (i): Were payments of rentals on the basis described refused by

*Names of batteries deleted by editor.

the Government and if so to what companies?

Answer: Payment of rentals on the basis described has not been refused by Government so far as my knowledge goes. The question as to whether this basis can be used on subsequent contracts has however been raised by the Chairman of the (then) Defense Purchasing Board. No decision on this matter has yet been handed down.

Note: The amount of equipment actually used for more than one shift per day is quite small. Night work is generally limited to operations for which good light is not necessary and the general practice was to prepare during the day shift for such operations as could be carried out at night and the equipment required was consequently not in continuous operation. It should also be noted that ordinary machinery rentals on a monthly basis generally provide for a fifty per cent increase for proposed two-shift and a seventy-five per cent increase for three-shift use. As these rates are monthly the equivalent charges are in effect much higher if equipment cannot actually be used two or three shifts per day throughout the month.

Comment: *Payment of rentals on the basis criticized has been questioned by the Chairman of the Defense Purchasing Board. It was also stated in verbal discussion that rental payments on one of the contracts under review had been questioned by the Auditor-General. The policy of basing rentals of this type on future contracts is also in question.*

If rentals of this type are sound practice, as is implied by the reply, why did the Auditor-General question them payment? Why did the chairman of the Defence Purchasing Board issue the question? Why has the matter of future use of this type of rental become a matter for a decision on policy?

If such rentals were sound practice they would not be questioned.

The Cost Plus Basis

IN THE verbal discussion which preceded the preparation of the Department's written reply, arguments seeking to justify the use of the cost-plus basis in contracts let for the construction of fortifications were advanced as follows.

1. Use of a selected contractor made it possible to guard the secrecy of plans. If tenders had been called for, plans would have had to be given to a group of bidders.

Comment: *The record shows that the contract for one West Coast fortification was awarded on the basis of competitive tender. If use of a selected contractor is necessary to ensure secrecy why were tenders called in this case?*

2. Selection guaranteed complete control over the contractor and prevented the contract from falling into alien hands.

3. Selection guaranteed complete control over the choosing of working personnel.

4. Modern fortifications are largely underground. It was impossible to state in advance what conditions might be encountered, therefore it was impossible for a bidder to make a firm estimate of the total cost of the work in advance.

5. The cost-plus method permitted flexibility of design. Changes that might be found advantageous could be made as the work progressed.

6. The cost-plus method shortened the time between authorization of the work and commencement of the work, as the time taken up in the calling for tenders was eliminated.

Comment: *In view of the fact that these contracts were awarded over a period of three years, it could scarcely be said that the time involved in the calling for tenders should be a decisive factor.*

Continued on page 55

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By HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Director, Chatelaine Institute

KNITTING PARTIES sewing bees, wool-buying bridges, war benefit teas—even our entertaining taken a patriotic turn as Canadian women mobilize their talents on the home front.

Effective service depends on knowing what the country needs and in giving intelligent as well as enthusiastic co-operation. We may be asked later to give up some of our little luxuries, to substitute something for something, to conserve certain foods which may be needed overseas. But right now it is a case of having too much of a good thing. And here's a place to do your bit, with pleasure and profit.

Due to the upset state of affairs, Canadian lobsters cannot bring enjoyment to English tables. There won't be ships to take them and we couldn't ask the poor things to swim, not after we've cooked them packed them in cans and prepared them to travel in comfort.

So all these bright-complexioned white-meated and deliciously flavored shellfish are waiting for us to use them. This is a way to enlist your kitchen for active service in support of Canadian industry which in turn supports Canadian forces at home and abroad.

Serve them lobster—to your guests' refreshment and your country's good. It need not be an expensive specialty in fickle then palates but one of the merry economical dishes to which the canned variety lends itself. A little can be made to go a long way and still give character to the combination. Try it for instance with a green bean accompaniment in a cream sauce served as illustrated on your buffet table. The fish shells may be bought for a few cents each and are smart for the individual service of many dishes. But the lobster bean alliance would still be a specialty from individual bakers or a casserole.

Lobster with potatoes with rice macaroni or bread crumbs are other good examples of co-operation to a savory end. And there are others to provide lively appetizers, nourishing soups and chowders, sandwich filling or sandwich toppings, cool salads and hot main course dishes of considerable variety.



—Photo by Miles Studios

Lobster, served in fish shells with green beans — an attractive dish for the buffet table.

Lobster Specialties

STARTING with the cocktail: you can make a small can serve quite a party—if you break the "meat" into little pieces set each on a miniature soda biscuit, add a dash of salt, drop of lemon and a dab of salad dressing. Or mash the contents and seasonings to taste and dressing to moisten, then pile lightly in little celery sticks or larger stalks cut in two-inch lengths. Or spread this mixture on small rounds of bread for canapés. Again if you want something a little special spread on slices of fresh bread, cut thin and remove crusts, then roll up like a jelly roll. Fasten with a toothpick and toast lightly in the oven. These by the way are very good for refreshments at an evening party.

Lobster soups are mostly all the hearty variety capable of providing the main course at a luncheon or supper. A cream of lobster for instance is simply a thin white sauce to which bits of the fish are added and very good it is. Try a little lobster in a plain potato soup and you fill it into a specialty. Try an inexpensive chowder—onion slices and potato cubes cooked in a little water, then mixed with milk and enriched by lobster. Here's a bit for the main course at any of ladies' bridge luncheon—cream of mushroom and cream of asparagus soups mixed together with one can of water and finally a small tin of lobster, broken into little pieces. It's easy as pie and not at all costly considering its main-dish character.

Ordinary potatoes are transformed into an extraordinary dish when baked hollowed out and the shells refilled with a mixture of potato, butter, lobster and appropriate seasoning. If you happen to possess individual ring molds, butter them and line with bread crumbs. Then fill with creamy mashed potatoes and set in a hot oven. Turn out put in the oven again to brown the crumbs, then when on the platter for serving, fill with creamed lobster. A bit fussy but quite tricky and very nice indeed. Scalloped potatoes can be changed from an accompaniment to a main dish if a little lobster is put between the layers as the casserole is filled.

Many other simple inexpensive ingredients in combination with the aristocratic fish provide a range of dishes which are a credit to any table. The following recipes offer the proof but by no means exhaust all the possibilities. Trust Canadian housekeepers to think of it not more ways to use lobster when a good cause—as well as a good meal—is to be served.

Lobster and Green Bean Scallop

3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
⅛ Teaspoonful of paprika
1½ Cupfuls of liquid (use liquid from canned beans, juice from lobster and enough milk to make the required quantity)
1 Can of lobster (6 oz.)
1 Cupful of canned string beans or cooked fresh ones
Buttered bread crumbs

Melt the butter add the flour and blend thoroughly. Add the salt and paprika and gradually add the liquid. Cook stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth. Place over hot water and add the lobster which has been freed of all bones and broken into pieces and the green beans. Heat thoroughly and turn into individual baking dishes, fish shells or a large baking dish. Sprinkle fine buttered bread crumbs over the surface and brown in a moderately hot oven—375 to 400 deg. Fahr. Serve hot garnished with fresh parsley. Six servings.

Lobster Bisque

1 Can of lobster (6 oz.)
Water
Milk
1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Tablespoonful of minced onion
1½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
1½ to 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of pepper

Put the lobster with the liquid from the can in a saucepan; add water just to cover and cook slowly for five minutes. Strain off the liquid and add enough milk to make three cupfuls of liquid. Cut the lobster meat into small cubes, discarding all bones. Melt the butter, add the minced onion and cook gently until the onion is tender. Add the flour and stir until smoothly blended. Season with the salt and pepper and gradually and stir three cupfuls of liquid stirring until smooth and somewhat thickened. Place over hot water, and the prepared lobster and heat thoroughly. Four servings.

Lobster Soufflé

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Cupful of milk
Salt and pepper to taste
2 Egg yolks
1 Large can of lobster
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
1 Tablespoonful of grated onion
1 Tablespoonful of minced parsley
2 Egg whites

Melt the butter, blend in the flour and combine thoroughly. Gradually add the milk and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Season to taste and combine with the lightly beaten egg yolks. Break the lobster into small pieces, discarding all bones, and add the lemon juice, grated onion and minced parsley. Combine with the white sauce and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg yolks. Turn into a buttered baking dish, place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about three quarters of an hour, or until firm. Serve at once. Six servings.

Lobster in Toasted Bread Case

1 Loaf of bread (unsliced)
Melted butter
1½ Cupfuls of medium white sauce
1 Can of lobster (6 oz.)
1 Cupful of drained, cooked or canned peas
Lemon juice
Salt and pepper to taste
Parsley

Cut the crusts from a small loaf of bread and hollow out the centre, leaving the walls unbroken. (The bread taken from the centre may be reserved for dressing, bread pudding or dried bread crumbs.) Brush the surface, inside and out, with melted butter and brown in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. To the hot white sauce, add the lobster which has been broken in pieces freed of all bones and mixed with the peas and the lemon juice. Season to taste with salt and pepper and pour into the bread case. Garnish with parsley and serve at once. Six servings.

Lobster Canapés

2 Hard-cooked egg yolks
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
1 Small can of lobster (3 oz.)
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
Seasonings to taste
2 Egg whites finely chopped

Mash the egg yolks to a smooth paste with the melted butter. Add the lobster which has been freed of all bones and finely chopped, combine thoroughly, add seasonings and lemon juice and spread on buttered brown or white bread which has been cut in dainty pieces. Garnish the top with finely chopped egg white and a sprig of parsley.

Lobster and Corn Loaf

1½ Cupfuls of flaked canned lobster
1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
1 Can of corn
2 Eggs, slightly beaten
½ Cupful of milk
1 Teaspoonful of grated onion (may be omitted if desired)
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper or pickle
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine the lobster, bread crumbs and corn, and mix lightly but well. Beat the eggs slightly, combine with the milk and mix with the lobster, bread and corn. Add the onion, pepper or pickle and seasonings to taste. Turn into a greased loaf pan set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—325 to 350 deg. Fahr.—until firm. Serve hot, cut in slices and garnished with parsley. Eight servings.

If preferred the loaf may be steamed instead of baked.

Lobster Sauce

1 Small can of lobster (3 oz.) or ½ cupful
Water
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
Salt and cayenne pepper

Drain the juice from the lobster, add to the juice very hot, and if shell and enough water to make one cupful. Heat to boiling and simmer gently for a few minutes. Melt the butter, blend in the flour and gradually add the hot stock strained to remove the bones and shell. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth, then add the lobster which has been separated into small pieces. Heat through and add the lemon juice, salt and cayenne. Serve hot with plain baked or steamed fish.

Lobster Cocktail

1 Can of lobster (6 oz.)
Watercress
6 Tablespoonfuls of chili sauce or catsup
1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
½ Teaspoonful of celery salt
4 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
Dash of cayenne or tabasco

Remove all bones from the lobster and flake with a fork. Serve small portions on watercress in cocktail glasses or in small glass plates. Combine the remaining ingredients and beat or shake in a covered jar until thoroughly combined. Chill and pour a little over each serving of lobster. Six servings.

Lobster in Jelly

1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
¼ Cupful of cold water
4 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
1 Teaspoonful of salt
Dash of white pepper
1½ Cupfuls of water
1 Can of lobster (6 oz.)
½ Cupful of finely diced celery
2 Tablespoonfuls of diced green pepper
2 Hard-cooked eggs
Crisp lettuce

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes and dissolve by placing over hot water. Add the lemon juice, salt, pepper and the one and one-half cupfuls of water. Mix well and put a thin layer in the bottom of a cold damp mold and allow to set. Combine the lobster which has been freed of all bones and separated into pieces, with the remainder of the jelly mixture, add the diced celery and green pepper and one of the hard-cooked eggs which has been cut or sliced dice. Slice the other egg and arrange attractively in the mold and carefully pour on the partly set jelly mixture. Chill until firm and serve unmolded on a bed of crisp lettuce. Six to eight servings.

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Those Pacific Coast Contracts

Continued from page 53—Starts on page 10

7 The cost plus method was the most economical method. If tenders were sought the bids would be high as the contractors would protect themselves against unknown factors.

8 The cost plus method enabled the Department to exercise complete control over the type and quality of materials.

9 The cost plus method guaranteed complete control over the speed with which the work was pushed.

10 The cost plus method guaranteed full control over the method of construction.

Comment: *Many of the points cited above could be taken care of with proper supervision of contracts awarded by tender.*

If the nature of the operation or any other reason made the use of a "selected" contractor advisable all ten of the points raised could have been met had the contracts been awarded on the basis of cost plus a fixed fee. Use of the cost plus percentage bares means that profit go up as costs go up. There is no incentive to keep costs down. Where the profit fee is fixed however the contractor's percentage return goes down as costs go up. The incentive in this case therefore operates to keep costs down.

Use of a "selected" contractor on any basis still leaves the way open for the awarding of contracts on the basis of political or personal favoritism.



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In Fewer Words

Awaiting An Owner—For fifteen years I've had a twenty-six inch horse collar hanging in the barn, all dusty. Haven't had a horse big enough for it. It has always appeared to me there is a dusty twenty-six inch horse collar hanging in the Ottawa Parliament Buildings.—T. C. H., Calgary *Albertan*

Wit and Wisdom



"Look here, Milton, hasn't your voice started to change yet?"

—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Bo Brown

Why Not?—Why don't they invent a miniature glass-wiper for eyeglasses, similar to the windscreen wiper of motor cars, for use on rainy days?—*Parade.*

No Free Samples—Most firms of repute gladly send free samples of their products in the hope of creating a demand for them," says a trade paper. A sad exception is the Mint.—*The Humorist*

Easy Going—Most of us wish we were out of debt so we could have the joy of going in again.—Brandon *Sun*

Young Oldsters—There are some managing directors over seventy who are doing twice as much creative work as any young man in their organisations.—*Efficiency Magazine*

Why He's a Hero—The only thing about the movie hero that we envy is his ability to keep a clean shirt through all adversity.—Grenfell (Sask.) *Sun*

Turncoats?—Some women are never satisfied. They spend the summer acquiring coats of tan and as soon as fall comes they begin hunting around for coats of fur.—Welland-Port Colborne *Tribune*

Indestructible—From Paris a dispatch now advises that that indestructible combatant, until the coolies battalion has been mobilized and is now digging in on the Maginot line.—Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*

Schoolboy's Idea—Closer to the truth than he meant to be was the schoolboy who wrote on an examination paper: "The Armistice was signed on the 11th of November in 1918 and since then every year there has been Two Minutes Peace."—*The Labor Leader*

Literary Honor—Lord Tweedsmuir must be highly complimented by the banning of his books by Germany.—London *Free Press*

Lucky Mac—Talk about luck. We met a chap yesterday who had his Christmas presents all paid for and whose wife is going to get along on last spring's hat.—Guelph *Mercury*

Good Excuse—Twelve German soldiers who crossed the Belgian frontier in automobiles have been arrested. Their excuse probably was that their brakes were not working properly.—Peterborough *Examiner*

Try It Some Time—You can tell if you have will power. Just try eating one peanut and refusing to eat another.—Toronto *Telegram*

The Supper-Uppers—Men should be encouraged. In the opinion of the American Bakers Association to sop up their gravy with a piece of bread. But what are the plaudits of 10,000 bakers to the frown of one Emily Post?—Toronto *Star*

Unforgivable—We have discovered that it is always easy to forgive those who have about you. But dudgeon those candid people who tell the truth.—Fernie *Free Press.*

Juvenilve—Germans disguised as submarine as a fishing boat. Next, they'll be trying to pass bombers off as homing pigeons.—Fredericton *Gleaner*

Sounds Rational—Two years ago a distinguished Reich army chief visiting in London spoke prophetic words. "You can end a war successfully on rational cards," he told a friend. "But you can't begin one that way."—Hamilton *Spectator.*

The Busy Bays—The trouble with being foreign minister of a Baltic state these days is that all this travelling back and forth to Moscow is liable to get one in a rut.—Victoria *Times.*

Another Dictator—The beam was made to think with—but the pocketbook forms most of the opinions.—Kitsilano *Times*

Unnecessary—New York has a school to teach women to buy clothes, so any day now a man may expect an academy in which dogs are taught to bark.—Windsor *Star*

No More Giggles?—There isn't as much giggling among the girls as there used to be. Perhaps there is nothing left in the world to giggle over.—Alameda *Dispatch.*

Turnover Counts—The average woman's vocabulary is said to be about 500 words. A small inventory, but think of the turnover!—Montreal *Star*

New Labor Saver—A Frenchman has invented a typewriter that works automatically. Thus, of course, says a cynic, it will enable the typist to devote more time to her social duties.—Huntingdon (Que.) *Gleaner*

The Biggest Mystery—By common consent Winston Churchill summed up Russia's purposes as a riddle wrapped in mystery inside an enigma. No one yet knows what Stalin is after but there can be no doubt that he is well on his way.—Brantford *Expositor*

Hardship in Russia—They're teaching young peasant women to drive tractors in Russia. Now the poor pedestrian won't even be safe in the fields.—Regina *Leader Post*

The Poor Stork—With all this aerial warfare too, the stork is going to have a hard time getting around, without being forced down.—Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Ignorant—The wife of a millionaire leather manufacturer was giving a dinner party, and in the course of the meal she noticed that her husband did not talk to any of their small guests.

When she had an opportunity she whispered to him, "Why don't you talk to our guests?"

"What's the good?" he replied. "There's not one of them knows a thing about leather."—Regina *Leader Post*

Fair Exchange—During military operations in the Far East, one side captured the other's general. An envoy was sent to negotiate his exchange.

"We will give you four colonels for him," said the envoy.

The offer was declined.

"Eight majors?"

"No."

"What then?"

"We have given the matter most careful consideration, and the least we can accept are two dozen tins of condensed milk."—Montreal *Gazette*

The Modern Wanderer—"What happened to the mother who used to put a candle in the window to guide her wandering son?"

"Now she turns on the floodlights at the landing field."—Welland Port Colborne *Tribune.*

Pat's Proof—"I tell you," said Pat, "the old fords are the best after all, and what's more I can prove it."

"How are you going to prove it?"

"Where will you find a new ford that has skid by you as long as the old ones have?"—Pointe la Prairie *Graphic*

Jones' Mistake—"Poor old Jones put his foot in it the other day."

"Why, what happened?"

"He went to see Muggins and asked him why his wife was wearing her gas mask."

"Well, there was nothing wrong in that, surely?"

"She wasn't wearing it."—*The Humorist.*

Endurance Unnecessary—Prospect: "Now that you have shown me that your new car will do better than eighty miles an hour, will such a car last?"

Agent: "Don't let that worry you, sir. Anyone who drives eighty miles an hour will not need any car long."—Kitchener *Record.*

Refreshing Entertainment—A young author was introduced to an eastern movie critic in the movie town. The writer's first picture had just been shown in Broadway, and he immediately asked the critic what his opinion was.

It was refreshing," returned the critic. "Very refreshing."

"Say, that's swell," beamed the young author. "Did you really find it so refreshing?"

"Absolutely," was the reply. "I felt like a new man when I woke up!"—Port Arthur *News-Chronicle.*

Relative Merits—An old colored man was asked what breed of chicken he considered best. "All kinds has merits," he replied. "Dr white ones is de easiest to find, but de black ones is de easiest to hide after yo gets 'em."—Alameda *Dispatch.*

Sacrifice—Woman: "Do you like my new hat? I earned it myself."

Friend: "Has you that?"

Woman: "I cut down on my husband's lunch and tobacco money."—Swift Current *Advocate*

Prepared—"You say you were seven yards, two feet and four inches from the scene of the accident. What makes you so sure of your distance?"

"Well, I knew some fool would ask me, so I measured it!"—Carbon (Alta.) *Chronicle*

Suspicious Praise—"It's nice to see you again, old man. I thought you were dead."

"Oh! Why?"

"Well, I've heard several people speak well of you lately."—Ottawa *Citizen*

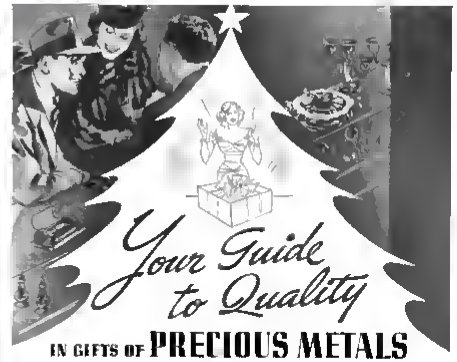
Football Season—"Have you made up your list, Tommy, of the eleven greatest men in the world?" asked the teacher.

"No, miss—not quite," was the reply. "I'm having difficulty in deciding on a quarterback."—Regina *Leader-Post*



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Ted Tenant

"I tried to explain but she insists on giving it to the pilot personally!"



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FROM SUSSEX N.B. two of our watchmen reported that in the middle of a recent fine afternoon a fire alarm box turned in from a call box on Main Street. The brave fire ladies rushed to the rescue equipped with hose pumpers and ladders, and accompanied by as many of the good Sussex burghers as could get there on foot or by vehicle. There was, it seems, no fire. But a couple of strangers in town unfamiliar with urban customs were trying hard to mail postcards to the folks back home in the cold box. One of the two scouts reporting (P.O. Box 116) beat his rival (P.O. Box 148) to our desk by a full twenty hour. Maybe the boys would like to put it to a vote and talk it over.

♦

There are grounds for suspecting that in Cannington Ont. we have a feminine operative who is an incurable romanticist. Of all our scouts who must have read the item the lady was the only one whose sentimental heart responded to the charming little drama inherent in the result of the trotting race at the Empire City track on October 24 when as reported by scores of daily newspapers across Canada the straight place and show horses finished in this order:

Idle Night
Magic Charm
Little Kiss.

♦

First of the Rules and Regulations for *Parade* is the order that this department must be restricted entirely to things Canadian. The only Canadian angle to this story is that it was contained in a letter received by Dr. Healy Willan the Canadian organist and composer but it has brought so much pure joy to Dr. Willan that we just haven't the heart to insist on a strict interpretation of the rules. The tale is of an English friend of Dr. Willan who visiting Paris enjoyed a certain brand of French salad oil that she carried a bottle of it back to London. Handing the bottle to her cook, a real Bow Bells cockney, the hostess life told the cook to pinch it safely away and treasure it. Cook accepted the bottle gingerly holding it rather as though she expected it to blow up in her hands and examined the label on which were printed the words *Huile d'Olive*. A broad smile broke over her face. "Fancy that," she said. "Fancy spelling boil wiv a h at ch."

♦

Several correspondents during recent months have hunted to send us authentic examples of the abysmal ignorance of Canadian geography possessed by many people who really ought to know better. The one that reached us this time has from a very well known Montreal organization just about bottoms everything in this line for the current year because it was mailed by no less an institution of learning than the University of Illinois. The covering envelope was addressed to the firm in question in its offices at

Montreal Quebec Ont. & B.C.

♦

A major tragedy in earlier Canadian annals was what has come to be known as the Frank slide. In 1903 after a season of heavy rains the entire side of a mountain rolled over and smothered the little mining town of Frank Alta. in the Crow's Nest Pass region.

Just a week or so ago W. J. MacBean was instructing a night class of adults at Kirkland Lake Ont. in geology. Mr. MacBean seeking an illustration of the disastrous consequences of seepage between different geological strata referred to and described the Frank slide of thirty six years ago. He attributed the tradition that only one human being survived the catastrophe a little girl who was found alive by rescue parties on top of a pile of debris. "I give you this for what it is worth," added the instructor cautiously. At once a male voice from the class replied: "It is true. The girl's name was Marion Leitch and I went to school with her."

The striking example of the tremendous reach possessed by the long arm of coincidence was told to Dan Worden editor of Kirkland Lake's *Northern News* who wishing further particulars asked his informant to find out for him the name of the man who remembered Marion Leitch. A day or so later the editor got the report. The man's name is Orvil Thomson and he works right in your own composing room. That was true too. The printer and the little Leitch girl had been schoolmates in Cranbrook B.C. where the bodies of the other members of the Leitch family recovered from the wreckage of Frank were taken for burial.

Sooner or later everything happens in that northern mining country.

♦

It is generally understood that the soldiers of the new Army are going to have a lot more consideration shown them than the boys of the old brigades. The day of the barking sergeant has passed we are frequently told on the best authority. The lads are well aware of this new attitude toward them make no mistake about that. For instance a correspondent of unimpeachable integrity reports from Woodstock N.B. that an Orderly Officer of his acquaintance was sitting around waiting for the hour to arrive when he must make his regular inspection of the Guard when a messenger appeared bearing this reasonable request. "Please sir will you make your rounds earlier tonight so that you won't interrupt the Guard while they are having their coffee."

♦

Mildly dolorous note contained in a social item from the Sports Men *Plaindealer*:

We are sorry that Mr. Wm. Donogh is sick with Miss D. Brigham R.N. in attendance. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Well maybe Miss Brigham isn't any too pleased about it either.

♦

Item One in our annual anthology of queer happenings of the hunting season is vouched for by Mr. Cecil Bradshaw of Duncan B.C. who told the *Cowichan Leader* that a man was rowing across Lake Cowichan when he overtook a swimming deer. Seizing a rope from his boat he managed to fix it around the deer's horns then towed the animal to shore where he tied the deer to a tree. Lacking a hunting license of his own he walked to a near-by camp and told one of the campers there of his capture. The licensed party then shot the deer which seems to us to be the height of sportsmanship or something.

Another phase of the pursuit of wild life in the hill was reported by the Halifax *Star* to the effect that one Eric Griswold had enjoyed a successful hunting trip to Ireland Lake "when he shot a deer weighing 175 pounds. Evidently a barn door. Big barn too.

And this heading from the *Cowichan Observer*...published in Sarnia, Ont., would seem to carry a sinister but at the same time a significant inference:

PHEASANT HUNT
IS SUCCESSFUL

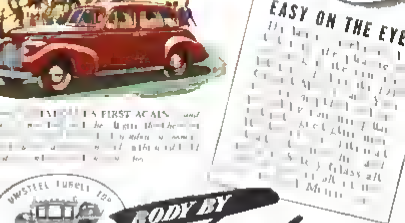
Four Hunters and Young Boy
Slander Wounded On
Pelee





Fall's a time when there's plenty to cheer about. And we don't mean on the gridiron only. This fall, for instance, you find plenty to cheer about in all the new General Motors cars. You find they have the longest, widest, strongest Unisteel Body by Fisher that ever took to the highways. You discover it gives you all the new benefits of Planned Vision—a wider windshield, larger back window, and Safety Glass *all around* for clear and undistorted visibility. You see how useless craftsmanship has further strengthened famed Unisteel solidity. And naturally you find more spacious comfort, more bountiful luxuries than ever—with new sofa-soft seats to relax on and crank-controlled Fisher No-Draft Ventilation made easier to regulate. So don't be surprised when you hear folks all over Canada saying, "The buyword for '40 is Body by Fisher"—which means a General Motors car, of course.





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